BELL'S READER'S SHAKESPEARE

HISTORICAL PLAYS ENGLISH AND ROMAN

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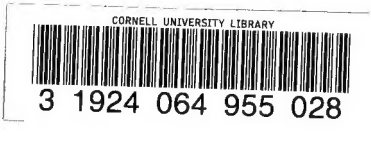
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THE

READER'S SHAKESPEARE:

HIS DRAMATIC WORKS

CONDENSED, CONNECTED, AND EMPHASIZED,

FOR

SCHOOL, COLLEGE, PARLOUR, AND PLATFORM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

DAVID CHARLES BELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF ELOCUTION," "THE CLASS BOOK OF POETRY," "THE MODERN READER AND SPEAKER," "THE STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST," &C., &C.

VOL. III.

COMEDIES.

NEW YORK:
FUNK AND WAGNALLS COMPANY.
1897.

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TO

MRS. GARDINER GREENE HUBBARD,

THESE THREE VOLUMES,

ELUCIDATING, FOR "READING ALOUD," ALL SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

ARE DEDICATED,

AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE EDITOR.

The English Edition—published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row, London—is inscribed to the Editor's "Former Patrons and Pupils in Ireland, England, Scotland, and Canada."

PREFACE.

This Third Volume of "The Reader's Shakespeare" contains all the Comedies—with the exception of "The Tempest," which, as a Romantic Play, is printed in the Second Volume.

These "Readings" do not consist of isolated Selections, but they are original "Condensations" of each play; including the various plots, and introducing the principal Scenes, Incidents, and Characters; rejecting nothing which good taste and experienced judgment should wish to be retained; for, in Shakespeare's Plays, whether performed on the Stage, presented on the Platform, or read in the family-circle, there is much that *must* be omitted—a great deal that *may* be omitted—but, happily, with a valuable residuum of poetic beauty, human interest, good sense, good humour, and verbal photography.

The preparation of these Condensations has extended over more than sixty years, the greater number of them having been often read in public; therefore the retained text has been frequently revised, and it is now as carefully preserved as expurgation and compression allow; all the important verbal changes (many of them being evident improvements,) are contrasted with the Original Readings (O. R.) of the first Folio or the earlier Quartos. The poetic gems have been retained, as well as the refined wit and humour, of character or situation. The Connecting Remarks enable the Reader to dispense with superfluous and unimportant dialogue, and are so arranged as to form, with the abridged and purified text, a continuous story; avoiding the theatrical divisions into Acts and Scenes, as well as the annoying repetition of the names of the *dramatis personæ*—with their "*entrances*" and their "*exits*." The Notes explain all obsolete, irregular, and "folk-lore" expressions; and, being directly under the eye of the Reader, each page becomes self-interpreting. The unobtrusive little diacritic[a] guides the attentive reader, by its silent direction, to ascertain at once the prominent or emphatic (antithetic) words—thus making many obscure passages easily intelligible, by denoting the exact meaning, or suggesting an oblique reference.—With these advantages, aided by revised punctuation, the whole of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works are, for the first time, presented in a readable, untheatrical form.

The Special Marks in these Volumes are extremely simple:

(1) The diacritic mark (') for prominence or emphasis—placed 'before the word.

(2) An emotional or expressive pause (. . .).

(3) The letters O. R. to denote the Original Reading (chiefly from the First Folio, 1623).

1517 Thirty-fifth Street,
West Washington, D. C.

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[a] The diacritic mark is placed before the word, but its stress is chiefly manifested on its accented syllable; so that 'command might have been printed com'mand, 'compensation might have appeared as compen'sation; but as the whole of the marked word should partake of the increased stress, it was thought advisable to place the mark ' before the word.

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THE FOLLOWING IS THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS IN THE FIRST FOLIO (1623).

"A CATALOGVE
of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIE :

The Tempest.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wiues of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
The Comedy of Errours.
Much Adoo about Nothing.
Loues Labour Lost.
Midsommer Nights Dreame.
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like It.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All is Well that Ends Well.
Twelfe Night, or What you Will.
The Winters Tale.

HISTORIES :

The Life and Death of King John.
The Life & Death of Richard the Second.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The Second Part of K Henry the Fourth.
The Life of King Henry the Fift
The First Part of King Henry the Sixt
The Second Part of King Hen. the Sixt.
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixt.
The Life & Death of Richard the Third.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

TRAGEDIES :

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus
Romeo and Juliet.
Timon of Athens.
The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello, the Moore of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopater.
Cymbeline, King of Britaine."

NOTE.—*Troilus and Cressida* is not in the original Table of Contents, but it is placed first in the Collection of the Tragedies, without being included in the paging. The whole number of plays in the first folio is, therefore, 35. *Pericles* was first printed in quarto in 1609, but was not included in Shakespeare's Collected Plays till in the third folio (1664).

MERES' LIST.

For convenience of reference, this list is reprinted: (from "Palladis Tamia," 1598).

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines; so Shakespere among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witnes his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labors wonne*, his *Midsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy his *Richard the* 2, *Richard the* 3, *Henry the* 4, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF COMEDIES:	When performed	When printed.
1. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	1592	1623
2. COMEDY OF ERRORS	1593	1623
3. LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST	1594	1598
4. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	1595	1623
5. TAMING OF THE SHREW	1595	1623
6. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.	1596	1600
7. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	1598	1600
8. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	1599	1600
9. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	1601	1602
10. AS YOU LIKE IT	1602	1623
11. TWELFTH NIGHT	1602	1623
12. MEASURE FOR MEASURE	1604	1623
13. A WINTER'S TALE	1611	1623
14. THE TEMPEST	1612	1623

SYNOPTICAL TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S[a] CAREER.

Age	William Shakespeare, third child, but eldest son, of John Shakespeare,[b] (wool-stapler and glover, afterwards senior Alderman, in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire,) and Mary Arden[c] his wife—born April 23	*Date.* 1564
18	Marriage to Anne Hathaway,[d] of Shottery, near Stratford	1582
21	Alleged threatened prosecution for deer-stealing—flight to London	1585
22	Employment in London as Actor and subsequently Adapter of Plays	1586
23	Performance of First Adapted Plays	1587
24	Supposed production of First Original Play	1588
25	Became Shareholder in the "Blackfriars" Theatre	1589
29	Became Part-Proprietor of the "Globe" Theatre	1593
29	First Poem, "Venus and Adonis," published	1593
30	Second Poem, "Tarquin and Lucrece," published	1594
33	Bought "New-Place House, &c.," in Stratford-on-Avon	1597
35	Third Poem, "The Passionate Pilgrim,' &c., published	1599
39	Named *second* in Patent granted by James I to the "King's Servants"	1603
39	Ceased appearing as an Actor (being Part-Proprietor and Author)	1603
45	Fourth Poem—"Sonnets" (154 in number,) published	1609
49	Retirement from Management to Stratford	1613
52	Date of "Last Will and Testament," (March 4th)	1616
52	Death at Stratford-on-Avon (April 23d)	1616

[a] There are extant *five* autographs of the Poet, all differing in spelling. Many modern editors have preferred "Shakspere," (or "Shakspeare," in deference to the last signature in his Will;) but in the Dedications of his Poems, as well as in nearly all the printed quartos of his Plays, and repeatedly in the First Folio, the name is printed "Shakespeare."

[b] John Shakespeare was, in 1569, High Bailiff (or Mayor) of Stratford: he died 1601.

[c] Margery (Arden) Shakespeare, the Poet's mother, died 1587.

[d] Anne Hathaway, daughter of Richard Hathaway, a "substantial yeoman," was eight years older than her husband. She died in 1623, at the age of 67.—There were three children: (1) Susanna, baptized May 26, 1583; (2) Hamnet, and (3) Judith (twins) baptized February 2, 1584.

(1) Susanna, the elder daughter, was, in 1607, married to Dr. John Hall; she died in 1649, aged sixty-six, leaving an only child, Elizabeth.*

(2) Hamnet, the Poet's only son, died in 1596, at the age of 12.

(3) Judith was married, in 1616, to Thomas Quiney; she died in 1661.

* This lady, the only child of Dr and Mrs. Hall, the Poet's sole surviving grandchild, was twice married; *first* to Thomas Nash, "gentleman," who died in 1647; and *next*, two years later, to Sir John Barnard of Abington, Northamptonshire. As she died childless in 1669, the family of William Shakespeare became extinct.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Very considerable interest belongs to the play of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" as, according to evidence internal and external, it is probably Shakespeare's earliest original dramatic production. Being the first Comedy mentioned by Meres, (see page 6,) it may have been performed about 1592, but it was not printed till in the folio of 1623.

At whatever date it was written, it assuredly proves that the author was a novice in theatrical composition; although he displays, in harmonious diction, a considerable amount of romantic tenderness—often, however, hampered with vagueness and indecision; generally simple and natural, but seldom dramatic; and nowhere exhibiting either imaginative power or Promethean fire. Yet here we have the germs of many future flowers—germs, which, it must be confessed, give but little promise of stately growth and variegated blossom.

The incidents embodied in the Comedy may have been founded on the pastoral romance of "Diana Enamorada," by the Portuguese writer George of Montemayor (1542); blended with one of the stories in Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia"[a] (1590); or, more probably, on a now lost play produced in 1584, "The History of Felix and Philiomena,"[b]—taken from the Portuguese story of "Diana." The buffoonery introduced must be considered, not as an emanation of scholarly wit or judgment, but as a youthful sacrifice to a depraved popular taste. Dr. Johnson thinks that the text is comparatively pure; having escaped corruption because it was seldom performed, and consequently less exposed to the hazards or to the vagaries of transcribers. The moral of the play—for even the youthful Shakespeare does not write without an object—is, Forgiveness.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, PROTEUS,[c] } *the Two Gentlemen.*
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a Foolish Rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
SPEED, *Servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
HOST, *where Julia lodges.*
OUTLAWS *with Valentine.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians, &c.

Scene.—In Verona; in Milan; and in a Forest near Milan.

[a] The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena. [b] The following is the only record of this play: 1584: "The History of Felix and Philiomena, shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Mats servaunts on the sondaie nexte after newyeares daie, at night at Greenwiche." [c] O. R. Protheus—(so printed throughout the comedy).

The Comedy opens, on a Park in the City of Verona,[a] with a conversation between two Gentlemen,—Valentine, a mocker at the power of Cupid, and Proteus, a martyr to his influence. Valentine has resolved to try his fortune at the Emperor's Court, in spite of the objections of his friend:

Val. 'Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
'Home-keeping youth have ever homely 'wits.
Were 't not Affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
'I rather would entreat thy 'company;
But, 'since thou lov'st, love 'still, and 'thrive therein,—
Even as 'I would, . . . when I to love begin.
Pro. 'Wilt thou be gone? . . . Sweet Valentine, adieu!
If ever 'danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy 'beadsman,[c] Valentine.
Val. And, on a love-book, 'pray for my success?
Pro. Upon 'some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.
Val. That 's on some 'shallow story of 'deep love;
Of love, where scorn is bought with 'groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore 'sighs; one fading 'moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious 'nights:
If haply 'won, perhaps a hapless 'gain;
If 'lost, why then a grievous labour 'won:
How-ever,[d] but a 'folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly 'overthrown.[e]
Pro. So, by your circumstance,[f] you call me 'fool?
Val. So, by 'your circumstance,[g] I fear you 'll 'prove.
Pro. 'T is 'Love you cavil at: 'I am not Love.
Val. Love is your 'master, for he masters you;
And he that is so 'yoke-led[h] by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for 'wise.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel 'thee,
That art a votary[i] to fond desire?
Once more, adieu! My father, at the road,[j]
Expects my coming—there to see me 'shipped.
Pro. And thither will I 'bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; 'now let us take our leave.
At Milan,[bk] let me hear from thee, by letters,
Of thy 'success in love, and what news else

---

[a] a city of Venetia, in northern Italy, on the Adige. [b] the chief city of Lombardy, in northern Italy, on the Olona. [c] one engaged in prayer for another. [d] in whatsoever way. [e] O. R. vanquishéd. [f] statement. [g] condition. [h] O. R. yokéd. [i] devotee, worshipper. [j] place of safety for a ship; anchorage. [k] O. R. to Millaine.

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And 'I likewise will visit thee with 'mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at 'home! and so farewell. [Exit

Valentine goes away, and Proteus is alone.

Pro. 'He after 'honour hunts—'I after 'love!
'He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
'I leave[a] 'myself, my friends, and 'all, for love!
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the 'world at naught;
Made wit, with musing, weak,—heart, sick, with thought!

Proteus had previously employed Valentine's Servant, Speed, to carry a letter to the Lady Julia, and he is now awaiting her reply. At last Speed enters:

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But 'now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty-to-one then, he is shipped 'already;
And I have played the 'sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very 'often stray,
An if[b] the shepherd be awhile 'away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master 'is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?—Nay, that I can deny, by a 'circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll 'prove it, by another.

Speed. The 'shepherd seeks the 'sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but 'I seek my 'master, and my master seeks not 'me: therefore, I am 'no sheep.

Pro. The sheep, for 'fodder, follow the shepherd; the 'shepherd, for food, follows not the sheep: thou, for 'wages, followest thy master; thy master, for wages, follows not 'thee: therefore, thou 'art a sheep.

Speed. . . . Such 'another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But (dost thou hear?) gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, (a lost[c] mutton,) gave your letter to 'her, (a 'laced[c] mutton;) and she, (a laced mutton,) gave 'me, (a lost mutton,) 'nothing for my labour.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in 'brief; what 'said she?

---

[a] O. R. loue. [b] if (that). [c] Speed being called a sheep that had lost his master, now calls himself "a lost mutton," and the young lady "a laced mutton"; that is, (a showily bodiced girl).

Speed. Open your 'purse,—that the money, 'and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. [Giving money.] 'What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly 'win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou preceive so 'much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at 'all from her; no, not so much as a 'ducat[a] for delivering your letter.

Pro. What! said she 'nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify 'your bounty, I thank you; you have 'testerned[b] me: in requital whereof, . . . henceforth carry your letters 'yourself. And 'so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go! be gone,—to save your ship from wreck;[c]
Which cannot perish, having 'thee aboard,
Being destined to a 'drier death on shore.[d]— [Exit Speed.
I must go send some 'better messenger:
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.[e] [Exit.

We overhear now a garden colloquy of the fair Julia with her Waiting-maid.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then 'counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you 'stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[f] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is 'worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind—
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir 'Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, 'he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich 'Mercutio?

Luc. Well, of his 'wealth; but of 'himself, so-so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle 'Proteus?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing[g] shame
That I,—unworthy body[h] as I am,—
Should censure[i] thus on 'lovely 'gentlemen.

---

[a] a coin struck by a duke: in Venice, there were two ducats; the gold, worth about 9 sh.; and the silver 3 s. 3 d. [b] given me a tester, (sixpence). [c] O. R. wrack.
[d] The old proverb says: "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."
[e] letter-carrier. [f] conversation (love-speeches). [g] surpassing, exceedingly great.
[h] an insignificant person. [i] deliver an unfavorable opinion.

Jul. Why 'not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus:—Of many 'good, I think him 'best.
Jul. Your 'reason?
Luc. I have no other but a 'woman's reason; I 'think him so, . . . 'because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on 'him?
Luc. Ay; if you thought your love not cast 'away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never 'moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best 'loves ye.
Jul. His little 'speaking shows his 'love but small.
Luc. The fire[a] that 's 'closest kept, burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not 'show their love.
Luc. O, they love 'least, that let men 'know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his 'mind.
Luc. Peruse this 'paper, madam. [Giving letter.

And this is the letter which Proteus had entrusted to Speed, who had not delivered it to the mistress, but to the maid. Julia, who really loved Proteus, had ever pretended to be indifferent to his suit; and she was now angry that her maid should thus have discovered her lover's correspondence:

Jul. [Reading the address.] "*To Julia.*" Say, from whom?
Luc. 'That the 'contents will show.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it 'thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's Page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it 'you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: 'pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![b]
Dare you presume to harbour 'wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an 'office of great worth,
And you an 'officer 'fit for the place. . . .
There! 'take the paper: see it be 'returned;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for 'love deserves more fee than 'hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. . . . That you may 'ruminate. [Exit
Jul. . . . And yet, I would I had 'o'erlooked the letter.—
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her, to a fault for which I 'chid her.
What fool[c] is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not 'force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that

[a] O. R. fire. [b] go-between, match maker. [c] what a fool.

Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."[a]
Fie, fie, how 'wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the 'Nurse,—
And presently, all humbled, kiss the 'rod.
My penance is, to call Lucetta 'back,
And ask remission[b] for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta! [Lucetta returns.

Luc. What 'would your ladyship?

Jul. . . . Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your anger[c] on your 'meat,
And 'not upon your maid.

Lucetta purposely drops the letter, but hastily picks it up again.

Jul. What is 't that you took-up so gingerly[d]?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou 'stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper 'nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning 'me.

Jul. Then let it lie for 'those that it concerns.—
Some love of yours hath writ to you in 'rhyme;
Best 'sing it, to the tune of "Light o' love."[e]

Luc. It is too 'heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. You, minion, are too 'saucy!
This babble shall not 'henceforth trouble me!—

She tears the prized communication in pieces, and throws them on the ground.

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me!

Luc. . . . She makes it 'strange; but she would be 'best pleased
To be 'so angered—with 'another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, 'would I were so angered with the 'same!
O hateful hands! to 'tear such loving words.
I 'll 'kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—"*kind Julia.*"—'un-kind Julia!
And 'here is writ—"*love-wounded Proteus.*"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly[f] healed.
But twice, or thrice, was "Proteus" written down:

---

[a] the proverb is, "A maiden's nay means often yea." [b] forgiveness.
[c] O. E. stomach. [d] carefully. [e] the name of an old ballad. [f] thoroughly.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each 'letter in the letter. [Picks up the pieces.
Lo, here, in one line, is his name 'twice writ,—
"*Poor forlorn Proteus;*"—"*passionate Proteus*
To the 'sweet Julia:"—'that I 'll tear away;—
And yet I will not; sith,[a] so prettily,
He 'couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:—
Now kiss, embrace, contend,—do what you will! [Exit

And then, to make amends to Proteus, she writes a very kind and affectionate response.

In the meantime, Antonio, the father of Proteus, having heard of young Valentine's advancement at the Duke of Milan's Court, determines that, in order to see the world, 'his son should also proceed thither;—when he sees the youth coming toward him, rapturously reading the reply he has just received from his dear Julia.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her 'hand, the agent of her 'heart;
Here is her 'oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our 'fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their cónsents!
O heavenly Julia!

Seeing his father, Proteus confusedly tries to conceal the paper.

Ant. How now! What letter are you reading there?
Pro. . . . May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations, sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter: let me 'see what news.
Pro. . . . There is 'no news, my lord; but that he writes
How 'happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily honoured[b] by the Emperor;
Wishing me 'with him, 'partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you 'affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your 'lordship's will,
And 'not depending on 'his friendly wish.
Ant. 'My will is something 'sorted with his wish:
Muse[c] not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I 'will,—and there an end.
I am resolved that 'thou shalt spend some time,
With Valentinus, in the Emperor's court:
'To-morrow be in readiness to go:

---

[a] since (because). [b] O. R. gracéd. [c] wonder.

Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.
Look, what thou want'st shall be sent 'after thee:
No more of 'stay; to-morrow thou must 'go.— [Exit Antonio.
Pro. Thus have I shunned the 'fire, for fear of burning;
And drenched me in the 'sea,—where I am drowned!
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take 'exceptions to my love.
O, how this Spring of love resembleth still[a]
The uncertain glory of an 'April day;
Which 'now, 'shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by-and-by, . . . a 'cloud takes all away! [Exit.

With the rapidity of thought, we precede Proteus on his journey from Verona; and at once find ourselves in Milan, the old capital of the Austrian Kingdom of Italy. Ha! what splendid building is this? O, it is the ducal palace at Milan. And who approaches? It is our ungallant gentleman from Verona—Valentine: now a gay courtier, and in high favour with the Duke. What!—he is raving about a glove, which his servant Speed has just picked up: he kisses, kisses, kisses it! Is he in love? Can this be the contemner of little tricksy Cupid?

Val. Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine! [Again kissing the glove.
Ah! Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. [calling.] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!—She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who 'bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir;—or else I 'mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too 'slow.
Val. Go to, sir! Tell me, do you 'know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how 'know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks:—First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to 'wreathe[b] your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a 'love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk 'alone, like one that had the pestilence; to 'sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to 'weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to 'fast, like one that takes diet;[c] to 'watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak 'puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[d] You were 'wont, when you 'laughed, to crow like a cock; when you 'walked, to walk like one

[a] inserted word. [b] to fold moodily. [c] takes food by medical direction. [d] All Saints' day—November 1st, the beginning of winter (when beggars are most clamorous)

of the lions; when you 'fasted, it was presently 'after dinner; when you looked 'sadly, it was for want of money;—and 'now, you are so[a] metamorphosed with a 'mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou 'know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed 'that? even 'she I mean. Oh![a] I have 'loved her ever since I 'saw her, and 'still I see her beautiful!

Speed. If you 'love her, you 'cannot see her, because love is 'blind. O, that you had 'mine eyes; or your 'own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir 'Proteus for going ungartered![b]

Val. 'What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly: for 'he being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and 'you being in love, cannot see to put-'on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then 'you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I 'was in love . . . with my bed. I thank you, you 'swinged[c] me for my love,—which makes me the bolder to chide 'you for 'yours.

Val. Last night, she enjoined me to write some lines to "One she loves."

Speed. And 'have you?

Val. I have. Peace! here she comes.

And the sweet simpering Silvia enters tripping along—a remarkably pretty girl!—and daughter of a Duke, the great Duke of Milan. Now for a little courtly conversation, according to "Euphues and his England."[d]

Val. Madam, and mistress! . . . a thousand good-morrows!

Sil. Sir Valentine, and servant![e] . . . to you 'two thousand.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have 'writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much 'unwilling to proceed-in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [Gives letter.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant:[e] [opens the letter.] 't is very clerkly[f] done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly[g] off;
For, being ignorant to 'whom it goes,
I writ at random—very doubtfully.

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[a] inserted word. [b] one of the marks of love—dressing slovenly. [c] whipped.
[d] by John Lyly, 1581. [e] an obsolete name for a lover. [f] like a scholar.
[g] with difficulty.

Sil. Perchance, you 'think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam: so it stead[a] you, I will write,
(Please you command,) a 'thousand times as much.
And yet—
Sil. [Reading.] A pretty period! Well, I 'guess the sequel;
And yet—I will not 'name 't;—and yet—I care not;—
And yet . . . take this again;—and yet—I thank you:
Meaning, henceforth, to trouble you no more.
Val. What 'means your ladyship? Do you not 'like it?
Sil. . . . Yes, yes; the lines are very 'quaintly writ,
But, since 'unwillingly, take them again. [Smilingly gives back the letter.
Val. Madam, they are for 'you.
Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my 'request;
But I will none of them. They are 'for 'you:
And so, good-morrow, servant. [Forcing him to take the letter. Exit.

What does all this mean? The servant Speed understands it; for he says,—while his master is watching his departing lady-love—

Speed. O jest, unseen, inscrutable, inviseeble,—
As a 'nose on a man's face, or a 'weathercock on a steeple!
My master 'sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her 'pupil, to become her 'tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe,[b] to 'himself should write the letter?

Valentine returns from his osculatory salutations:

Val. How now, sir! What, are you reasoning[c] with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was 'rhyming: 't is 'you that have the reason.
Do you not 'perceive the jest?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her 'earnest[d]?
Val. She gave me none,—except an angry word.
Speed. Why, she hath given you a 'letter.
Val. That 's the letter I writ "To her friend."
Speed. And that letter hath she 'delivered,—and there an end.[e]
Val. . . . I would it were no 'worse!
Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as 'well:—

[a] help (please). [b] the writer. [c] discoursing, arguing. [d] a *double entendre* for "earnestness" and "a token of love." [e] and that ends it.

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modest-y,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love 'himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in 'print,[a] for in print I 'found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I 'have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the 'air, 'I am one that am nourished by my 'victuals, and would fain have 'meat. O, be not like your 'mistress; be 'moved,[b] be moved! [Exeunt.

And so the Master and the Man saunter homewards.

When Julia hears that her lover must, in obedience to his father's commands, leave her, she no longer pretends to be insensible to his suit. He says to her:

Pro. Have 'patience, gentle Julia!

Jul. I 'must,—where is no 'remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will 'return.

Jul. If you turn 'not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [Gives him a ring.

Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange[c]: here, take 'you this. [Gives her a ring.

Here is my 'hand for my true 'constancy;
And when that 'hour o'erslips me in the 'day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next 'ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! . . .
My father 'stays my coming; answer not.
The tide[d] is 'now: nay, not 'thy tide of 'tears;
'That tide will stay me longer than I should. . . .
Julia, farewell. [Exit Julia.

Julia, unable to speak, rushes out in tears.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love 'should do: it 'cannot speak;
For truth hath 'better deeds, than 'words, to grace it.

Panthino, servant to old Signior Antonio, enters:

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers 'dumb! [Exeunt.

---

[a] according to the book. [b] have compassion on me. [c] betrothal by exchange of rings. [d] time for sailing.

The haste of Proteus the master does not expedite Launce his man, who lingers in the street; leading along his dog, an animal only esteemed—like many other favourites—for its shagginess, ugliness, and ill-nature.

Launce. Nay, 't will be this 'hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind[a] of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my 'proportion—like the prodigious[b] son; and am going, with Sir Proteus, to the Imperial's Court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my 'mother weeping, my 'father wailing, my 'sister crying, our 'maid howling, our 'cat wringing her hands, and all our 'house in a great perplexity;—yet did not this cruel-hearted 'cur shed one tear. He is 'stone, a very 'pebble-stone; and has no more pity in him than a 'dog: a 'Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no 'eyes, look you, wept herself 'blind at my parting. [He fastens his dog to a staple in the wall.] Nay, I 'll 'show you the manner of it. [He sits down and takes off his shoes.] 'This shoe is my 'father:—no, this 'left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my 'mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither;—yes, it 'is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. 'This shoe is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is.—Now, sir, this staff is my 'sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is 'Nan, our maid: 'I am the dog;—no, the dog is 'himself, and 'I am the dog,—O, the 'dog is 'me, and I am 'myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my 'father; "Father, your blessing!" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I 'kiss my father; [kisses the shoe] well, he weeps on. Now come I to my 'mother;—O, that she could speak now, like a wood[c] woman!—well, I kiss her; [kisses the other shoe] why, there 't is: here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my 'sister; [he embraces the staff] mark the moan 'she makes. . . . Now, the 'dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how 'I lay the dust with 'my tears.

Panthino enters:

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is 'shipped, and thou art to post 'after with oars. . . . What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! you 'll 'lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

---

[a] kindred, family. [b] prodigal. [c] wild, crazy (with grief)

Launce. It is no matter if the tied [pointing to the dog] 'were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.[a]

Pant. 'What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied 'here,—Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the 'flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy 'voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy 'master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy 'service; and, in losing thy service, . . . Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy 'tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale. [Unties the dog.] Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied? Why, man, if the river were 'dry, I am able to 'fill it with my tears; if the 'wind were down, I could 'drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man: I was sent to call thee. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I 'will go. [Exeunt

And now, Proteus, attended by his servant Launce, proceeds to Milan, that he may visit his friend Valentine at the ducal Court.

But the fair Silvia had another suitor—a Knight named Sir Thurio, the chosen of her father: for the Duke was ignorant of his daughter's affection for Valentine. And one day, while the rival suitors are conversing with Silvia, and when the accomplished Valentine is turning into ridicule the dull compliments of his stolid competitor, the Duke comes to tell Valentine of the receipt of a letter concerning his often-mentioned friend Proteus.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are 'hard beset.[b]
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a 'letter from your friends,
Of 'much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To 'any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation.

Duke. Hath he not a 'son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well 'deserves
The honour and regard of such a 'father.

Duke. You know him 'well?

---

[a] quibbles on "tide" and "tied." [b] closely besieged (by your rival lovers).

Val. I knew him as 'myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And, though 'myself have been an idle truant,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, (for that 's his name,)
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his 'experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his 'judgment ripe:
He is complete, in 'feature[a] and in 'mind,
With 'all good grace to grace a 'gentleman.
Duke. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to 'me,
With commendation from great potentates:
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 't is no 'un-welcome news to you?
Val. Should I have 'wished a thing, it had been he!
Duke. Welcome him then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to 'you; and 'you, Sir Thurio:—
For 'Valentine, I need not cite[b] 'him to it.—
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit.

Valentine, happy at the arrival of his dearest friend, explains to the Lady Silvia:

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
'Had[c] come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in 'her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath 'enfranchised them,
Upon some 'other pawn for fealty.[d]
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners 'still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be 'blind; and, 'being blind,
How could he 'see his way to seek out 'you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath 'twenty pair of eyes.

Sir Thurio bluntly interposes:

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at 'all.
Val. . . . To see 'such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a 'homely object Love can 'wink.

While they speak, Proteus enters, and is warmly welcomed by the beautiful Lady Silvia, by the bovine Sir Thurio, and last, not least, by the delighted Valentine.—When the "Two Gentlemen" are alone, Valentine says:

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have you much[e] commended.

---

[a] outward appearance. [b] urge (summon). [c] would have.
[d] pledge for dutiful fidelity. [e] O. R. and haue the much.

Val. And how do 'yours?
Pro. I 'left them all in health.
Val. How does your 'lady? And how 'thrives your love?
Pro. 'My tales of love were wont to 'weary you;
I know, you joy not in a 'love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but 'that life is altered 'now.
I have done 'penance for contemning Love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have 'punished me—
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in 'revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralléd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own 'heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a 'mighty 'lord!
'Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked 'name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your 'eye.
Was 'this [pointing toward Lady Silvia] the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a 'heavenly saint?
'Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth!
Pro. Except 'my mistress.
Val. Nay,[a] except not 'any.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine 'own?
Val. And I will 'help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear 'my lady's train; lest the base Earth
Should from her 'vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to 'root the Summer-swelling flower,
And make rough 'Winter everlastingly!
Pro. Why, Valentine, what 'braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is 'nothing
To 'her,—whose worth makes 'other worthies nothing!
'She is . . . 'alone![b]
Pro. Then 'let her alone.
Val. Not for the 'world! Why, man, she is mine 'own;
And I as 'rich, in 'having such a jewel,
As 'twenty 'seas,—if all their sand were 'pearl,
The water 'nectar, and the rocks pure 'gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on 'thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival 'that her 'father likes,

[a] O. R. sweet. [b] the first (or principal) among women—unequalled.

Only for his 'possessions are so huge,)
Is gone with her along; and I must 'after;—
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves 'you?

Val. Ay; we're 'betrothed; nay, more, our 'marriage-'hour,
With all the cunning manner of our 'flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and 'all the means
Plotted and 'greed-on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to 'aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on 'before; I must unto the 'ship,[a]
And 'then I 'll presently attend you. [Exeunt Valentine and Speed.

Alas for friendship! and alas for Love, the great violator of friendly treaties! for Proteus, who had been a model of fidelity and unwavering love for Julia, now, at the sight of Silvia, is about to become a false friend, a faithless lover, and a base informer. Being alone, he says:

Even as one heat 'another heat expels,[b]
So, the remembrance of my 'former love
Is, by a 'newer object, quite forgotten;
Is it mine eye,[c] or Valentinus' praise—
'Her true perfection, or 'my false trangression,—
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair!—and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I 'did love,—for now my love is thawed,
And, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[d]
Bears no impression of the thing it 'was.
Methinks, my zeal to 'Valentine is cold,
And that I love him 'not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his 'lady, too, too 'much;
And 'that 's the reason I love 'him so 'little.
How shall I 'dote on her with 'more advice,[e]
That thus, 'without advice, begin to 'love her?
'T is but her 'picture[f] I have yet beheld,
And 'that hath dazzled all[g] my reason's light;
But when I look upon her perfect 'mind,[h]
There is no reason but I shall be 'blind.
If I can 'check my erring love, I will;
If not, . . . to 'compass her I 'll use my skill. [Exit.

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[a] O. R. road. [b] an illustration of the homeopathic belief: What kills, cures.
[c] O. R. It is mine or Valentines praise? [d] losing its shape in the heat. [e] with further acquaintance (information). [f] her outward appearance. [g] inserted word
[h] O. R. when I looke on her perfections.

Leaving for a time Proteus and his inconstancy, we get back into the street; where we find his servant Launce leading along his ill-conditioned dog Crab, and carrying the cumbersome impedimentas of a traveller. He suddenly encounters Valentine's attendant Speed; and the two servants heartily shake hands.

Speed. Launce? By mine honesty, welcome to Milan![a]

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am 'not welcome. I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone, till he be 'hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot[b] be paid, and the 'Hostess say, "Welcome!"

Speed. Come on, you madcap, 'I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot[b] of five-pence, thou shalt have five 'thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? Shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. 'How then? Shall he marry 'her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they 'broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. But tell me true, 'will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say "Ay," it 'will; if he say "No," it will; if he shake his tail and say 'nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it 'will?

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from 'me—'but by a parable.[c]

Speed. 'T is 'well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable 'lover?

Launce. I never knew him 'otherwise.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a 'hot lover.

Launce. Why, I care not though he 'burn himself in love.—If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so;[d] if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a 'Christian. 'Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.

In a room of the Palace, we now overhear Proteus meditating on the dilemma in which his wayward feelings have entangled him.

Pro. To leave my 'Julia, I shall[e] be forsworn;
To love fair 'Silvia, I shall[e] be forsworn;
To wrong my 'friend, I shall be 'much forsworn:
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,

---

[a] O. R. Padua. [b] tavern bill, recokoning. [c] a similar story.
[d] it is well. [e] O. R. shall I.

'Provokes me to this 'threefold perjury;—
'Love bade me swear, and Love bids me 'for-swear.
At first, I did adore a twinkling 'star,
But now, I worship a celestial 'sun!
'Un-heedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvéd will,
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call 'her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
Julia I lose, and 'Valentine I lose:
If I keep 'them, I needs must lose 'myself:
And Silvia—witness Heaven that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.[a]
I will 'forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my 'love to her is 'dead;
And 'Valentine I 'll hold an 'enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a 'sweeter friend.—
This night, he meaneth, with a corded ladder,
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his confederate:[b]
Now, presently, I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and intended[c] flight;
Who, all enraged, will 'banish Valentine;
(For 'Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.)
But, Valentine being gone, 'I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me 'wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me 'wit to 'plot this drift![d] [Exit.

While these events are progressing in Milan, we go back to Verona; where, in the garden, Julia is again in conversation with her maid:

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; tell me some good mean,[e]
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A 'journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A 'true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure 'kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall 'she, that hath 'Love's wings to fly.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make 'return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Didst thou but know the 'inly touch of love,

---

[a] a dark-skinned native of Ethiopia (in Africa)—a blackamoor. [b] O R competitor.
[c] O. R pretended. [d] scheme, plan. [e] plan, (means.)

Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with 'snow,
As seek to 'quench the fire of love with 'words.

Luc. I do not seek to 'quench your love's hot fire,
But 'qualify the fire's extremest[a] rage;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of 'reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the 'more it burns.
The current that with 'gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth 'rage;
But, when his fair course is 'not hinderéd,
He makes sweet 'music with the enamelled stones—
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so, by many winding nooks, he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not 'my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
Till the last step have brought me to my 'love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,[b]
A blesséd soul doth in Elysium.[c]

Luc. But in what 'habit[d] will you go along?

Jul. Not like a 'woman; fit me with such weeds[e]
As may beseem some well-reputed 'Page:[f]
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For 'undertaking so unstaid[g] a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at 'home, and go not.

Jul. Nay! that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy,[h] but 'go.
If 'Proteus like your journey when you 'come,
No matter 'who 's displeased when you are 'gone.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of 'my fear.
A 'thousand oaths, an 'ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite,[i] of 'love,
Warrant me 'welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to 'deceitful men.

Jul. 'Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But 'truer stars did govern 'Proteus' birth:
'His words are bonds, his oaths are 'oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his 'heart;
His heart, as far from 'fraud as 'heaven from 'earth.

---

[a] O. R. extreme. [b] trouble, distress. [c] the Paradise of the heathens.
[d] dress, costume. [e] outer garments. [f] a boy attendant. [g] imprudent.
[h] injurious repute. [i] O. R. of infinite.

Luc. Pray Heaven he 'prove so when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a 'hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve 'my love by loving 'him,
And presently go with me to my chamber;
I am impatient of my tarriance 'now.[a] [Exeunt.

We return to the Palace in Milan, where Proteus dishonorably betrays his friend to Silvia's father. When they are alone, the Duke asks:

Duke. 'Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would 'discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours,
My 'duty urges me to utter that
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to 'steal-away your daughter.
I know, you have determined to bestow her
On 'Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To 'cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on 'your head
A pack of sorrows—which would press you down,
(Being unprevented,) to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care:
This love of theirs 'myself have often seen,
And oftentimes have purposed to 'forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my Court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
I gave him 'gentle looks; and, for my fear,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The 'key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she 'cannot be conveyed away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a plan[b]
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded 'ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may 'intercept him:
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That 'my discovery be not even[a] aimed-at;[c]

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[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. mean. [c] alluded to.

For love of 'you, 'not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me 'publisher of this intent.[a]
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall 'never know
That I had any light[b] from 'thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. Exit.

The Duke remains to watch Valentine hastening to the Palace,—ah ha!—with something bulky concealed under his cloak.

Valentine enters.

Duke. . . . Sir Valentine,—whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, . . . there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends, . . .
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. . . . Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy sojourn[c] at your Court.
Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile . . .
I am to break[d] with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.—
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter?
Val. I know it 'well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
'Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace 'win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
And, (may I say to thee,) this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my 'love from her. . . .
I now am full resolved to take a 'wife;
And turn her out—to who will take her 'in.
Val. What would your grace have 'me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan[e] here,
Whom I affect;[f] but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my 'agéd eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have 'thee for my tutor,—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be 'regarded in her sun-bright eye?
Val. Win her with 'gifts, if she respect not 'words.
Dumb 'jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than 'quick[g] 'words, do move a 'woman's mind.

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[a] O. R. pretence. [b] glimpse of information. [c] O. R. being. [d] communicate.
[e] O. R. There is a lady of Verona heere; (but the scene is in Milan.)
[f] love (have affection for). [g] ardent.

Duke. But she did 'scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what should content her.[a]
Send her 'another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at 'first makes 'after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in 'hate of you,
But rather to beget more 'love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you 'gone;
For why?—the fools are mad if left 'alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "Get you gone," she doth not 'mean, "'Away."
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so 'black, 'say they have 'angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is 'no man,
If, 'with his tongue, he cannot win a 'woman.
Duke. But she I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a 'youthful gentleman of worth;
And no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then I would resort to her by 'night.
Duke. Ay; but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe.
Val. What lets[b] but one may enter at her 'window?
Duke. Her chamber is 'aloft, far from the ground.
Val. Why, then, a 'ladder, quaintly[c] made of cords,
Would serve to scale another Hero's[d] tower,
So bold Leander[e] would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,[f]
'Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you 'use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night.
Val. By seven o'clock 'I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. How shall I best convey the ladder 'thither?
Val. It will be 'light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a 'cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to 'wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel 'thy cloak upon me! . . .
What letter is this same? What 's here?—"To Silvia!"
And here the ladder[g] fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

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[a] O. R. what best contents her. [b] hinders. [c] skilfully. [d] priestess of Venus at Sestos; who, on the death of her lover Leander, threw herself from her tower into the sea. [e] a youth of Abydos who, at the invitation of Hero, frequently swam across the Hellespont, but was accidentally drowned. [f] high born (of ardent disposition). [g] O. R. an engine.

The Duke opens the letter, and, glancing over it, singles out the last line:

What 's here? [Reads.
"*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*"
'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose! . . .
Wilt thou reach 'stars, because they 'shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on 'equal mates;
And think 'my 'patience, more than thy 'desert,
Is privilege for thy 'departure hence!
But if thou 'linger in my territories,
By Heaven, my 'wrath shall far exceed the 'love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make 'speed from hence. [Exit Duke.

Val. . . . And why not 'death, rather than living 'torment?
To die, is to be banished from 'myself;
And Silvia 'is myself: banished from 'her,
Is self 'from self;—a 'deadly banishment!
What light is light, if 'Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to 'think that she is by,
And feed upon the 'shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the 'night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the 'day,
There is 'no day for 'me to look upon.
She is my 'essence;[a] and I 'leave to be,[b]
If I be not, by her fair influence,
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not 'Death, to fly 'this[c] deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but 'attend on death;
But, fly I 'hence, I fly away from 'life!

Proteus enters hastily, followed by Launce.

Pro. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear 'good news,
So much of 'bad already hath possessed them.
Pro. Then, in dumb silence, will I bury 'mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead? or hath she 'now[d] 'forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. 'What is your news?

[a] essential existence. [b] cease to exist. [c] O. R. his (the Duke's). [d] inserted word.

Launce bluntly says:

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are 'vanished.

Pro. That thou art 'banished: Oh! that is the news:
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Doth 'Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered, to the doom,[a]
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire:
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
That to close 'prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more! unless the 'next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my 'life!
If so, I 'pray thee breathe it in mine ear—
As 'ending anthem of my endless 'dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not 'help,
And 'study help, for that which thou lament'st.
'Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
'Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will 'abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with 'that,
And manage it against 'despairing thoughts.
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet at the North Gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. [Exeunt Val. and Pro.

Launce looks suspiciously at Proteus, as Valentine is led away:

Launce. 'I am but a 'fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my 'master is a kind of a 'knave: but that 's all one, if he be but 'one knave.[b] 'He lives not now that knows 'me to be in love: yet I 'am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck 'that from me; nor 'who 't is I love; and yet 't is a 'woman! She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [pulling out a paper] of her conditions.[c] *Imprimis,*[d] "*She can fetch and carry.*" Why, a 'horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot 'fetch,

[a] decree. [b] that is, if he be not a double knave (a knave on only one occasion). [c] qualities. [d] in the first place.

but only carry; therefore is she 'better than a jade. *Item*, "*She can milk;*" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Valentine's servant, Speed, enters:

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news?
Launce. The 'blackest news that ever thou heardest.
Speed. Why, man! 'how black?
Launce. Why, as black as 'ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou liest; I 'can.
Launce. I will try thee.
Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy 'paper.
Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas[a] be thy speed!
Speed. [Reads.] "*Item*,[b] *She can milk.*"
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. "*Item, She brews good ale.*"
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—"Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."
Speed. "*Item, She can sew.*"
Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so.
Speed. Here follow her 'vices.
Launce. Close at the heels of her 'virtues.
Speed. "*Item, She is not to be kissed*[c] *fasting, in respect of her breath.*"
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. "*Item, She hath a sweet mouth.*"[d]
Launce. That makes amends for her sour 'breath.
Speed. "*Item, She doth 'talk in her sleep.*"
Launce. It 's no matter for 'that, so she sleep not in her 'talk.
Speed. "*Item, She is 'slow in words.*"
Launce. O villain, that set this down among her 'vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only 'virtue. I pray thee, 'out with 't, and place it for her chief 'virtue.
Speed. "*Item, She is proud.*"
Launce. Out with that too! it was 'Eve's legacy, and 'cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. "*Item, She hath no teeth..*"
Launce. I care not for that neither, because 'I love crusts.

[a] the patron-saint of scholars, who were therefore called St. Nicholas's clerks.
[b] O. R. Imprimis.
[c] O. R. she is not to be fasting.
[d] fond of dainties (having a sweet tooth).

Speed. "*Item, She is curst.*"[a]

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to 'bite.

Speed. "*Item, She will often praise her liquor.*"[b]

Launce. If her liquor be 'good, she shall: if 'she will not, 'I will; for 'good things 'should be praised.

Speed. "*Item, She is too liberal.*"[c]

Launce. Of her 'tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is 'slow of; of her 'purse she 'shall not, for that I 'll keep 'shut. Well, proceed.

Speed. "*Item, She hath more 'hair than wit,*[d] *and more 'faults than hairs, and more 'wealth than faults.*"

Launce. 'Stop there; I 'll 'have her! She was 'mine, and 'not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "*Item, She hath more hair than wit,*"—

Launce. More hair than wit?—it 'may be; I 'll 'prove it: The 'cover of the salt 'hides the salt, and therefore it is 'more than the salt: the hair, that covers the 'wit, is 'more than the wit;—for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. "*And more faults than hairs,*"—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that 'that were out!

Speed. "*And more 'wealth than faults.*"

Launce. . . . Why, 'that word makes the faults 'gracious. Well, I 'll have her; and, if it 'be a match, (as nothing is impossible,)—why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master 'stays for thee at the North Gate.

Speed. For 'me?

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a 'better man than thee.

Speed. And 'must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must 'run to him; for thou hast stayed so long, that 'going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me 'sooner? plague of your love-letters! [Exit.

Launce. Ha! ha! ha! Now will he be 'swinged—for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will 'thrust himself into secrets.—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

Valentine, in consequence of the threatening decree of the angry Duke, is forced instantly to depart from Milan, without one inter-

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[a] extremely ill-tempered. [b] by drinking frequently.
[c] free-spoken, slanderous (liberal of her tongue). [d] an old proverb.

view with his beloved Silvia. But he has not gone far from the city when he and his servant Speed, passing through a forest, are attacked by certain Outlaws who live by highway robbery. These fellows, seeing two unarmed and wandering strangers, at once resolve on a plunderous attack.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be 'ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Valentine and Speed, entering, are immediately surrounded.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;
If not, we 'll make you 'sit, and 'rifle you.
Speed. O, sir, we are undone! These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Poor Speed shakes in his shoes; but Valentine endeavors to conciliate the thieves:

Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That 's 'not so, sir,—we are your 'enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper* man.
Val. Then know that I have little 'wealth to lose.
A man I am, crossed with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,—
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* 'Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence 'came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you 'long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer 'might have stayed,
If crookéd fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you 'banished thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse: . . .
I 'killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him 'manfully, in 'fight,
Without false 'vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er 'repent it if it were done 'so.
But were you banished for so 'small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me 'glad of such a doom.

* handsome, good-looking.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat Friar,[a]
This fellow were a 'king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We 'll have him! . . . Sirs, a word.

While the outlaws converse, the timorous Speed whispers to Valentine:

Speed. Master, 'be one of them:
It is an 'honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!

All the Outlaws advance.

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take-to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are 'gentlemen;
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of lawful[b] men:
But to the purpose;—Seeing you are beautified,
With goodly shape, why, you 're a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality[c] much want—
2 *Out.* Indeed, 'because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our 'General?
To make a 'virtue of 'necessity?
And live, as 'we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? 'wilt thou be of our consort?
Say "Ay," and be the 'Captain of us all.
1 *Out.* But if thou 'scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to 'brag what we have offered.
Val. . . . I 'take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or 'poor passengers.[d]
3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our cave,[e]
And show thee all the 'treasure we have got,
Which, with 'ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

During these events, the lady Julia and her maid Lucetta,—both disguised as young men—arrive at Milan, and take up their abode at the Inn; where the disguised damsel willingly enters into conversation with the Host, hoping thus to gain some intelligence of

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[a] Friar Tuck—the companion and confessor of the famous outlaw Robin Hood, whose exploits in Sherwood Forest, in the reign of Richard the First, were, and still are, "the English ballad-singer's joy" [b] O. R. awfull. [c] profession(mode of life).
[d] this was one of Robin Hood's rules. [e] O. R. crewes.

Sir Proteus. The Host, observing the youth's melancholy, proposes that he shall go listen to some sweet music, with which a gentleman is about to serenade his mistress; and she willingly consents, hoping that she may soon hear the sweeter music of the voice of Proteus. While the Host conducts her to the court-yard of the adjoining ducal Palace, (where the serenaders are to assemble,) Proteus himself is moodily walking there, pondering on past villainies and plotting new ones.

Pro. Already have I been false to 'Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to 'Thurio:
Under the colour of 'commending him,
I have access my 'own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to 'her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my 'friend:
When to 'her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I 'have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved:
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she 'spurns my love,
The more it 'grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio, and Musicians with lutes.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept 'before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will 'creep in service where it cannot 'go.
Thu. Ay? but I hope, sir, that you love not 'here?
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be 'hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for 'your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your 'own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

While the Musicians are singing, the disguised Julia anxiously scrutinizes the Serenaders; and, at last recognizing Proteus, she sorrowfully retires. The Musicians begin their pleasing madrigal:

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That 'all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
The heaven 'such grace did lend her
That she 'might admirèd be.

Is she 'kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives 'with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, 'being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is 'excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

During the Song, a very different result than enjoyment is produced on Julia; for she sees that it is Proteus, serenading another lady-love! There is, immediately, no doubt of his perfidy; for, when Silvia appears at her window, Proteus himself recognizes and addresses her:

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. . . . I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that, that 'spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure 'heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his 'voice.—
Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. Thou subtle, perjured, false, 'disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be attracted[a] by 'thy flattery,
That hast deceived so 'many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale Queen of Night[b] I swear,—
I am so far from 'granting thy request
That I 'despise thee for thy wrongful suit!
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I 'did love a lady,—
But she is 'dead.
Sil. . . . Say that she 'be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, (thyself art witness,)
I am 'betrothed: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong 'him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that 'Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so, suppose, am 'I; for in his[c] grave,
Assure thyself my 'love is buried too.[d]
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your 'picture for my love,—
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To 'that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep;
And to your 'shadow will I make true love.

[a] O. R. seducéd. [b] the moon. [c] O. R. her. [d] inserted word.

Sil. . . . I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But,—since you 're false, it shall become you well[a]
To 'worship shadows, and adore 'false shapes,—
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest. [Exit Silvia

Pro. As wretches have o'er'night,
That wait for execution in the 'morn. [Exit Proteus

Thus, the Lady Silvia, faithful to Valentine, repels the importunate addresses of the deceitful Proteus; and she now decides,—under the protection of an old friend, Sir Eglamour,—to follow her lover to Mantua.

But even the base disloyalty to love that Proteus had shown, could not conquer true-hearted Julia. With the Host's assistance, she at once finds employment, (under the name of Sebastian,) as a Page to her metamorphosed lover.

And, in the meantime, as a propitiation to the Lady Silvia, Proteus orders Launce, his servant, to make a present to her of a beautiful pet dog; but this make-peace was rejected—as we learn from Launce himself.

Launce. When a man's 'servant shall play the 'cur with him, look you, it goes hard: One that I brought-up of a 'puppy! one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters 'went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, "Thus, 'I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[b] and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep[c] himself in 'all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog 'indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at 'all things. If 'I had not had more wit than he,—to take a fault upon me that 'he did,—I think, verily, he had been 'hanged for 't. I have sat in the stocks,[d] for puddings he hath stolen,—otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory,[e] for geese he hath killed,—otherwise he had suffered for 't: ah! Crab, Crab![f] 'thou think'st not of this now.

Proteus enters, followed by Julia in boy's clothes:

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

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[a] O. E. But since your falsehood shall become you well. [b] a wooden dish.
[c] restrain. [d] a wooden frame-work with holes for the legs.
[e] a wooden frame or pillar with a hole for the head. [f] three inserted words.

[To Launce.] How now, you lazy peasant!
Where have you been these two days, loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the 'dog you bade me.

Pro. And what 'says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a 'cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for 'such a present.

Pro. But she 'received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her 'this cur[a] from 'me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the 'other squirrel[b] was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the Market-place; and then I offered her mine 'own,—who is a dog as big as 'ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find 'my dog again:
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that, in the end,[c] turns me to shame!—[Launce quickly runs off.
—Sebastian, I have engaged[d] thee now,
Partly, that I have 'need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
(For 't is no trusting to 'yon foolish lout;)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour.
Go presently, and take this 'ring with thee: [Giving ring.
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She loved me who[e] delivered it to 'me.

Jul. It seems 'you loved not 'her, to leave her token:[f]
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I 'think she lives.

Jul. Alas! I cannot choose but 'pity her;
Because, methinks, that 'she loved 'you, as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.

Pro. . . . Well, give her that ring, and therewithal [Giving letter.
This letter:—That 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the 'promise for her heavenly picture:
Your message done, hie home unto 'my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit Proteus.

Jul. How many women would do 'such a message? . .
This ring 'I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I—(unhappy messenger)—
To 'plead for that, which I would not 'obtain;

[a] O. R. omit cur. [b] a tiny lap-dog. [c] O. R. still an end.
[d] O. R. I haue enter tainéd thee. [e] O. R. well, delivered. [f] pledge of love.

To 'carry that, which I would have 'refused ;
To 'praise his faith, which I would have 'dis-praised.
I am my master's true-confirmed 'love,
But cannot be 'true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to 'myself.
Yet 'will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly
As, (heaven it knows,) I would not have him 'speed.

Silvia, with her Attendants, now comes from the ducal Palace, and thus the two ladies are together. The disguised Page is the first to speak :

Jul. Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean[a]
To bring me 'where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her,—if that 'I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the 'message I am sent on.
'T is from my master; from Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he sends you for a 'picture?—
Ursula, bring my picture there.— [The picture is brought.
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One 'Julia,—that his changing thoughts forget,—
Would 'better fit his chamber than this 'shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. [Giving letter.

She gives the wrong letter, but at once discovers her mistake :

Pardon me, madam ; I have, unadvised,
Delivered you a paper that I should not :
'This is the letter to your ladyship. [Gives another letter.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on 'that again.
I will not look upon your 'master's lines :
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths,—which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper! [Tears the second letter.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this 'ring. [Giving ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it 'me;
For I have heard him say, a thousand times,
His 'Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though 'his false finger have 'profaned the ring,
'Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender[b] her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her 'much.
Sil. Dost thow 'know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know 'myself.

[a] mediary, guide. [b] kindly remember, sympathize with.

Sil. Is she not 'passing fair?
Jul. She 'hath been fairer, madam, than she 'is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in 'my judgement, was as fair as 'you;
But, since she did 'neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath 'starved the roses in her cheeks,
And 'pinched[a] the lily-tincture of her face,
That 'now she is become . . . as black as I.
Sil. How 'tall is[b] she?
Jul. About 'my stature; for, at Pentecost,[c]
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got 'me to play the 'woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown;
And at that time I made her weep a-good.[d]
Madam, 't was Ariadne,[e] passioning[g]
For Theseus'[f] perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, troubled[h] therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, 'would I might be dead,
If 'I, in thought, felt not 'her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholden[i] to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!—
I weep 'myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet 'mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [Exit Silvia attended.
Jul. And she shall 'thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! . . .
Here is her 'picture: let me see:—I think,
If 'I had such a tire,[j] this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of 'hers;
What should it be that he respects in 'her,
But 'I can make respective in 'myself,[k]
If this fond Love were not a 'blinded god?
O thou senseless form! [addressing the picture.
'Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored;
And, were there 'sense in his idolatry,
'My substance should be 'statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly, for thy mistress' sake

[a] nipped (as with frost). [b] O. R. was. [c] Whitsuntide (fifty days after Easter).
[d] copiously, in good earnest. [e] Ariadne was daughter to Minos, King of Crete: and married to [f] Theseus, King of Athens, who afterwards deserted her
[g] uttering violent exclamations. [h] O. R. movéd. [i] O. R. beholding.
[j] head-dress (tiara). [k] having a reference to myself.

That used 'me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched-out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master 'out of love with thee. [Exit.

The Lady Silvia,—still fearing a forced marriage with the hateful Thurio, having escaped from her father's imprisonment,—resolves to follow her banished lover to Mantua. She takes, for protector as well as companion, an old gentleman named Eglamour: and, having to pass through the forest in which Valentine had been appointed leader of the banditti, she is seized by one of the outlaws, (her guardian, Eglamour, having escaped,) and is about to be brought to the Captain's cave,—when she is rescued by Proteus, attended by the disguised Julia.

We precede them to another part of the Forest, where we overhear the banished Valentine musing on his strange fortune:

Val. How use doth breed a 'habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert,[a] unfrequented woods
I better brook, than flourishing peopled 'towns:
Here can I sit 'alone, unseen of any;
And, to the 'nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune 'my distresses and record[b] my woes.
O thou that 'didst[c] inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long 'tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no 'memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia! . . . [Shouts and noises are heard.
Ah! what hallooing[d] and what stir is this?
These are my mates, that make their 'wills their law,
With[e] some unhappy passenger in chase.—
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To 'keep[f] them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: Who 's this comes here?
[Steps aside into the Cave.

Proteus, accompanied by his disguised page Sebastian, now enters, conducting the Lady Silvia. Proteus at once renews his solicitations to her:

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for 'you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,[g] but one fair 'look:
A 'smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And 'less than this, I am sure, you cannot 'give.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy 'were you, madam, ere I came;

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[a] O. R. this shadowy desert. [b] register in musical notes. [c] O. R. dost.
[d] O. R. hollowing. [e] O. R. have. [f] restrain. [g] reward.

But, 'by my coming, I have made you 'happy.
Sil. Had I been seizéd-on[a] by a hungry 'lion,
I would have been a 'breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false 'Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my 'soul;
And full as much—for 'more there cannot be—
I do 'detest false, perjured 'Proteus.
Therefore be gone! solicit me no more!
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving[b] 'words
Can no way change you to a 'milder form,
I 'll woo you like a 'soldier, at arms' end!

Proteus seizes Lady Silvia: Valentine rushes forward:

Val. Ruffian! let go that rude uncivil touch,—

Valentine is about to strike, when, recognizing his faithless companion Proteus, he drops his sword:

Thou "friend" of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou 'common friend,—one[c] without faith or love,—
Thou hast beguiled my hopes: naught but mine 'eye
Could have persuaded me. 'Now, I dare not say,
I have 'one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own[a] right hand
Is 'perjured to the bosom? . . . Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a 'stranger for thy sake.
The 'private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst 'all foes, that a 'friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty 'sorrow
Be a sufficient 'ransom for offence,
I tender[d] it here; I do as truly 'suffer,
As e'er I did 'commit. [Kneels to Valentine.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
'Who[e] by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven, nor earth; for 'these are pleased;
By penitence, the 'Eternal's wrath 's appeased:—
And, that my love may show most plain and free,[f]
All that was 'mine in Silvia I give 'thee.

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[a] inserted word. [b] tender, exciting. [c] O. R. that's. [d] offer. [e] He who.
[f] O. R. that my love may appeare plaine and free.

So speaks the banished Valentine, now feeling himself unworthy of Lady Silvia by leading a dishonoured, dishonourable, outlawed life. But the disguised Julia is almost speechless at this unexpected renunciation; at length she says:

Jul. . . . O good sir! my master charged me to deliver a 'ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Proteus asks:

Pro. Where is that ring, boy? How! let me see:—[Julia gives a ring.
Why, this is the ring I gave to 'Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
'This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring.
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by 'this ring?
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it 'me; . . .
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. . . . How? Julia!
Jul. Behold 'her, that gave aim[a] to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her 'heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft its root![b]
O Proteus, let this habit[c] make thee blush:
Be 'thou ashamed, that I am thus attired[d]—
If 'shame can live in a disguise of 'love.
It is the 'lesser blot, as modesty still finds,[e]
Women to change their shapes, than men their 'minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O Heaven, were man
But 'constant, he were 'perfect: that 'one error
'Fills him with faults; makes him run-through all 'sins:[f]
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

Valentine advances:

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close; [He joins their hands.
'T were pity two such 'friends should be long 'foes.

The Robbers enter rejoicingly, bringing to their Captain two well-equipped prisoners — the bedizened Duke, and the dumfounded Thurio. Valentine at once recognizes his former patron.

Val. Forbear, I say! it is my lord the Duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced—
The banished Valentine.

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[a] direction. [b] O. R. the root: (in archery the root is the central part of the butt.)
[c] her disguised dress as a Page. [d] three inserted words.
[e] O. R. It is the lesser blot modesty findes. [f] O. R. all th' sins.

The ill-judging Thurio exclaims:

Thu. Yonder is 'Silvia; and Silvia 's 'mine!
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death!
Do not name Silvia 'thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee.[a] Here she stands.
I dare thee but to 'breathe upon my love!
Thu. . . . Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a 'fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her 'not, and therefore she is 'thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and 'base art thou!—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an 'Empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,[b]
Cancel all grudge, repeal[c] thee home again.
'Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast 'deserved her.
Val. . . . I 'thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you, for your 'daughter's sake,
To grant 'one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine 'own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with 'worthy qualities:
'Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be 'recalled from their exile.
Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon 'them and 'thee.
Come, let us go: we will conclude[d] all jars
With triumphs,[e] mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this 'Page, my lord? [He takes Julia by the hand.
Duke. . . . I think, the boy hath 'grace in him;—he blushes!
Val. I warrant you, my lord; 'more grace than 'boy.
Duke. What 'mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to 'hear
The story of your secret[f] loves discovered:
That done, 'our day of marriage shall be 'yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt.

END OF THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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[a] O. R. Verona shall not hold thee. [b] grievances. [c] recall. [d] O. R. include. [e] public pageants. [f] inserted word.

THE
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The "Comedy" of Errors would be, according to the modern use of the word, more correctly named a "Farce." It is, undoubtedly, one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, probably untouched and unrevised by its author: the text throughout is manifestly corrupt—doubtless suffering from the stage "gaggery" of clowns who speak "more than is set down for them." Many of the scenes abound in doggerel rhymes or long hobbling couplets—a distinguishing mark of early English comedy.

The plot is evidently suggested by the "Menechmus" of Plautus, a loose translation of which had been performed in 1577:[a] One of the most reliable chronologers of Shakespeare's plays assigns his composition to the year 1593; it differs from its Latin original by the introduction of the Two Dromios, whose fun is all Shakespeare's. It is the second Comedy mentioned in Meres' list, (1598,) but it was not printed till the collected works appeared in 1623.—The adherence to the old classical unities of Time and Place will be observed as very peculiar.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*[b]
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*[c]
ANTIPHOLUS, *of Ephesus,* } *Twin Brothers, Sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*
ANTIPHOLUS, *of Syracuse,* }
DROMIO, *of Ephesus,* } *Twin Brothers, Attendants on the two Antipholuses.*
DROMIO, *of Syracuse,* }
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
A Merchant trading with Angelo.
PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon.*
ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*
LESBIA.
Gaoler, Officers, and Attendants.

Scene—Ephesus.[b]—Time—One Day.

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[a] This version—a free translation from Plautus—was not printed till 1595—after the production of Shakespeare's Comedy, (which was written presumably in 1593.) It appeared as "A pleasant and fine-conceited Comedie called Menechmus, taken out of the most excellent poet Plautus. By W. W. (William Warner) 1595."—But there can be little doubt that the early manuscript had been perused by Shakespeare. The earliest (supposed) performance of Shakespeare's Comedy is presumed to have taken place in 1594, at Gray's Inn, London: for we are told, in the "Gesta Grayorum," that, in the December of that year, "a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus, his Menechmus, was played by the players,"—(and not, as usual, by the law students of the Inn,)—probably by the company of which Shakespeare was then a member. The writer adds: "So that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors. Whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

[b] Ephesus, in Asia Minor; once the metropolis of the East, but now a miserable Turkish village. In it stood the great Temple to the goddess Diana.

[c] Syracuse, a seaport in the island of Sicily; then the centre of Mediterranean commerce.

A bitter rivalry existed between the governments of Ephesus and Syracuse: so that a Merchant of either city, if he was found in the other, could legally be put to death—unless he was prepared to pay a ransom of a thousand marks.[a]

Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse, had been arrested for such a violation of the law; and he is now on his trial before the Duke of Athens himself, in his Palace at Ephesus. The prisoner addresses the Duke:

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall;
And, by the doom of 'death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprang from the rancorous outrage of 'your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Exclude all pity from 'our threatening looks.
It hath, in solemn synods, been decreed,
(Both by the Syracusans[b] and ourselves,)
To admit no 'traffic to our adverse[c] towns:
Nay, more:—If any, born at 'Ephesus,
Be seen at 'Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again:—If any 'Syracusan born,
Come to the Bay of 'Ephesus,—he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be leviéd,
To 'quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
'Thy substance,[d] valued at the 'highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a 'hundred marks:
Therefore, by law, thou art condemned to die.
Ægeon. Yet this my comfort;—When your words are done,
My 'woes end likewise, with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan: Say, in brief, the 'cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home.
Ægeon. A 'heavier task could not have been imposed.—
In Syracusa was I born, and wed,
And there I lived in joy: our wealth increased,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum:[e] There my wife became
A joyful mother of 'two goodly sons;
And (which was strange,) the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by 'names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman[f] was delivered

[a] The value of the English (gold) mark was about 13s. 4d. sterling ($3.22);—the German (silver) mark, 1s. 4d. st. ($0.32). [b] O. R. Syracusians. [c] opposing, hostile. [d] property, possession. [e] (now Durazzo) a town of Macedonia, on the Adriatic. [f] O. R. a meane woman was deliuréd.

Of such a burden,—male twins, both alike:
Those, (for their parents were exceeding poor,)
I bought, and brought-up to attend 'my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of 'her two boys,[a]
Made daily pleadings[b] for our 'home-return:
Unwilling I agreed; we came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any 'tragic instance of our harm:
But 'longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscuréd light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey, unto our fearful minds,
A doubtful warrant of 'immediate 'death.
The sailors sought for safety by our 'boat,
And left the 'ship (then sinking-ripe[c]) to 'us.
My wife, more careful for her 'elder[d] born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast;
To him, one of the poor man's[e] twins was bound,
Whilst I had been 'like heedful of the other.
The 'children thus disposed, my wife and I
Fastened 'ourselves at either end the mast;
And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried-on towards Corinth,[f] as we thought.
At length the seas waxed calm, and we descried[g]
Two ships, from far, making amain[h] to 'us,—
But 'ere they came,—O, let me say no more!—
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
'Our helpless[i] ship was splitted in the midst!
'Her part, poor soul! burdened with lesser weight,
Was carried with 'more speed before the wind;
And, in our sight, they three were taken-up
By fishermen of Corinth, (as we thought).
At length, 'another ship had seized on 'us,
And would have 'reft[j] the fishers of their prey,
Had not 'their bark been very slow of sail.
Thus by misfortunes was 'my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my 'own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of 'them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen to 'them, and 'thee,[k] till now?

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[a] O. R. of two such boyes. [b] O. R motions. [c] ready to sink.
[d] O. R. for the latter borne. [e] O. R. one of the other twins.
[f] once a famous city of Greece (on the Morea), but now a squalid village.
[g] O. R. discoueréd. [h] with speed. [i] O. R. helpefull. [j] deprived (bereft).
[k] what haue befalne of them and they.

Æge. My 'youngest boy, and yet my eldest 'care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtuned me,
That his attendant (for[a] 'his case was like,
'Reft[b] of 'his brother, but retained his name)
Might bear him company in quest[c] of him:
Whom, whilst 'I laboured of a love[d] to see,
I hazarded the 'loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest 'Greece,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus.—
But here must 'end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely 'death,
Could all my travels warrant me 'they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon! Were 't not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My 'soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art 'adjudged unto the death,
Yet will I favour thee in what I 'can:
Therefore, Merchant, I 'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial hands:[e]
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make-up the sum,
And 'live;—if no, then thou art doomed to 'die!

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,[f]
But to 'procrastinate his life's sad[g] end. [Exeunt.

Old Ægeon little knows, while he is anxiously looking for aid in Ephesus, that both his sons, and their respective servants, are all in the city.

It must be remembered that Ægeon's sons, alike in features and person, are both named Antipholus; and that the twin servants are both called Dromio. The first-born of Ægeon's twin sons had been a citizen of Ephesus for more than twenty years, was married, and had settled as a Merchant there. That very day, his brother Antipholus (of Syracuse) arrived in the city, and would have incurred the same peril as his father, (the unrecognized Ægeon,) had he not followed the advice of a friendly Merchant—with whom, attended by his servant Dromio, he is now conversing in the Street. The Merchant says:

Mer. Therefore, give-out[h] you are of 'Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for 'arrival here;

---

[a] O. R. so. [b] being deprived (bereft). [c] O. R. in the quest. [d] with earnest affection.
[e] O. R. helpe. [f] proceed on his way. [g] O. R. livelesse. [h] state publicly.

And, not being able to buy-out his life,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.—
There is your money that I had to keep.

Antipholus (of Syracuse) gives the bag of money to his servant Dromio (of Syracuse).

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the "Centaur,"[a] where we host.
And 'stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
'Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town.
Get thee away. [Exit Dro. of S.
Mer. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go 'indeed,—having so rich a purse.[b]
Ant. S. A 'trusty servant,[c] sir, that, very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.—
What, will you walk 'with me about the town,
And then go to my Inn and 'dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants.
At 'five o'clock, we 'll meet upon the 'Mart;
My present business calls me from you 'now.—
Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.
Ant. S. He that commends me to mine 'own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot 'get.
I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That, in the ocean, seeks 'another drop;
Who, failing[d] there to 'find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, 'confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of 'them, unhappy, lose 'myself.

To his surprise he sees his Servant (as he supposes) come back, but it is Dromio of Ephesus.

What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?
Dro. E. Returned so 'soon! Rather approached too 'late.
The capon burns,—the pig falls from the spit,—
The clock hath strucken *Twelve* upon the bell;
My mistress made it *One* upon my 'cheek:
She is so 'hot, because the meat is 'cold;—
The meat is cold, because you come not home;—
You come not home, because you have no stomach;[e]—
You have no stomach, having 'broke your fast;
But 'we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,

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[a] house of entertainment. [b] O. R. good a meane. [c] O. R. villaine.
[d] O. R. falling. [e] appetite.

Are penitent,[a] for 'your default, to-day.

Ant. S. Stop-in your wind, sir! Tell me this, I pray:
'Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. . . . . O,—sixpence, that I had, o' 'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?[b]
The saddler 'had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a 'sportive humour 'now.
Tell me,—and dally not,—'where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine 'own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at 'dinner:
I, from my mistress, come to you in post:[c]
If I return, I shall be post[d] indeed,
For she will score 'your fault upon 'my pate.
Methinks, 'your maw,[e] like mine, should be your clock,[f]
And 'strike you home, 'without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season.
'Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To 'me, sir? why, you gave 'no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me 'how thou hast disposed thy charge?

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house—the "Phœnix,"[g] sir—to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In 'what safe place have you bestowed[h] my money?
Or I shall 'break that merry sconce[i] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.—
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. . . I have 'some marks of yours upon my 'pate;
Some of my 'mistress' marks upon my 'shoulders,
But not a 'thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship 'those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy 'mistress' marks! 'what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's 'wife, my mistress,—at the "Phœnix;"—
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will 'hie[j] you home to dinner.

---

[a] doing penance. [b] the tail-strap of a horse. [c] in haste.
[d] a wooden block, or tally-board, on which debts were marked. [e] stomach.
[f] O. E. cooke. [g] another hostelry in Ephesus. [h] stowed away, deposited.
[i] pate, head. [j] hasten.

Ant. S. What, 'wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being 'forbid? There, take you 'that, sir knave? [Strikes him.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for peace' sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my 'heels. [Exit Dro. of E.
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[a] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;[b]—
As nimble 'jugglers, that deceive the 'eye;
Dark-working 'sorcerers, that change the 'mind;
Soul-killing 'witches, that deform the 'body;
Disguiséd 'cheaters, prating 'mountebanks,
And 'many such-like libertines[c] of sin:
If it 'prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the "'Centaur" to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

We proceed now to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, (the elder son of Ægeon,) who had by this time become wealthy as a citizen;) and we overhear a conversation between his wife Adriana, and her spinster sister Luciana:

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
That, in such haste, I sent to 'seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is 'two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
A 'man is master of his liberty:
Time is 'their master; and, when they see cause,[d]
They 'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should 'their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their 'business still lies 'out-o'-door.
Adr. Look, when I serve 'him so, he takes it 'ill.[e]
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but 'asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, 'headstrong liberty is leashed[f] with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his 'bound,—in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingéd fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
'Men,[g] more divine, the masters[h] of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,

---

[a] (over-reached) cheated out of. [b] fraud under pretence of friendship.
[c] O. R. liberties. [d] O. R. time. [e] O. R. thus.
[f] coupled, like hounds in leash, (O. R. lasht.) [g] man. [h] master.

Are 'masters to their 'females, and their 'lords:
Then, let 'your will attend on 'their accords.

Adr. But, were 'you wedded, you would bear some sway?

Luc. Ere I learn 'love, I 'll practise to 'obey.

Adr. How if your husband start[a] some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;[b]
'They can be meek, that have no 'other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid "Be quiet," when we hear it cry;
But were 'we burdened with 'like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should 'ourselves complain;
So thou, that hast 'no unkind mate[c] to grieve thee,
With urging helpless 'patience wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see 'like right bereft,
No[d] fool-begged[e] patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry 'one day, but to 'try.—
Here comes your 'man.[f] Now is your 'husband nigh.

Dromio of Ephesus enters, and the vexed mistress inquires:

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at-'hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at 'two hands with 'me; and that my two 'ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his 'mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he 'told his mind upon mine 'ear.
Beshrew his hand,[g] I scarce could under-stand[h] it.

Luc. Spake he so 'doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his 'meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so 'plainly, I could too well feel his 'blows.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming 'home?

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is stark[i] mad!
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand[j] marks in gold:
"'T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burned;" "My gold!" quoth he:
"My mistress, sir,"—quoth I; "Hang-up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: 'out on thy mistress!"

---

[a] proceed, go. [b] keep quiet. [c] companion (husband). [d] O. R. this.
[e] silly (foolish). [f] servant. [g] "bad luck to his hand." [h] stand under it.
[i] O. R. horn. [j] O. R. a hundred.

Luc. . . . Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress!"
So that my errand, due unto my 'tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my 'shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did 'beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and 'fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be 'new-beaten home?
In mercy, send some other messenger.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! 'fetch thy 'master 'home.
Dro. E. Am I so round[a] with you, as you with me,
That, like a football, you do 'spurn me thus?
'You spurn me 'hence, and 'he will spurn me 'hither:
If I 'last in this service, you must case me in 'leather.[b]
[Exit.
Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth[c] in your face!
Adr. His company must do his 'minions grace,
Whilst 'I, at home, starve for a merry 'look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From 'my poor cheek? then 'he hath wasted it:
Are 'my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
'Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do 'their gay vestments his affections bait?[d]
That 's not 'my fault; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By 'him not ruined? then is he the ground
Of my de-features.[e] My decayéd fair[f]
A 'sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, (too unruly deer!)[g] he breaks the pale,[h]
And feeds 'from home: poor I am but his 'stale.[i]
Luc. 'Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know, his eye doth homage 'otherwhere,
Or else, what hinders[j] but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain:
'Would 'that alone, alone might him detain![k]
Since that 'my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll 'weep what 's left away—and weeping, 'die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve[l] mad jealousy! [Exeunt.

---

[a] free of speech, open-mouthed. [b] cover me with leather (make a foot-ball of me).
[c] O. R. lowereth. [d] entice, allure. [e] change of features (loss of beauty).
[f] beauty, (fairness). [g] a quibble on *deer* and *dear*. [h] boundary.
[i] pretended wife. [j] O. R. what lets it. [k] O. R. a loue he would detaine.
[l] wait on, attend.

Then the impatient Adriana determines to go herself, accompanied by her sister, in quest of this truant husband.

In the street, we see Antipholus of Syracuse sauntering cheerily along.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
'Safe at the "Centaur;" and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
See, here he comes.

Dromio of Syracuse enters.

How now, sir? is your merry humour altered?
As you love strokes,[a] so jest with 'me again.
You know 'no "Centaur"? You received no 'gold?
Your 'mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the "'Phœnix"? . . . Wast thou 'mad,
That thus, so madly, thou didst 'answer me?

Dro. S. 'What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here; not half-an-hour since.

Dro. S. . . . I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home, to the "Centaur," with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain! thou didst 'deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a 'mistress, and a 'dinner;
For which, I hope, thou 'felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this 'merry vein;
What 'means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea! dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I 'jest? There,[b]—take thou that, and that! [Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, I pray you! 'now your jest is 'earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it 'me?

Ant. S. Because that I, familiarly, sometimes
Do use you for my Fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a 'common[c] of my 'serious hours.
When the sun 'shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies when he 'hides his beams.
If you 'will jest with me, then[d] know my 'aspect;[e]
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will 'beat this method in your sconce.[f]

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,
I had rather have it a 'head: an you use these blows
long, I must 'get a sconce[g] for my head, and 'in-sconce[h]

---

[a] blows. [b] O. R hold. [c] common property (open to every one).
[d] inserted word. [e] appearance (features). [f] head. [g] protection.
[h] fortify, surround (a sconce is, in military engineering, a round fortification).

it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my 'shoulders. But, I pray, sir, 'why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not 'know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I 'am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I 'tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and 'wherefore; for, they say, Every why 'hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. 'Why, first—for flouting me; and then, 'wherefore,—

For urging it the 'second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, When, 'in the "why," and the "wherefore," is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, . . . I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this 'something, that you gave me for 'nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you 'amends, next time,[a] to give you 'nothing for something. But say, sir, is it 'dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think, the meat wants that 'I have—basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time!—

This conversation is interrupted by the approach of Luciana and her angry sister Adriana, who both mistake the young stranger Antipholus of Syracuse, for the absent husband Antipholus of Ephesus. He listens in amazement to their invectives, which, of course, the wife begins:

Adr. . . . Ay, ay, Antipholus! look strange and frown!
Some 'other mistress hath thy 'sweeter[b] aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy 'wife!
The time was once, when thou, unurged, wouldst vow—
That never words were music to thine 'ear,
That never object pleasing in thine 'eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy 'hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy 'taste,
Unless 'I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it 'now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged[c] e'en from thyself? . . .
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall[d]
A drop of water in the breaking[e] gulf,

[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. sweet. [c] O. R. then estrangéd. [d] let fall. [e] wave-dashing.

And take unmingled thence that drop again,
As take from me 'thyself, and 'not me too!

Ant. S. . . . Plead you to 'me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus, I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your 'town, as to your 'talk.

Luciana adds reproachfully:

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister 'thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

Dromio in amazement cries out:

Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst report[a] from him,—
That he did 'buffet thee; and, in his blows,
'Denied my house for his,—me for his 'wife!

Antipholus turns to his servant:

Ant. S. . . . Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very 'words
Didst thou deliver to me, on the Mart.
Dro. S. . . . I 'never spake with her in all my 'life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our 'names,—
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adriana bitterly resumes her upbraidings:

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave!
Come, I will 'fasten on this sleeve of thine;[b] [taking his arm
Thou art an 'elm, my husband; I a 'vine!
Ant. S. To 'me she speaks! she moves 'me for her theme!
What! was I married to her in my 'dream?
Or sleep I 'now, and 'think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? . . .
Until I 'know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll 'entertain the offered fallacy.[c] [Aside.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the 'fairy land—O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elfish sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

[a] O. R. returne. [b] I will take fast hold of thine arm. [c] O. R. the free'd fallacie

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone,[a] thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, my[b] master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou 'art, in mind,—and so am I.
Adr. Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I 'll dine alone[c] with you to-day,
And shrive[d] you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines 'forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

The astonished Antipholus exclaims:

Ant. S. . . . Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or 'well-advised?
Known unto 'these, and to 'myself disguised? . . .
'I 'll say as 'they say, and continue[e] so,
And, in this mist, at 'all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, 'shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late. [Exeunt.

And thus the surprised youth, with his servant, accompanies the ladies to their abode.

While Antipholus of Syracuse is merrily dining at his brother's house with his brother's wife, the real husband—with his friend Signior Angelo the goldsmith, and his servant Dromio (of Ephesus)—returns home to dinner.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must 'excuse us all;
My wife is 'shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say, that I lingered with you at your shop,
To see the 'making of her carcanet,[f]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the 'Mart;—and that I 'beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did 'deny my 'wife and 'house.—
Thou drunkard, thou! what didst thou 'mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I 'know what I know:
That you beat me at the Mart, I have your 'hand to show:
If the skin were 'parchment, and the blows you gave were 'ink,
Your own handwriting would 'tell you what I think.

---

[a] O. R. thou Dromio. [b] inserted word. [c] O. R. aboue. [d] absolve after confession. [e] O. R. persevér. [f] necklace, or chain of pearls.

Ant. E. 'I think, thou art an ass!
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the 'wrongs I suffer, and the 'blows I bear.
'I should kick, 'being kicked; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and 'beware of an ass!

Antipholus ends this profitless conversation with his servant, by addressing his guest:

Ant. E. . . . You are sad, Signior Balthazar: I pray that our cheer
May answer 'my good will, and your good 'welcome here.
Bal. I hold your 'dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome 'dear.
Ant. E. But though my cates[a] be 'mean, take them in good part;
'Better cheer may you have, but not with better 'heart. . . .
But soft, my door is locked! [To Dro.] Go bid them let us in.

Dromio of Ephesus calls at the door:

Dro. E. Maud! Bridget! Marian! Cicely! Gillian! Jin!

Dromio of Syracuse replies from within:

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome![b] malt-horse! capon! coxcomb! idiot! patch![c]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.[d]

Antipholus, angry at the detention of his friend, calls to the servant:

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door!
Dro. S. [Within.] Right, sir: I 'll tell you 'when, an 'you 'll tell me 'where-fore.
Ant. E. Where-fore? for my 'dinner: I have not dined to-day.
Dro. S. [Within.] Nor to-day 'here you must not; come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[e]
Dro. S. [Within.] The 'porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both 'mine office and my 'name:
The one ne'er got me 'credit, the other mickle[f] blame.

[a] provisions (dainty dishes). [b] blockhead. [c] clown. [d] the outer or half door. [e] own (am the owner of). [f] much.

The mistress, it will be remembered, had given strict directions not to admit any visitors; the new-comers were therefore refused entrance, although they made very many and noisy attempts to get in; but the servants only laughed, because they knew that the mistress was with the master in the Dining-room, and that Dromio the servant was with his wife in the Kitchen: (for the Cook, who was his brother's wife, claimed the visitor's man for her husband.) —Antipholus, annoyed at this diappointment to himself and his friend, at last determines to break open the door, but the Merchant placidly interposes:

Bal. Have 'patience, sir; O, let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw, within the compass of suspect,[a]
The unviolated honour of your 'wife;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well 'excuse
Why, at this time, the doors are made[b] against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the "Tiger,"[c] all, to dinner;
And, about evening, come 'yourself, alone,
To know the 'reason of this strange restraint.
If, by strong hand, you offer to break-in
Now, in the stirring traffic[d] of the 'day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
That may, with foul intrusion, enter-in,
And dwell upon your 'grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;[e]
For 'ever housed, where once[f] it gets possession.
Ant. E. . . . You have prevailed. I 'will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of wrath,[g] mean to be 'merry.—
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle,
To 'her will we to dinner.—Go fetch the chain;
Bring it, I pray you, to the "Porcupine."[h]
That chain will I bestow, to spite my wife,
Upon mine 'Hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine 'own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock 'elsewhere, to see if 'they 'll disdain me.
Ang. I 'll 'meet you at that place, some half[i] hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. . . . This jest shall cost me some expense.

[Exeunt.

---

[a] suspicion. [b] closed (made fast). [c] a public restaurant. [d] O. R. passage.
[e] repetition of reports. [f] inserted word. [g] O. R. mirth. [h] O. R. Porpentine.
[i] O. R. some houre.

By this time, the perplexed Antipholus of Syracuse has finished his dinner with the strange lady, his brother's wife; (who still persists in calling him her husband); but, preferring the company of her pretty sister, he saunters with her into the Garden—leaving poor Adriana in tears at his evident coldness. Even Luciana expostulates against the ardent addresses of her supposed brother-in-law.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A 'husband's office?[a] Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the 'Spring of love, thy love-springs 'rot?
Shall love, in building,[b] grow so ruinous?[c]
If you did wed my sister for her 'wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or if you like 'elsewhere, do it by 'stealth;
Muffle your false love with some 'show of blindness.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
'Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her "wife."
'T is 'holy sport to be a little vain,[d]
When the sweet breath of 'flattery conquers 'strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress!—(what your name is 'else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on[e] mine)—
Teach me, dear creature! 'how to think and speak:
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is 'no wife of mine;
And to 'her heart[f] no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to 'you do I decline. [Kneeling.
Luc. What! are you 'mad that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but 'mated;[g] how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your 'eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on 'your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where[h] you 'should, and that will 'clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to 'wink, sweet love, as look on 'night.
Luc. Why call you 'me love? call my 'sister so.
Ant. S. Thy 'sister's sister.
Luc. That 's 'my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is 'thyself—thyself[i] my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim![j]
Luc. All this my 'sister is, or else 'should be.
Ant. S. Call 'thyself sister, sweet,—I aim at 'thee.[k]
'Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:

---

[a] duty. [b] O. R. buildings. [c] O. R. ruinate. [d] complimentary. [e] O. R. of.
[f] O. R. nor to her bed. [g] (amate) confounded, stupefied. [h] O. R. when.
[i] inserted word. [j] petition. [k] O R. for I am thee.

Thou hast no 'husband yet, nor I no 'wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. . . . O, soft, sir, hold you still:
I 'll 'fetch my sister, to get 'her good will. [Exit.

The Master suing for love in the Garden, is in direct opposition to the Servant fleeing from it in the Kitchen: Dromio of Syracuse escapes from the embraces of the Cook, to take shelter with his Master.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you 'know me, sir? 'Am I Dromio? am I your man? am I 'myself?

Ant. S. Thou 'art Dromio; thou art my 'man; thou art 'thyself.

Dro. S. I am an 'ass! I am a 'woman's man,—and beside[a] myself.

Ant. S. 'What woman's man? and 'how beside[a] thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a 'woman; one that 'claims me, one that 'haunts me, one that 'will 'have me!

Ant. S. 'What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your 'horse. I have but 'lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous 'fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean – *a* 'fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a 'lamp of her,—and 'run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Pole-land[b] winter: if she lives till 'Doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What 'complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe—but her face nothing like so clean kept.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that 'water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 't is in 'grain:[c] Noah's 'flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her 'name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters,—that is, an ell and three quarters,—will not measure her.

Ant. S. Then she bears some 'breadth?

Dro. S. No longer than[d] from head to foot; she is 'spheri-

[a] O. R. besides. [b] long, (O. R. Poland.) [c] in the material. [d] inserted word.

cal, like a globe. To conclude, this drudge laid claim to me; called me Dromio, swore I was assured[a] to her; told me what marks I had about me,—as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm,—that I, amazed, ran from her as a 'witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transformed me to a cur-tail 'dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.[b]

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, 'post[c] to the road;[d]
And if the wind blow any way 'from shore,
I will not harbour in this town 'to-night:—
If 'any bark put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So 'fly I from her, that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There 's none but 'witches do inhabit here.—
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a 'wife abhor; but her fair 'sister
Hath almost made me 'traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of[e] self-'wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the Mermaid's song.

As he is going away, he is met by Angelo the goldsmith, who also mistakes the Syracusan for the Ephesian brother:

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it 'well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the "Porcupine;"[f]
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. . . . What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please 'yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for 'me, sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. . . . Not once, nor twice, but 'twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon, at supper-time, I 'll visit you,
And then receive my 'money for the chain.

Ant. S. . . . I pray you, sir, receive the money 'now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a 'merrry man, sir. Fare you well. [Exit.

Ant. S. . . . What I 'should think of this, I cannot tell;
But 'this I think,—there 's no man is so vain

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[a] engaged, affianced as the turnspit. [b] in the old cooking apparatus, a dog was often used [c] hasten. [d] place of safe anchorage for ships. [e] O. R. to. [f] O. R. Porpentine.

That would 'refuse so fair an offered chain. [Puts the chain on his neck.
I see, a man 'here needs not live by 'shifts,
When, in the 'streets, he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the Mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If 'any ship put out, then straight[a] 'away! [Exit.

Immediate'ly after Angelo the goldsmith has left the chain with Antipholus of Syracuse, he is importuned by a Merchant, to whom he owed some money, for immediate payment; and, as the sum is nearly the same as that due for the chain, he at once, (mistaking his debtor,) stands in the way of Antipholus, (of Ephesus)—as he is giving directions to his servant Dromio, (of Ephesus.)

Ant. E. While 'I go to the goldsmith's house, go 'thou
And buy a rope's 'end,—'that will I bestow
Among my wife and her[b] confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I 'see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. 'I buy a thousand pound a year! 'I buy a 'rope! [Exit.
Ant. E. Ah, Signior Angelo![c]
A man is well holp-up that trusts to 'you:
I promised both[d] your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note;
How much your chain 'weighs, to the utmost carat,[e]
The 'fineness of the gold, and charge for 'fashion;[f]—
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to 'sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnished with the 'present money;
Good signior, take the stranger to my 'house,
And with you take the chain; and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as 'you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her 'yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. . . . An if 'I have not, sir, I hope 'you have;
Or else you may return 'without your money.

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[a] immediately. [b] O. R. their. [c] three inserted words. [d] inserted word.
[e] a weight of four grains. [f] workmanship (O. R. and chargefull fashion).

Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it to you even now.
Either send the chain, or send by me some 'token.

The Creditor-Merchant interposes:

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say, whether[a] you 'll answer me or no:
If not, I 'll leave him to the Officer.
Ant. E. 'I answer you! 'What should I answer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I 'receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it to you half-an-hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none! you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong 'me 'more, sir, in 'denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

The Merchant says to the Bailiff:

Mer. Well, Officer, 'arrest him at my suit.

The result is that both are arrested, and about to be taken to prison; when Dromio of Syracuse enters:

Dro. S. Master, there 'is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away. Our fraughtage,[b] sir,
I have conveyed aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum,[c] and aqua-vitæ.[d]
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish[e] sheep![f]
'What ship of Epidamnum stays for 'me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire for waftage.[g]
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a 'rope;
And told thee to what 'purpose, and what 'end.
Dro. S. You sent me to the Bay, sir, for a 'bark.
Ant. E. . . I will debate 'this matter at more leisure.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.
Tell her, I am 'arrested in the street,
And 'that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave! be gone!—
On, Officer, to 'prison, till it come. [Exeunt all but Dro. S.
Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we dined,

[a] O. R. whe'r. [b] freight, cargo. [c] an unctuous aromatic. [d] brandy.
[e] silly. [f] a quibble on *ship* and *sheep*. [g] conveyance (O. R. to hier waftage.)

Where Dowsabel[a] did claim me for her husband:
Thither I 'must,—although against my will,—
For 'servants must their 'masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

We return to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, where Luciana has been telling her sister Adriana of the strange wooing by her husband.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, 'did he tempt thee so?
And did he plead[b] in 'earnest? yea or no?
What observation made'st thou, in this case,
Of his 'heart's meteors[c] tilting[d] in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him a[e] right.
Adr. He meant, he did 'me none: the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a 'stranger here.
Adr. And 'true he swore,—though yet 'for-sworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for 'you.
Adr. And what said 'he?
Luc. 'That love I begged for 'you, 'he begged of 'me.
Adr. With what 'persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that, in an 'honest suit, 'might move.
First, he did praise my 'beauty; then, my 'speech.
Adr. Didst speak 'him 'fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I 'will not, hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its[f] will.
He is deformed and crookéd, old and sere,[g]
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless 'everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical[h] in 'making, worse in 'mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of 'such a one?
No 'evil lost is 'wailed when it is gone.
Adr. . . . Ah, but I think him 'better than I say,
And yet would, here-in, others' eyes were worse.
Far 'from her nest the lapwing[i] cries Away:
My heart 'prays for him, though my 'tongue do curse.

Dromio of Syracuse runs in hastily with the key;

Dro. S. Here, go! the desk! the purse! sweet, now make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

[a] the fat cook. Dowsabel is the name of one of the characters in Michael Drayton's Eclogue, "The Shepherd's Garland" (1593). [b] O R. that he did plead [c] (an allusion to the *aurora borealis*) flashes of heart-felt excitement (O. R. Oh, his hearts meteors.) [d] encountering each other. [e] O. R. no right. [f] O. R. his. [g] dried up, withered. [h] deformed (as if branded by a mark or stigma). [i] the lapwing, when her young ones are in danger, flies from her nest, and screams at a distance.

Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in 'Tartar[a] limbo,[b] 'worse than hell:
A Devil, in an everlasting[c] garment,[d] hath him,
A fiend, a fury,[e] pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A 'back-friend, a shoulder-clapper,[f] one that countermands[g]
The passages[h] of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the 'matter: he is 'rested on the case.[i]
Adr. What, is he 'arrested? tell me, at whose suit?
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But 'he 's in a suit of 'buff which 'rested him,—that 'can I tell.

When Adriana is fully informed of her husband's requirements, she at once sends the money; with which Dromio hastens to release his master.

On his way, he meets Antipholus of Syracuse musing on the strange adventures that have befallen him:

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth 'salute me,
As if I were his well-acquainted 'friend;
And every one doth call me by my 'name:
Some tender 'money to me, some 'invite me;
Some other give me 'thanks for kindnesses;
Sure, these are but imaginary 'wiles,
And 'Lapland[j] 'sorcerers inhabit here.

Dromio of Syracuse runs in:

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for.
—What! 'have you got quit of the fiend?[k]
Ant. S. 'What gold is this? And what 'fiend dost thou mean?
Dro. S. He that came behind you, sir, 'like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty; he, sir, that takes pity on 'decayed men, and gives them suits of 'durance.
Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an Officer?

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[a] Tartarus was the lowest abode of the wicked in hell.
[b] a place of restraint, in prison. [c] durable (lasting for a long time).
[d] petty officers of the law wore a buff leather jacket for protection from violence.
[e] O. R. fairie. [f] a bailiff. [g] opposes, forbids. [h] roadways, rights of passing.
[i] a quibble, between case, an action at law, and case garments.
[j] the most northern country in Europe. Scandinavian legends abound in stories of its witches. [k] substituted line.

Dro. S. Ay, sir; one that thinks a man always going to 'bed, and says, "Heaven give you good 'rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your 'foolery! Is there any ship puts forth 'to-night? May we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark "*Expedition*" puts forth to-night; and then were you hindered, by the sergeant,[a] to tarry for the hoy[b] "*Delay*." Here are the 'angels[c] that you sent for, to deliver you. [Giving a purse.

Ant. S. . . . The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in 'illusions.
Some blesséd power 'deliver us from hence!

And now Madam Lesbia enters—the lady with whom Adriana's husband had dined,—and she addresses her supposed guest:

Les. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus!
I see, sir, you have 'found the goldsmith now: . . .
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this 'Mistress Satan?

Les. . . . Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? we 'll mend[d] our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect 'spoon-meat;—or bespeak a 'long spoon: he 'must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend![e] what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are 'all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Les. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, 'for my diamond, the 'chain you promised.

Dro. S. 'Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
But 'she, more covetous, would have a 'chain.—
Master, be wise: an if you 'give it her,
The Devil will 'shake her chain, and 'fright us with it.

Les. I 'pray you, sir, my ring,—or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to 'cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.

Les. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is 'mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

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[a] the sheriff's officer. [b] a small coasting ship. [c] small gold coins worth about 10s. each.
[d] amend, make better. [e] O. R. auoid then fiend

And, 'for the same, he promised me a 'chain.
My way is now, to hie home to his 'house,
And tell his 'wife—that, being lunatic,
He 'rushed into my house, and took 'perforce
My ring away. 'This course I fittest choose,—
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Antipholus of Ephesus is still lingering on the stréet, (in custody of the Officer,) awaiting the return of his Servant with the purse of ducats.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, all thy[a] money:
My wife is in a 'wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly[b] trust the messenger.
Here 'comes my man: I think he brings the money.—

Dromio of Ephesus enters, carrying a rope.

How now, sir? have you 'that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's 'that, I warrant you, will 'pay them all.[c] [Giving the rope.

Ant. E. But where 's the 'money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I 'gave the money, for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a 'rope?
To what 'end[d] did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a 'rope's end, sir; and to 'that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to 'that end, sir, I will welcome you!

He takes the rope and beats him soundly. The Officer interferes:

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for 'me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade 'him to hold his 'hands.

Ant. E. Thou stupid, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I 'were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing 'but blows, and so is an 'ass.

Dro. E. I 'am an ass, indeed; you may 'prove it by my endurance.[e]—I have served him, from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am 'cold, he 'heats me with 'beating; when I am 'warm, he 'cools me with beating; I am 'waked with it, when I sleep; 'raised

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[a] O. R. so much. [b] easily. [c] give all their due.
[d] purpose. [e] O. R. by my long eares.

with it, when I sit; 'driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my 'shoulders, as a beggar does her burden; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall 'beg with it from door to door.

Poor Dromio is again beaten; and, in the confusion, Adriana, Luciana, and Lesbia enter, followed by Dr. Pinch—a starved schoolmaster, and petty practitioner in the occult arts. Dromio, fearing that either of the ladies might be attacked by his infuriated master, shouts to them:

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem!*[a] respect your 'end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the 'rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

Madam Lesbia, seeing Dromio unmercifully beaten, says to Adriana:

Les. How say you 'now? 'is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will pay[b] you what you will demand.

Dr. Pinch advances with true professional gravity:

Pinch. . . . Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand,—and let it feel your 'ear. [Strikes him.

Pinch. . . . . I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am 'not mad.—
You, minion, wife![c] are 'these your customers?
Did this companion, with the saffron face,
Revel and feast it at my house to-day;
Whilst upon 'me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband! heaven doth know you dined at 'home;
Where, 'would you had 'remained until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I[d] dined at home!—Thou, Dromio, what say'st 'thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did 'not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked-up, and I shut-out?

Dro. E. Fact, sir:[e] your doors 'were locked, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself 'revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable,[f] she herself reviled you there.

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[a] look to the end. [b] O. R. please. [c] O. R. you. [d] inserted word.
[e] O. R. perdy (a corruption of *par Dieu*). [f] without falsehood.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes,[a] she did; the kitchen-vestal[b] scorned you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage 'depart from thence?
Dro. E. In 'verity you did.—My bones bear witness,
That since have felt the 'vigour of his rage.

Antipholus then turns to his wife:

Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me!
Adr. Alas! I sent you money to 'redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by 'me? heart and good-'will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of 'money.
Heaven and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a 'rope!

Dr. Pinch interposes:

Pinch. . . . Mistress, both man and master is 'possessed:[c]
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be 'bound, and laid in some dark room.

Here the Doctor's attendants bind both master and man, who are at once conveyed, as dangerous lunatics, to a neighbouring Convent.

In the midst of the perplexities that have occurred to Antipholus of Syracuse, we find him,—wearing the chain that had caused so many difficulties,—walking about the streets with his servant Dromio. He has just reached the exterior of the Convent, when he is accosted by the goldsmith Angelo:

Ang. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble. . . .
This chain you had of 'me: Can you 'deny it?
Ant. S. I think I 'had: I 'never did deny it.

The Merchant advances:

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and 'forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who 'heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of 'mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou livest
To walk where any 'honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a 'villain to impeach me thus!
I 'll 'prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do 'defy thee for a 'villain!

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[a] certainly. [b] the chief employment of the kitchen wench was (like that of the Roman Vestal Virgins) to keep the fire lighted. [c] influenced by an evil spirit.

They draw their swords, and, at the sight, the people rush in on all sides. In the midst, we see Luciana, Lesbia, and their attendants: while Adriana calls loudly for help—exclaiming that her husband is mad, and has escaped from his keepers. Antipholus (of Syracuse) and Dromio (of Syracuse), fearing that they would be overpowered by numbers, run into the Convent, and claim there the privilege of sanctuary—that is, freedom from arrest. In the midst of the disturbance, the Lady Abbess and her Attendants enter:

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adriana replies:

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence,
And bear him 'home for his recovery.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This 'week he hath been heavy, sour, and sad;
But, till this 'afternoon, his passion's strength[a]
Ne'er brake into 'extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea[b]?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
'Strayed his affection in 'unlawful love?
(A sin prevailing much in 'youthful men:)
'Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To 'none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have 'reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did. It was the subject[c] of our conference:
In bed, he 'slept not for my urging it;
At board, he 'fed not for my urging it;
'Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In 'company, I often glanced at it:[d]
Still[e] did I tell him it was vile[f] and bad.
Abb. And 'therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom-clamours of a 'jealous 'woman
Poison more deadly than a 'mad dog's tooth.
The consequence is, then,—thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luciana interposes in defence of her sister:

Luc. She never reprehended him but 'mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my 'own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

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[a] O. R. his passion. [b] ship-wreck. [c] O. R. copie. [d] O. R. glancéd it. [e] constantly. [f] O. R. vilde.

Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.
He took this place for lawful[a] sanctuary,[b]
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again;
Therefore depart, and 'leave him here with 'me.

Adriana, unconvinced, appeals to the crowd:

Adr. I will 'not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou 'shalt not have him. [Exit.
Luc. Complain unto the 'Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come[c] then: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in 'person hither,
And take 'perforce my husband from the Abbess.

The Merchant says:

Mer. The Duke himself in person 'comes this way.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverent[d] Syracusan merchant,—
Who put[e] unluckily into this Bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,—
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. 'See where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. 'Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey.

The Duke, attended by his Officers, and followed by the Headsman and a crowd of lookers-on, is now passing the Convent-gate. Old Ægeon, bare-headed, is solemnly conducted to the place of execution; having been unable to procure the sum required to save his life. Adriana stops the melancholy procession; as the good Duke—still desirous to avoid the old stranger's violent death, and attending in person that he might be present to pardon him, if any one offered to pay the ransom,—thus addresses his Officers:

Duke. Yet once 'again proclaim it publicly—
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall 'not die—so much we pity[f] him.

Adriana approaches:

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!
Duke. . . . She is a virtuous and a 'reverend lady:
It cannot be that 'she hath done thee 'wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Such an outrageous fit of madness suffered,[g]

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[a] inserted word. [b] a sacred place of shelter. According to law, even notorious criminals were exempted from arrest when within the precincts of certain ecclesiastical edifices. [c] O. R go [d] venerable. [e] sailed. [f] O. R tender.
[g] O. R a most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him.

That desperately he hurried through the street,
And, with his crazed attendant, wildly fled
Into this Abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out:
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Go, some of you, knock at the Abbey-gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me.
I will 'determine this, before I stir.

At this instant Luce, one of Adriana's maids, runs in:

Luce. O mistress, mistress! Save, O.save yourself.[a]
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[b] and bound the Doctor;
And, sure, unless you send some present[c] help,
Between them they will 'kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are 'here,
And that is 'false thou dost report to us.
Even now we housed him in the 'Abbey here, . . .
And now he 's 'there,—'past thought of human reason.

To Adriana's amazement, her husband and his servant, who had both got loose, hasten forward, clamorous to appeal to the Duke:

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke! O, grant me justice!
Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there,
That hath abused me[d] and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!

Duke. Discover 'how, and thou shalt 'find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with minions[e] feasted in my house.
That goldsmith there, were he not leagued[f] with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
And parted with me to go fetch a chain.

Angelo advances:

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,—
That he dined 'not at home, but 'was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and, when he ran-in here,
These people 'saw the chain about his neck.

The Merchant comes forward to corroborate:

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you 'confess you had the chain of him,

[a] O. R. shift and save yourselfe. [b] one after the other. [c] instant, immediate.
[d] inserted word. [e] O. R. harlots. [f] O. R. pack'd.

After you first 'forswore it on the Mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence, I think, you 're come by 'miracle!

The astonished Antipholus replies:

Ant. E. I 'never came within these Abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on 'me.
I never 'saw the chain: . . . so help me Heaven
As this is 'false you burden me withal!

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach[a] is this!
I think, you all have drunk of 'Circe's[b] cup.
'You say, he dined at home; the 'goldsmith here
'Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say 'you? [To Dro. E.

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with 'her there, at the "Porcupine."[c] [Pointing to Lesbia.

Les. He did, and from my finger 'snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I 'had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou 'him enter at the Abbey here?

Les. As sure, my liege, as I do see your 'grace.

Duke. Why, this 'is 'strange!—Go call the Abbess hither.—
I think you all are mated,[d] or stark mad. [Exit Attendant.

The prisoner, old Ægeon, anxiously approaches:

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe 'me speak a word.
Haply, I see a friend 'will save my life,
And 'pay the sum that may deliver me!—
Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus? [To Ant. of E.
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
I am sure you both of you remember me. . . .

Ant. E. . . . I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me, since you saw me last!
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my 'voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Not know my voice? O, Time's extremity!
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only 'son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
But[e] seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou 'sham'st to acknowledge me in 'misery?

Ant. E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is 'not so:
I ne'er 'saw Syracusa in my life.

---

[a] impeachment, accusation.
[b] an ancient sorceress, whose magic potions changed men into swine.
[c] O. R. Porpentine. [d] confounded, puzzled. [e] only.

The Duke says:

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been 'patron to Antipholus;
During which time he 'ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.[a]

The Abbess comes from the Convent, followed by Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse. The Abbess speaks:

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wronged!

Adriana in amazement exclaims:

Adr. I see 'two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!

The Duke expresses his astonishment:

Duke. One of these men is Genius[b] to the other;—
And so of 'these! Which is the 'natural man,
And which the 'Spirit? Who deciphers them?

These riddling errors are soon explained, and an unlooked-for joy awaits the prisoner. The Abbess says:

Abb. Speak, old Ægeon,—if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia?
O, if thou be'st the 'same Ægeon, speak!
And speak unto the same 'Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, 'thou art Æmilia!
If thou 'art she,—tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromios,[c] all were taken up:
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of 'Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of 'Epidamnum.
What 'then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his 'morning[d] story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in 'semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck[e] at sea;—
These are the 'parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from 'Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from 'Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart: . . . I know not which is which!

---

[a] rave (exhibit mental weakness). [b] companion (tutelary) spirit.
[c] O. R. Dromio. [d] Ægeon's first story to the Duke in the morning.
[e] O. R. wracke.

Antipholus of Ephesus advances:

Ant. E. 'I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dromio of Ephesus adds:

Dro. E. And I 'with him.

Adriana has been, in perplexity, scanning the twin Merchants:

Adr. Which of you two did 'dine with me to-day?

Antipholus of Syracuse replies:

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?

Antipholus of Ephesus advances:

Ant. E. No;—'I say nay to 'that.

Antipholus of Syracuse adds:

Ant. S. And so do 'I; yet did she 'call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me 'brother.—What I told you 'then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a 'dream I see and hear.

The Abbess says:

Abb. Renownéd Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large discoursings[a] 'all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,—
That, by this sympathizéd one day's "Error,"
Have suffered wrong,—go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Dromio of Syracuse advances to his brother of Ephesus:

Dro. S. . . . There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchened 'me, for 'you, to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my 'sister, not my wife!

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my 'glass, and not my 'brother:
I see by you I am a 'sweet-faced youth.
We came 'into the world like brother and brother:
And now . . . let 's 'go hand in hand,—not one before another. [Exeunt.

END OF THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[a] O. R. discourséd.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

"Love's Labour 's Lost," supposed to have been written in 1594, is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's comedies: it is the third on Meres' List of 1598, (see page 6,) being preceded by "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Comedy of Errors." There is no record of its first performance; but it is known to have been presented before Queen Elizabeth, at Christmas, 1597. There must have been an earlier version; for the first known publication[a] (in 1598) makes a distinct reference to it, but no such copy has hitherto been discovered. The text of the folio edition (of 1623) shows very little alteration from that of the first quarto.

One of the chief objects of the young author (then about twenty-five years of age, and an actor, as well as joint proprietor, in the Black Friars Theatre) was to satirize Euphuism—a kind of courtly and collegiate affectation of speech,—lately introduced by John Lyly, (a pedantic writer of the reign of Elizabeth,) who produced some works, that, becoming fashionable, had great influence over the authors of that period—especially "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," (1580;) and "Euphues and his England" (1581). In these books, every variety of affectation in literature and speech, in love and in logic, is presented with scholarly sarcasm and serious drollery. Shakespeare, in the same style, plays and sports with the dainty affectations of the Euphuists; but, in the end, he upholds the doctrine of Roger Ascham, (Queen Elizabeth's noted instructor)—"to speak as the common people do, and to think as wise men do." In the Comedy the descent is rapid, from the heights of rhetoric to "plain kersey yea and nay"—from the "fire-new words" of the stilted Spanish courtier, to "greasy Joan" and Marian's "roasted crabs."

The following are the Characters introduced:

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*[b]
BIRÓN,[c] LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, *Lords attending on the King.*
BOYET, MERCADET, *Lords attending on the Princess of France.*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
SIR[d] NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*
MOTH, *Page to Armado.*
HIEMS, *or Winter.*

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *Ladies attending on the Princess.*
JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*
VER, *or Spring.*

Officers and other Attendants of the King and Princess.

Scene—Navarre.[b]

[a] The following is a copy of the original title-page:—"A pleasant conceited Comedie, called Loues Labors Lost, as it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere, 1598."

[b] a province of Spain, bounded on the north-east by France.

[c] In the first quarto, this name is printed Berowne. In Act 4, Sc. 3, Biron is made to rhyme with *moon*. The old pronunciation, therefore, was probably Be-roon; the modern is Be-rón, with the accent on the second syllable. Throughout this Condensation the name is printed Birón.

[d] a collegiate title given to a clerical B. A. in certain Universities.

The Scene displays a beautiful Park containing an elegant Palace. The leaders of the small syndicate of woman-haters are at once introduced. The first in point of rank is the founder himself, Ferdinand King of "Navarre"—which must be considered a royal euphuism for "Nowhere," as History commemorates no such King and no such Kingdom. He is a handsome young philosopher, who, for the love of study, withdraws from society, to live in retirement,—accompanied by a few companions, willing, like himself, to undergo a severe course of seclusion; because, during three years, no woman is to be admitted within the palace; no female society is to be permitted, and all personal gratifications are to be avoided. With the King are three companions—all, for the time being, professed misogamists, but highly educated and refined; desirous to prove themselves, in conduct and speech, superior to the vulgar bucolic or warlike Navarrese:—Lord Longaville, an accomplished soldier; Lord Dumain, a fascinating courtier; and Lord Birón, the wit and humourist of the aristocratic group. The King speaks:

King. Let Fame, that all hunt-after in their 'lives,
Live registered upon our brazen 'tombs,[a]
And then grace 'us in the 'dis-grace of 'Death,
And make us heirs of all 'eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,—
(That war against your 'own affections,
And the huge army of the 'world's desires,)
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:—
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little Academe,[b]
Still, and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn, for three years' term, to live 'with me—
My fellow-scholars,—and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here: [presenting document.
Your 'oaths are passed; and now subscribe your 'names,
That his 'own hand may strike his honour down
That 'violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are armed to 'do as 'sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and 'keep them[c] too.

Lord Longaville is the first to sign the paper:

Long. 'I am resolved. 'T is but a 'three years' 'fast:
The 'mind shall banquet, though the 'body pine:
'Fat paunches have lean 'pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the 'ribs, but bankrupt[d] quite the 'wits.

Lord Dumain is the next:

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is 'mortified[e]:

[a] It was an old custom to embellish graves with figures and inscriptions on plates of brass. [b] the anglicized name of the grove (Akademia) in which Plato taught. [c] O. R. it. [d] O. R. bankerout. [e] subdued to discipline.

The 'grosser manner of these world's 'delights,
He throws upon the gross world's baser 'slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
'With all these living in 'philosophy. [Pointing to the King and his companions.

Lord Birón merrily, but rather reluctantly, advances:

Biron. 'I can but say 'their protestation over:
That is, To live, and study here, three years.
But there are 'other strict observances:
As, Not to see a 'woman in that term,—
(Which, I hope well, is 'not enrolléd there:)
And, One day in a week, to touch no food;
And but 'one meal on every day beside,—
(The which, I hope, is not enrolléd there;)
And then, To sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to 'wink in all the 'day,—
O, these are 'barren tasks, too hard to keep,—
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep!
King. Your oath is 'passed, to pass-away from these.
Biron. Let me say "No," my liege, an if you please:
'I only swore, To 'study with your grace,
And stay here in your Court, for three years' space.
Long. You swore to 'that, Birón, and to the 'rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in 'jest.—
What is the 'end[a] of study? let me know.
King. Why, 'that to know, which else we should 'not know.
Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay; that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study 'so,—
To 'know the thing I am 'forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may 'dine,
When I to 'feast[b] expressly am forbid;
Or, (having sworn too hard-a-'keeping oath,)
Study to 'break it, and not break my troth:—
Swear me to 'this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that 'hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to 'vain delight.
Biron. Why, 'all delights are vain; but that 'most vain,
Which, with 'pain purchased, doth 'inherit pain.
Study is like the heaven's glorious 'sun,
That will not be deep-searched with 'saucy looks:

---

[a] aim' use. [b] O. R. fast.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
(Save bare authority,) from others' books.
These earthly godfathers[a] of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixéd star,
Have no more 'profit of their shining nights,
Than those that 'walk, and 'wot[b] not what they are.
Too 'much to know, is—to know nought but 'fame;[c]
And 'every godfather can give a 'name.

King. Birón is like an envious nipping[d] frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the Spring.

Biron. Well, say I 'am: why should proud Summer boast,
'Before the birds have any cause to sing?
At Christmas I no more desire a 'rose,
Than wish a 'snow in 'May's new-fangled shows;
So 'you,—to study 'now it is too late,—
Climb o'er the 'house to unlock the little 'gate.[e]

King. Well, sit 'you 'out:[f] Go home, Birón!—Adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have 'sworn—to stay with 'you:
And, though I have for 'Barbarism[g] spoke more
Than for that angel 'Knowledge 'you can say,
Yet, confident, I 'll 'keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.—
Give me the paper: let me 'read the same,
And to the 'strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

[Reads from the schedule.] "*Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court on pain of losing her tongue.*"—A dangerous law against garrulity![h] [Reads.] "*Item, If any man be seen to 'talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly devise.*"—
'This article, my liege, 'yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French King's daughter, with 'yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain[i]
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, 'this article is made in vain,—
Or 'vainly comes the admiréd Princess hither.

King. What say 'you, my lords? why, this was quite 'forgot!

---

[a] the old astronomers, who gave names to the stars, planets, and constellations. [b] know. [c] to attain reputation (a high name) only. [d] O. R. sneaping. [e] O. R. That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate (*i. e.*, take great trouble with little advantage). [f] outside (*i. e.*, you are not to be included). (O. R. fit.) [g] ignorance, want of knowledge. [h] O. R. gentility. [i] an old province of Gaul (France), between the river Garonne and the Pyrenean mountains,

We must of force dispense with 'this decree:
She 'must stay[a] here on mere 'necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us 'all forsworn:
If I break faith, 'this word shall speak[b] for me,—
I am forsworn, on mere "necessity."—
So, to the laws at large, I write my name; [he signs the paper.
And he that 'breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder[c] of eternal shame!
Suggestions[d] are to others as to me;
But, I 'believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the 'last that will last 'keep his oath.
But is there no quick[e] 'recreation granted?
King. Ay! 'that there 'is. Our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refinéd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a 'mint[f] of phrases in his brain;
One, whom[g] the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of 'compliments,[h] whom Right and Wrong
Have chose as 'umpire of their mutiny:
This child of Fancy, (that Armado hight,[i])
For interim[j] to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the 'world's debate.[k]
How 'you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, 'I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for 'my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[l] words, fashion's own knight!
Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And 'so to study, three years are but short.

The royal proclamation, "that no woman shall come within a mile of the court," has been already broken by the country bumpkin just named—Costard, a talkative Clown, who had been "confabulating" with Jaquenetta, a pretty country wench. Dull, the parish Constable, now brings Costard, in custody, before the King, and charges him with this new, if not notable, offence. The "dull" Constable has first to deliver an explanatory letter from the Spanish Knight:

Dull. Which is the Duke's 'own person? I myself 'reprehend[m] his own person, for I am his grace's tharbor-

[a] O. R. lie. [b] O. R. breake. [c] fear of being convicted. [d] temptations.
[e] lively, merry. [f] a heap (a whole coinage). [g] O. R. who. [h] ceremonial forms of speech.
[i] named, called. [j] interval for amusement. [k] literary conferences.
[l] newly coined (brand new). [m] represent.

ough[a]: but I would see his 'own person, in flesh and blood.

Biron. 'This is he.

Dull. [kneeling.] . . . Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. . . . There 's villainy abroad: . . . this letter will tell you more.

Costard, the prisoner, comes forward:

Cost. Sir, the contempts[b] thereof are as touching 'me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado!

Cost. The matter is to 'me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.

King. [Reads.] "*Great deputy, the welkin's*[c] *vice-gerent,*[d] *and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's deity, and body's fostering patron;—besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The Time 'When? About the 'sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. Now for the Ground 'Which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped*[e] *thy Park. Then for the Place 'Where; where, I mean, I did encounter that most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the Place 'Where;—it standeth north-north-east and by east, from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*"—

Costard interrupts:

Cost. Me.

King.—"*that unlettered small-knowing soul,*"—

Cost. Me.

King.—"*that shallow vassal,*"—

Cost. Still me.

King.—"*which, as I remember, hight*[e] *Costard,*"—

Cost. O, me!

King.—"*sorted, and con-sorted,* (*contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon,*[f]) *with—with*[g]*—O! with—but with this I passion*[h] *to say wherewith,—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I*

[a] third-borough (a petty constable). [b] for contents. [c] the sky's (the heaven's).
[d] deputy. [e] named. [f] restraining law. [g] O. R. which with.
[h] am moved to anger.

(as my ever-esteemed duty urges me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull;—a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull comes forward:

Dull. 'Me, an 't shall please you: 'I am Antony Dull.

King.—"*For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called), which I apprehended 'with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,* DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO." Sirrah, [to Cost.] what say 'you to this? Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the 'hearing it, but little of the 'marking of it.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your 'sentence:—you shall 'fast a week, with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a 'month, with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armádo, sir,[a] shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Birón, see him delivered o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice, that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. [Exeunt King, Long. and Dum.

Birón jeeringly says:

Biron. I 'll lay my 'head to any good man's 'hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle 'scorn.—
Sirrah Costard,[a] come on.

Cost. I suffer for the 'truth, sir, and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and, till then, "Sit thee down, Sorrow!"[b]
[Exeunt.

This bombastic Spaniard,—whose letter we have heard, and to whose custody poor Costard has been committed,—is one of the gentlemen who had joined the merry band of the young recluses. He had been specially chosen by the King on account of his fantastic peculiarities—especially with regard to his mode of speaking, because he had a mint of phrases in his brain, and was ever captivated with the music of his own vain tongue. His dramatic godfather had baptized him Don Adriano de Armado—perhaps with reference to another braggadocia (the "Invincible Spanish Armada") which, a few years earlier (1588,) had terrorized England.

The grandiloquent Don Armado, followed by Moth, his diminutive Page, now approaches.

[a] inserted word. [b] an old proverb.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows 'melancholy?

Moth. A 'great sign, sir, that he will look 'sad.

Arm.[a] Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.[b] How canst thou 'part sadness and melancholy, my tender Juvenal?[c]

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Senior.

Arm. Why 'tough Senior? why tough Senior?

Moth. Why tender Juvenal? why tender Juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender Juvenal, as a congruent epitheton,[d] appertaining to thy 'young days,—which we may nominate 'tender.

Moth. And I, tough Senior, as an appertinent title to your 'old time,—which we may name 'tough.

Arm. Thou art quick in answers. I will confess, I am in 'love; and, as it is base for a 'soldier to love, so am I in love with a base 'wench. Boy, I 'do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the irrational[e] hind Costard: 'she deserves well!

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Dull the Constable here returns with his prisoners Costard and the smiling Jaquenetta, and addresses the enamoured Don Armado:

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that 'you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this 'damsel, 'I must keep 'her at the Park; she is allowed for the 'day-woman.[f] Fare you well.

Arm. [Aside.] I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid?—

Jaq. Man?

Arm. . . . . I will visit thee—at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.[g]

Arm. I 'know where it is situate.

Jaq. Law! how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee 'wonders. . . . I love thee!

Jaq. So I 'heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Constable Dull officiously interposes:

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

---

[a] O. R. (throughout the scene) Brag for Braggart.
[b] a little trickster.
[c] young person, youth.
[d] suitable epithet.
[e] O. R. rationall.
[f] appointed for the dairy-woman.
[g] as it may happen.

While the pretty Jaquenetta, smiling kindly to both her lovers, is taken to her new employment by the surly Constable Dull, the grandiloquent Armado angrily says to his more successful rival, Costard:

Arm. Villain! thou 'shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned!

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, 'when I do it, I shall do it on a 'full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be 'heavily punished!

Cost. 'I am more bound to you than your 'fellows; for 'they are but lightly 'rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up!

Little Moth struts up to Costard:

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent 'up, sir: I will fast, being 'loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast-'and-loose: thou shalt to 'prison!

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I 'have seen, that some 'shall see—

Moth. 'What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they 'look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say 'nothing: I thank goodness I have as little patience as 'another man; and therefore 'I can be 'quiet. [Ex. Moth and Cost.

The Don is left alone to his loving meditation:

Arm. I do affect[a] the very ground, (which is base,) where her shoe, (which is baser,) guided by her foot, (which is basest,) doth tread. I shall be 'forsworn, (which is a great argument of 'falsehood) 'if I love. And how can that be 'true love, which is 'falsely attempted? Love is a 'familiar;[b] Love is a 'devil: there is no 'evil angel but Love. Cupid's butt-shaft[c] is too hard for Hercules'[d] club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier: the passado[e] he respects not, the duello[e] he regards not: his disgrace is to be called 'boy; but his glory is to subdue 'men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love! yea, he loveth! Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet-maker.[f] Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes—in folio! [Exit.

[a] love. [b] a spirit supposed to come at call. [c] arrow. [d] the deified hero who, as the first of his "Twelve Labours," with his club killed the Nemæan lion. [e] terms in fencing. [f] O. R. sonnet.

The arrival of the Princess and the ladies in her suite—protected, in due form, by attendant lords—causes, as we already have heard, some difficulty concerning their proper reception by the bachelor King and his celibate associates. But rudeness, or inhospitality, cannot be shown by any gentleman in Navarre—all promises, or vows to the contrary, notwithstanding: so the bachelors agree to become mutually guilty by granting an interview, outside the Palace, of course, in the Park,—where a splendid pavilion has been prepared for the accommodation of the fair visitors. Besides (as may have been duly argued) is not the Princess young, beautiful, wealthy, wise, as well as witty? and is she not coming to pay money? Besides, are not her attendant ladies equally charming? the gentle Katharine! the modest Maria! the brilliant Rosaline! (a cousin, (not very far removed) of a Lady whom we all knew and admired?—the Lady Beatrice—who, a few years later, became the wife of a certain Signior Benedick.)[a]

Ha! what a beautiful country! A garden-like Park! a Palace in the distance! and, close by, a magnificent Pavilion and stately Tents! Grouped outside we see the Princess of France, the ladies Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine, with Lord Boyet, and other attendants. Lord Boyet gallantly addresses the Princess:

Boyet. Now, madam, summon-up your dearest[b] spirits:
Consider 'whom the King your father sends,
'To whom he sends; and what 's his 'embassy:—
'Yourself, (held precious in the world's esteem,)
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,—
Matchless Navarre: the 'plea, of no less weight
Than Aquitain,[c]—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as 'prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in 'making graces 'dear—
When she did starve the general 'world beside,
And, prodigally, gave them all to 'you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but 'mean,
Needs not the 'painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the 'eye,
Not 'uttered[d] by base sale of 'chapmen's[e] tongues.—
You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
Doth noise, abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,—
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,—
No 'woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to us it seems[f] a needful course,
(Before we enter his forbidden gates,)
To know his pleasure; and we single 'you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

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[a] See the Comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing." [b] best
[c] an ancient division of Gaul between the river Garonne and the Pyrenees.
[d] issued, put in circulation. [e] pedlers' (cheapeners').
[f] O. R. Therefore to 's seemeth it.

Tell him,—the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick despatch,
Impórtunes 'personal conference with his Grace.

Boyet. Proud of employment, 'willingly I go. [Exit Boyet.

Prin. 'All pride is 'willing pride, and 'yours is so.—
Who are the 'votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows[a] with this virtuous Duke?

1 *Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. 'Know you the man?

Lady Maria modestly replies:

Mar. 'I know him, madam. At a marriage-feast
In Normandy,[b] saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts[c] he is esteemed;
Well fitted in all[d] arts, glorious in 'arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only 'soil[e] of his fair virtue's gloss,
Is a sharp 'wit matched[f] with too blunt a 'will;
Whose edge hath power to cut; whose will still wills
It should none 'spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry 'mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
Such short-lived wits do 'wither as they grow.—
Who are the rest?

Lady Katharine blushingly responds:

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue 'love, 'for virtue 'loved:
For he hath wit, to make an 'ill shape 'good,
And 'shape, to 'win grace, though he had 'no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too-little of that good I saw
Is 'my report, to[g] his great 'worthiness.

The Lady Rosaline has now an opportunity of describing 'her acquaintance:

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: If I have heard the truth,[h]
Birón they call him; but a 'merrier man,—
Within the limit of 'becoming mirth,—
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His 'eye begets occasion for his 'wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving 'jest;
Which his fair tongue,—Conceit's expositor,—

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[a] vowed associates. [b] a province in the north of France, now subdivided into five Departments [c] abilities. [d] an inserted word. [e] stain, blemish. [f] joined, fitted to. [g] *i. e.*, in co ntrast to (compared to).
[h] O. R. as I haue heard a truth.

Delivers, in such apt and gracious words,
That 'agéd ears play truant at his tales,
And 'younger hearings are quite ravishéd,—
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. Heaven bless my ladies! are they all in 'love?
Here comes Boyet. [Boyet re-enters.] Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had 'notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[a] in oath
Were all addressed[b] to meet you, gentle lady,
'Before I came. Marry,[c] thus much I have learnt:—
He rather means to lodge you in the 'field,
(Like one that comes here to 'besiege his Court,)
Than seek a 'dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.—
Here 'comes Navarre.

The Ladies hastily put on their masks, as the King, Longaville, Dumain, Birón, and Attendants enter.

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back; and "welcome" I have not 'yet: the roof of 'this Court[d] is too high to be 'yours; and "welcome" to the wide 'fields, too base[e] to be 'mine.

King. You 'shall be welcome, madam, to my 'Court.

Prin. I 'will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.

King. . . . Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an 'oath—

Prin. I hear, your grace hath sworn-out 'house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to 'keep that oath, my lord—
And sin to 'break it! . . .
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To 'teach a teacher ill beseemeth 'me.
Vouchsafe to read the 'purpose of my coming,
And 'suddenly resolve me[f] in my suit. [Gives a paper to the King.

King. Madam, I 'will,—if suddenly I 'may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove 'perjured, if you make me 'stay. [The ladies retire.

While the King is perusing the royal missive, the other attendant lords seem to have discovered their previous acquaintance with the attendant ladies. During their perambulations in the beautiful Park, Lord Birón and Lady Rosaline are the first whom we can overhear:

Biron. Did not I 'dance with you in 'Brabant[g] once?

---

[a] confederates. [b] prepared. [c] in truth (by the Virgin Mary).
[d] the sky. [e] low [f] come to an immediate decision.
[g] a duchy of the Netherlands now included in Holland

Ros. Did not I dance with 'you in Brabant once?
Biron. I 'know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then to 'ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is 'long of you[a] that 'spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot; it speeds too fast; 't will tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. . . . What time o' day?
Ros. The 'hour that 'fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your 'mask!
Ros. Fair fall the 'face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen,—so 'you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be 'gone. [They retire

The King, having perused the paper, addresses the Princess:

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The 'payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-'half of an entire sum
Disburséd by 'my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we,—as neither have—
'Received that sum, yet there remains 'un-paid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
'One part of Aquitain is bound to 'us:
If then the King your father will 'restore
But that one-half which is 'un-satisfied,
'We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair 'friendship with his majesty.
Prin. You do the King 'my father too much wrong;
And wrong the reputation of 'your name,
In so un-seeming to confess 'receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never 'heard of it;
And if you 'prove it, I will pay it back,[b]
Or yield-up Aquitain.
Prin. We 'arrest[c] your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances[d]
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father?
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not 'come,
Where that, and other specialties, are bound:
'To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

---

[a] along of you, (on your account.)
[b] O. R. I'll repay it backe.
[c] take at once.
[d] receipts or releases.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will[a] yield-unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour (without 'breach of honour) may
Make tender[b]-of to thy true worthiness.—
You may not come, fair Princess, 'in my gates;
But, here-'without, you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my 'heart—
Though 'so denied fair[c] harbour in my 'house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me; and farewell:
'To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort[d] your grace!
King. Thy 'own wish wish I' thee in every place! [The King and his train withdraw.

Lord Birón lingeringly continues his merry war of words with Lady Rosaline:

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own 'heart.
Ros. 'Pray you, do 'my commendations; I would be glad to 'see it.
Biron. I would you heard it 'groan.
Ros. Is the fool 'sick?
Biron. Sick at the 'heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. 'My physic says, Ay.[e]
Biron. 'Now, Heaven save thy life!
Ros. And 'yours—from 'long-living!
Biron. I cannot stay 'thanks-giving. [They retire.

As they retire, the young Lord Dumain approaches Lord Boyet:

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word:—'What lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon;[f]—'Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Lord Longaville also inquires of Lord Boyet:

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the 'white?
Boyet. A 'woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose 'daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. A blessing on your beard![g]
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended: . . .
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

---

[a] O. R. would I. [b] make offer of. [c] O. R. farther. [d] attend, accompany.
[e] O. R. I. [f] a city of France, in Lower Normandy (Department of Orne).
[g] that is, may your wit increase with your age.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most 'sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that 'may be. [Exit Long.

Lord Birón is the next inquirer:

Biron. What 's 'her name, in the 'cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded? or no?
Boyet. To her 'will, sir,—or so.
Biron. . . . O, you are 'welcome, sir. Adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to 'me, sir, and welcome to 'you. [Exeunt Lords.

The bachelor lords have all followed the King. The ladies now throw aside their masks.

Mar. That last is Birón, the merry 'madcap lord:
Not a word with 'him but a 'jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a 'word.
Prin. It was well done, my lord, to 'take him at his word.
Boyet. 'I was as willing to 'grapple, as 'he was to 'board.
If my observation (which very seldom lies)
Deceive me not now, 'Navarre is infected![a]

The blushing Princess would gladly change the scene, if not the subject:

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed—
Boyet. But to speak that in 'words, which his 'eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a 'mouth of his 'eye,
By adding a 'tongue—which I know will not lie.

The merry ladies (each having her own reasons for self-satisfaction) laughingly retire into the handsome tents—outside the Palace—which the King had provided.

Don Armado begins to relent: feeling that his prisoner, poor Costard, had not committed any crime of which he himself had not been equally guilty—a merry conversation with the flirting Jaquenetta. He intends now to use his prisoner as a messenger to the country beauty; and says to his diminutive attendant, Moth:

Arm. Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[b] hither: I must employ him—in a letter to my love! The way is but short. Away!
Moth. As swift as 'lead, sir.

---

[a] love-smitten. [b] quickly.

Arm. Thy 'meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and 'slow?
Moth. You are too 'swift, sir, to say 'so:
Is that lead 'slow, which is fired from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of 'rhetoric!
He reputes 'me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's 'he:—
I shoot 'thee, at the 'swain.
Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [Exit.
Arm. A most 'acute juvenal; voluble, and free of grace!—
By thy favour, sweet welkin,[a] I 'must sigh in thy face:—
Most rude Melancholy, Valour gives thee place.—
My herald is returned.

Moth comes back with Costard.

Sirrah Costard, I will 'enfranchise thee. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant[b] [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration [giving three farthings]; for the best ward[c] of mine honour is—re-warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [Exit.
Moth. Like the 'sequel,[d] I.—Signior Costard, adieu. [Exit Moth.
Cost. . . . Now will I look to his re-mu-ner-ation. Remuneration! O! that 's the Latin word for—three farthings! three farthings—re-money-ration![e]—"What 's the price of this inkle?[f]—"A penny."—"No, I 'll give you—a remuneration!" Why, it carries it!—Remuneration! I will never buy and sell, 'out of this word.

Lord Birón hastily enters.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! 'exceedingly well met!
Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a 'remuneration?
Biron. What 'is a remuneration?
Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.
Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.
Cost. I thank your worship. Heaven be wi' you.
Biron. O, stay, my slave; I must employ thee:
Do 'one thing for me that I shall entreat.
Cost. 'When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. O, this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.
Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I 'shall know sir, when I have 'done it.

---

[a] sky (the visible region of the air). [b] outward sign of something within. [c] protection, guard (as in a lock). [d] consequence (following as closely as the sequel does the premiss). [e] O. R. remuneration. [f] a kind of linen tape.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know 'first.
Cost. . . . I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this 'afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this :—
The Princess comes here to hunt in the Park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady :
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And 'Rosaline they call her : 'ask for her ; [Giving a letter.
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This sealed-up counsel. There 's thy 'guerdon :[a] go. [Gives him a shilling.
Cost. Gardon ?—O, sweet gardon ! better than remuneration ! eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet gardon !—I will do it, sir, in print.[b]—Gardon—remuneration ! [Exit.

While Costard plods along joyous sly, with his double freight of guerdon and remuneration, the love-stricken Lord Birón lingers, that he may soliloquize over his perjury :

Biron. O !—And I, forsooth, in 'love ! I, that have been Love's 'whip ;[c]
A very 'beadle to a humorous sigh ;
A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled,[d] whining, purblind, wayward boy !
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ![e]
Regent of love-rhymes ! lord of folded arms !
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans !
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents !
Sole imperator,[f] and great general
Of trotting paritors ![g]—O my little heart !—
And 'I to be a corporal of 'his field,[h]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
What ! I ? 'I love ? 'I sue ? 'I seek a 'wife ?—
A woman,—that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing ; ever out of frame ;
And never going aright, being a-watch !—
But 'being watched that it may 'still go right !
Nay, to be 'perjured, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to 'love—the worst of all !

---

[a] reward. [b] carefully (to the very letter). [c] keeper-off
[d] hooded. [e] O. R. This Signior-Junior gyant-dwarfe, don Cupid (Cupid is poetically said to have been "five thousand years a boy.") [f] emperor. [g] busy messengers of an ecclesiastical court. [h] his aid-de camp.

And I to 'sigh for her! to 'watch for her!
To 'pray for her! Go to! it is a plague
That Cupid 'will impose, for my neglect
Of his almighty-dreadful-'little-might!
Well, I 'will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, watch,[a] groan:—
'Some men must love my 'lady—and some 'Joan.[b] [Exit.

We are again in the Park, and see the Princess and her companions watching for deer: since other game cannot, it seems, be had.

Prin. Was that the 'King, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep up-rising of the hill?

Lord Boyet replies:

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was 'not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he showed a 'mounting mind.—
Well, lords, 'to-day we shall have our despatch:[c]
On 'Saturday we will return to France.—

Their conversation is interrupted by the appearance of Costard, with his two letters:

Cost. Dig-you-den[d] all. Pray you, which is the 'head-lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have 'no heads.
Cost. . . . Which is the 'greatest lady? the 'highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it 'is so; truth is truth. [To Prin.] Are not 'you the chief woman? you are the 'thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter, from Monsieur Birón, to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter!

Costard fumbles over the two letters, and delivers the wrong one —which the Princess hands to her attendant Lord:

—Boyet, you can carve; break-up this capon.[e]
Boyet. I am bound to serve.— [He takes the letter.
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to 'Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will 'read it, I swear!
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet. [Reads.] "*By heaven, that thou art 'fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art 'beauteous; truth itself, that thou art 'lovely. 'More fairer than fair, beautiful than*

---

[a] inserted word. [b] the mistress and the maid. [c] hasty communication.
[d] corruption of Give you good even. [e] open the letter.

beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! Shall I 'command thy love? I may. Shall I 'enforce thy love? I could. Shall I 'entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy 'foot, my eyes on thy 'picture, and my heart on 'thyself.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

The letter is frequently interrupted by merry shouts of laughter from the ladies. The Princess then asks:

Prin. What 'plume-of-feathers is he that indited this letter? What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the 'style. This Armado is a Spaniard, one that makes sport to the Prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word. Who 'gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; My lord.

Prin. To whom 'shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord, to my lady.

Prin. From 'which lord? to which 'lady?

Cost. From my Lord Birón, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, friends,[a] away. Here, sweet, put-up this! [to Ros.] 't will be thine 'another day. [Exeunt Princess and train.

The Princess and her friends merrily proceed to enjoy the hunt, and they are rewarded by killing a stag in its second year.—The ladies' success as sports-women is the topic of conversation between Sir Nathaniel, the village curate,—Holofernes, the old pedantic country school-master,—and Dull, the parish constable. But their pedantic talk is interrupted by the entrance of Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. Give you good morrow, master Parson.[b] Be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

The Curate complying, clerically reads:

Nath.[c] *If love make me forsworn, how shall I 'swear to love?*

---

[a] O. R. lords. [b] O. R. M. Person. [c] This Sonnet is the fifth in Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," printed in 1599 (four years before this play).

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to 'myself forsworn, to 'thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were 'oaks—to thee like 'osiers bowed.

The old School-master impatiently interrupts the chanting Curate:

Hol. . . . You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let 'me supervize the canzonet.[a] Here are only 'numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.*[b] Ovidius Naso[c] was the man: and why, indeed, 'Naso? but for smelling-out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*[d] is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the attired[e] horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to 'you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from Monsieur Birón, one of the strange Queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. [Reading.] "*To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.*" I will look again on the 'intellect[f] of the letter,—for the nomination[g] of the party writing,[h] to the person written unto:—"*Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Birón.*" Sir Nathaniel, this Birón is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent[i] of the stranger Queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper unto the royal hand of the 'King: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, Heaven save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.

Hol. Do the verses 'please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well, for the 'pen.[j]

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before[k] repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a 'grace, I will, (on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil) undertake your *ben venuto*,[l] where I will prove those

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[a] little song. [b] it is wanting. [c] Ovid—Publius Ovidius (Naso, with the nose), the celebrated author of "The Art of Love"). [d] to imitate. [e] caparisoned (O. R. tired). [f] intelligence. [g] name. [h] O. R. written. [i] follower. [j] penmanship—(not for the style of the composition.) [k] O. R. being. [l] (Ital.) welcome.

verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for, society, (saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[To Dull.] Sir, I do invite 'you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*[a] [Hunting horns are heard in the Park.] Away! the gentles are at 'their game, and we will to 'our recreation. [Exeunt.

But what of the bachelor King and his bachelor companions? Hush! here comes one of them; he has in his hand a roll of paper: it is the gallant Lord Birón, at buffets with himself for having so madly fallen in love.

Biron. The King he is hunting the 'deer; 'I am coursing 'myself. Well, "Sit thee down, Sorrow!" for so, they say, the 'Fool said; and so say 'I,—and I the fool! I 'will not 'love; if I do, hang me! i' faith, I will 'not . . . O, but her 'eye!—By this light, but 'for her eye, I 'would not love her! yes, for her 'two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but 'lie—and lie in my throat! . . . I 'do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is 'part of my rhyme,—and here my melancholy. Well, she hath 'one o' my sonnets already: the Clown bore it, the Fool sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clown, sweeter Fool, sweetest Lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in love also.[b]—Here comes 'one with a paper! Heaven give him grace to 'groan! [Biron gets up into a tree.[c]

The King enters, reading a poem.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot! shot! shot!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning-drops upon the rose,
As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote[d]
The dew of night[e] *that on my cheeks down flows.*
O 'queen of queens! how 'far thou dost excel,[f]
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she 'know my griefs? I 'll 'drop the paper:—Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here? What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

---

[a] not a word [b] two inserted words. [c] O. R. he stands aside.
[d] O. R. smot. [e] O. R. the night of dew.
[f] O. R. how farre dost thou excell.

The King conceals himself among the bushes: while Birón, perched on one of the high branches of a tree, enjoys his position as "overseer."—Lord Longaville enters reading aloud, with a long visage, a much longer paper:

Long. Ay me! I am 'forsworn. . . .
I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love! [Reads.[a]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of 'thine 'eye,
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Persuade 'my 'heart to this false perjury?
Vows for 'thee broke deserve not punishment.
A 'woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a 'goddess, I forswore not 'thee:
My vow was 'earthly, thou a 'heavenly love;
'Thy grace being gained, cures all dis-grace in 'me.
Vows are but 'breath, and breath a 'vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhale[b] this vapour-vow; in 'thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of 'mine:
If by 'me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an 'oath—to win a 'paradise?

By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

Longaville hastily steps aside when he hears approaching footsteps. The high-perched Birón fully enjoys his discovery that "the other three 'are in."

Biron. More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I 'have my wish:
'Dumain transformed! 'four woodcocks in a dish!

Dumain enters with a paper.

Dum. O most divine Kate!
Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.

The listeners are pleased to overhear Dumain's pretty and playful love-song:

[Reads.][c] *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom—passing fair!—
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan[d] passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.

---

[a] This is printed, with slight variations, as the third Sonnet of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," 1599). [b] O. R exhalest. [c] This poem is also printed, with slight changes, in Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. [d] b gan

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;[a]
Air, would 'I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.[b]
Do not call it 'sin in me
That I am 'for-sworn for 'thee ;
Thee, for whom e'en[c] *Jove would swear*
Juno but an Ethiope[d] *were ;*
And 'deny himself for Jove,—
Turning 'mortal for 'thy 'love !

This will I send, and something else more plain
That shall express my true love's lasting[e] pain.
O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to 'example[f] ill,
Would from 'my forehead 'wipe a perjured note ;
For none 'offend, where 'all alike do dote.

Longaville advances to reprove his friend :

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from 'charity,
That, in love's grief, desir'st 'society.
'You may look 'pale ; but 'I should 'blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

The King advances :

King. 'I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And marked you 'both, and, 'for you both, did blush.
I heard 'your guilty rhymes, observed 'your fashion,
Saw sighs 'reek[g] from you, noted well 'your passion.
"Ah me!" says one ; "O Jove!" the other cries ;
'One's hairs were gold,—crystal the other's 'eyes :
[To Long.] 'You would, for paradise, break faith and troth ;
[To Dum.] And Jove, for 'your love, would infringe an oath.
What will 'Birón say, when that he shall hear
The faith infringed, which such[h] a zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !
How will he triumph ! leap, and laugh at it !
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by 'me !

Birón descends from the tree, laughing merrily.

Biron. Now step 'I forth, to whip 'hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
Good heart ! what grace hast 'thou, thus to 'reprove
'These worms for loving, that art 'most in love ?

---

[a] swell with delight. [b] O. R. throne. [c] inserted word. [d] a swarthy woman.
[e] O. R fasting. [f] to exemplify (to give an example of).
[g] steam (exhale in vapour). [h] O. R such zeale.

O, what a scene of 'foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen![a]
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed into[b] a gnat!
To see great Hercules[c] whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon[d] tuning a jig,
And Nestor[e] play at push-pin[f] with the boys,
And cynic[g] Timon[h] laugh at idle toys!
'Where lies thy grief? O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies 'thy pain?
And where my 'liege's? All about the 'breast:—
A caudle,[i] ho!

King. Too 'bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy 'over-view?

Biron. Not you by 'me, but I betrayed to 'you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To 'break the vow I am engagéd in;
'I am betrayed, by keeping company
With men like you,—men of inconstancy![j]
When shall you see 'me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love?[k] or spend a minute's time
In pruning[l] me? When shall you hear that 'I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,—

Birón sees Costard coming, to whom he had entrusted his love-epistle; he now tries to escape, but the King prevents him:

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A 'true man, or a 'thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from 'Love;—good lover, 'let me go!

Jaquenetta and Costard enter, and offer a paper to the King.

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain 'treason.

King. What makes treason 'here?

Cost. Nay, it makes 'nothing, sir.

King. If it 'mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaquenetta kneels:

Jaq. I 'beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson[m] misdoubts it; it was treason, 'he said.

---

[a] pain, affliction. [b] O. R. transformèd to. [c] a Grecian hero deified for his strength. [d] the great Israelitish monarch renowned for his Sacred Songs [e] the "grand old man" of Homer. [f] a silly game played by alternately pushing pins. [g] O. R. criticke. [h] the misanthrope of Athens. [i] a warm drink for sick children. [j] O. R. With men, men of inconstancie. [k] O. R. Joan. [l] dressing myself for shew. [m] O. R. person.

King. Birón, read it over. [Biron looks over the letter.] Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst 'thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio—Dun Adramadio.

Birón, anxious to conceal his own love-epistle, endeavours to destroy it, but the King interposes:

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. . . . A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

Dumain carefully picks up the pieces.

Dum. It is Birón's 'writing—and here is his 'name!
Biron. [To Cost.] Ah, you stupid loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.—
That you 'three fools lacked 'me, fool, to make up the mess;
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are 'pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience,[a] and I shall tell you more.
King. Let[b] these turtles be gone. Hence, sir; away!
Cost. Walk aside the 'true folk, and let the 'traitors stay. [Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.

Costard and Jaquenetta scornfully go away. Lord Birón merrily addresses his fellow victims:

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show[c] his face;
'Young blood doth not obey an 'old decree:
We cannot cross the 'cause why we are 'born;
Therefore, of 'all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What! did these rent lines show some love of 'thine?
Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That is not 'blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspired thee now?
'My love, (her mistress,) is a gracious moon,
She an 'attending star, scarce seen a-light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón.
O, but for 'my love, day would turn to night.

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[a] band of hearers. [b] O. R. will. [c] O. R. will show.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues:—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of 'sale a seller's praise belongs,
She 'passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the 'sun that maketh all things shine!

King. But what of this? Are we not 'all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby 'all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving 'lawful, and our faith 'not torn.

Biron. Have at you then, Affection's men-at-arms:[a]
Consider, what you first did swear unto,—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no women:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of 'youth!
Say, can you 'fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
Now, for 'not looking on a woman's face—
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:
And 'study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any 'author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's 'eye?
O, we have made a vow to 'study, lords,
And 'in that vow we have forsworn our 'books:
'Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
But 'love, first learned in a fair lady's eyes,[b]
Lives not alone imprisoned[c] in the brain,
But gives to every power a 'double power:
It adds a 'precious seeing to the eye!
A 'lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's 'ear will hear the lowest sound;
And, when Love 'speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:—
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;[d]
'They are the books, the arts, the academes,[e]
That show, contain, and nourish all the world!
Then, 'fools you were these women to 'forswear,
Or, 'keeping what is sworn, you 'will prove fools.
Let us once lose our 'oaths, to find 'ourselves:

[a] soldiers (sworn followers) of love. [b] O. R. But loue first learned in a ladies eyes.
[c] O. R. immuréd. [d] like that of Prometheus, stolen from heaven.
[e] academies, see note [b] p. 78.

It is Religion to be thus forsworn;
For Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever 'Love from 'Charity?

King. 'Saint Cupid, then! And, soldiers, to the 'field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!

Long. Shall we resolve to 'woo these girls of France?

King. And 'win them too! Therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them 'thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love,[a] strewing her way with flowers. [Exeunt.

The dinner, to which the old pedant invited the country curate, was a success, gastronomical and oratorical. The three guests are now enjoying a post-prandial "constitutional" in the Park. Holofernes, the classical pedant, says to his clerical friend:

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.[b]

Nath. I praise heaven for 'you, sir: Your reasonings,[c] at dinner, have been sharp and sententious; pleasant, without scurrility; witty, without affectation;[d] audacious, without impudency; learned without self[e] opinion; and strange, without heresy. I did converse, this *quondam*[f] day, with a companion of the King's—who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[g] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.[h] I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-de-vice[i] companions; such rackers of orthography!

But the criticism is interrupted by the entrance of Moth, Costard, and Armado.

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered!

Hol. Most military sir, salutation!

Moth. [Aside to Costard.] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

---

[a] Venus. [b] "Enough is as good as a feast." [c] O. R. reasons. [d] O. R. affection. [e] inserted word. [f] past, former. [g] polished.
[h] boastful, (like Thraso, a braggart soldier in Terence).
[i] nice to excess, fastidious.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten 'thee for a 'word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:[a] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[b]

Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, do you not educate youth at the charge-house[c] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. I do, *sans* question.[d]

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day—which the rude multitude call the afternoon. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—For I must tell thee, it will please his Grace sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and, with his royal finger, thus, dally with my mustachio: but, sweet-heart, let 'that pass.—The very 'all of all is,—but sweet-heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the King would have 'me present the Princess, (sweet chuck!) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking-out of mirth, (as it were,) I have acquainted you withal,—to the end to crave your 'assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the "Nine Worthies."[e] to be rendered by our assistance,—at the 'King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned 'gentleman,—before the Princess;—I say, none so fit as to present the "Nine Worthies."

Nath. Where will you find men 'worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; 'my-self, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass for[f] Pompey the Great; the page, for[f] Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for

---

[a] a word of unknown origin, mentioned by Taylor the water poet, (died 1654,) as the longest word in the language. [b] a drink made of burning brandy with sweetmeats.
[c] school-house. [d] without doubt.
[e] The Nine Worthies were—(among the Gentiles,) Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar:—(among the Jews.) Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus:—(among the Christians,) Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon:—Shakespeare gives us *four* Gentiles, Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules.
[f] inserted word.

that Worthy's 'thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall 'I have audience?[a] He shall present Hercules in 'minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology[b] for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well, done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" That is the way to make an offence 'gracious,—though few have the grace to 'do it.

Arm. For the 'rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play 'three myself.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[c] not, an antic.—I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via![d]—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dul. . . . Nor 'understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons![e] we will employ thee.

Dull. I 'll make one in a 'dance, or so! or I will play
On the tabor to the "Worthies," and let 'them dance the "hey"![f]

Hol. 'Most dull, honest Dull.—To our sport, away! [Exeunt.

The gallant lordly bachelors, now transformed into lovers, bring to their lady-loves—in the recognized forms of flattery—gifts of female ornaments: The Princess says:

Prin. Sweethearts, we shall be 'rich ere we depart,
If fairings[g] come thus plentifully in:
A lady walled about with diamonds!
Look you, what 'I have from the loving King.
[Showing a diamond amulet.

Lady Rosaline slyly asks:

Ros. Madam, came nothing else 'along with that?

Prin. . . . Nothing but this? yes:—as much love in 'rhyme,
As would be crammed-up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf,—margin and all.
But, Rosaline, 'you have a favour[h] too:
Who sent it? and what is 't?

Ros. I would you knew:
An if 'my face were but as fair as yours,
My 'favour were as great: be witness this. [Shows an ornament.
Nay, 'I have verses 'too, I thank Birón.

---

[a] an attentive hearing [b] an explanatory address. [c] suit. [d] go along. [e] let us go. [f] a frolicsome round dance. [g] presents (purchases at a fair). [h] a lover's token.

Prin. But, Katharine, what had 'you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you 'twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some 'thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,—
Vilely compiled,—profound simplicity!

The modest Lady Maria adds:

Mar. This, and these pearls, to 'me sent 'Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. We are wise girls to 'mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse 'fools, to 'purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I 'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![a]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
So, potent-like,[b] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my Fool,—and I his Fate!

Lord Boyet enters merrily.

Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where 's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounterers[c] mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach 'disguised,
Armed in strange[d] arguments: you will be 'surprised!
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or 'hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint 'Denis[e] to Saint 'Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout,[f] say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to 'close mine eyes some half-an-hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
'Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The King and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour-thicket by,
And overheard what 'you shall overhear—
That, by-and-by, disguised, they will be 'here.
Prin. But what? but what? Come they to visit 'us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparelled thus,—

---

[a] hired, like a lower servant, by the week. [b] O. R. pertaunt-like. [c] O. R. incounters.
[d] inserted word. [e] the patron Saint of France. [f] spy, messenger.

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they 'll know
By favours[a] several,[b] which they did 'bestow.

Prin. And 'will they so? the gallants shall be tasked;
For, ladies, we will every one be 'masked;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit,[c] to see a lady's 'face.—
Hold, Rosaline; 'this favour 'thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court 'thee for his dear:—
Hold, take 'thou this, my sweet, and give me 'thine;
So shall Birón take 'me for 'Rosaline.—
And change 'you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo 'contrary, deceived by these removes.[d]

The ladies hastily put on their masks, and exchange their ornamental gifts.

Ros. But shall we 'dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No! to the death we will not move a 'foot:
Nor to their penned speech render we no grace;
But 'while 't is spoke, each turn away her[e] face!
There 's no such sport, as sport 'by sport 'o'erthrown;
To make theirs 'ours, and ours none but our 'own;
So shall we stay, 'mocking intended game;
And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.

[Trumpet heard.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be masked, the maskers come.

The King, Birón, Longaville, and Dumain enter in Russian habits, and masked: with Moth, Musicians, and Attendants. Little Moth advances as the Prologue-Speaker:

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties of the earth!
A holy parcel of the fairest dames [The ladies all turn their backs to him.
That ever turned their "—backs—"to mortal views:
Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold——"

They do not mark me, and that puts me out.

The discomfited Moth sneaks away. The Lady Rosaline (having exchanged "favours" with the Princess) inquires of Lord Boyet:

Ros. What 'would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.
If they do speak 'our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

---

[a] tokens of favour (or affection). [b] differing from each other.
[c] entreaty. [d] changes [e] O. R. his.

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they 'have; and bid them so be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her[a] on this grass.
Ros. It is 'not so.—Ask them, how many inches
Are in one mile? if they have measured 'many,
The measure then of 'one is easily told.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Ros. How 'many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of 'one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for 'you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still 'without account.[b]
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your 'face,
That we, like savages, may 'worship it.
Ros. My face is but a 'moon, and 'clouded too.
King. Blesséd are clouds, to do as 'such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine—
Those clouds removed—upon 'our watery eyne.[c]
Ros. O, vain petitioner! Beg a 'greater matter;
Thou now request'st but 'moonshine in the 'water.
King. Then, in our measure,[d] vouchsafe us[e] but one change.
Thou 'bidd'st me beg;—this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon. [Music plays.
Not yet;—'no dance.—Thus change I, 'like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at 'full, but now she 's changed.
Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take[f] 'hands:—we will not 'dance.
King. Why take we 'hands then?
Ros. Only to 'part 'friends.—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; . . . and so the measure ends.
King. 'More measure of 'this measure! Be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. 'Prize you yourselves? What buys your 'company?
Ros. Your 'absence only.
King. That can 'never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be 'bought; and so adieu!
'Twice to your vizor, and 'half-once to 'you!
King. If you deny to 'dance, let 's hold more 'chat.
Ros. In 'private then.
King. I am best pleased with that.

[a] you. [b] O. R. accompt. [c] eyes. [d] dance. [e] inserted word. [f] O. R. your.

The King and the Lady Rosaline converse apart.

Lord Birón is promenading with the Princess:

Biron. White-handed mistress, 'one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar:—there are 'three.
Biron. Nay then, 'two treys,[a] an if you grow so nice,—
Metheglin,[b] wort,[c] and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There 's half-a-'dozen sweets.
Prin. 'Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog,[d] I 'll play no more with 'you.
Biron. One word in 'secret.
Prin. Let it not be 'sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.[e]
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore 'meet.[f]

Lord Birón and the Princess converse apart.

Lord Dumain advances with Lady Maria:

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair 'lord,—
Take that for your fair 'lady.
Dum. Please it you
As much in 'private, and I 'll bid adieu.

Lord Dumain and Lady Maria converse apart.

Lady Katharine and Lord Longaville are the next in communication: Lady Katharine is endeavouring to get a declaration from Lord Longaville:

Kath. What! was your vizard[g] made without a 'tongue?
Long. I know the 'reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a 'double tongue within your mask,
And would afford 'my speechless vizard half.—
One word in 'private with you, ere I 'die!
Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher 'hears you cry.

Lady Katharine willingly retires with her tongue-tied lover.

During these merry confabulations, each lady turns her back to the gentleman who is addressing her. Lord Boyet laughingly looks on:

Boyet. The tongues of 'mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

---

[a] a *three* at cards or dice. [b] a drink made of honey and water. [c] a sweet infusion of malt. [d] cheat, deceive. [e] a bitter animal fluid. [f] fit, suitable. [g] mask.

Cutting a smaller hair than may be 'seen:
Above the 'sense of sense,[a] so sensible
Seemeth their 'conference; their conceits[b] have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,—swifter things.

Suddenly the voice of the Acting Commandress-in-Chief is heard:

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

The gentlemen are instantly left alone: Birón exclaims:

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

The King calls out after them:

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.
[Exeunt King, Lords, and attendants.

Prin. 'Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—

The Princess and her ladies laughingly unmask:

Will they not, think you, 'hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O,[c] they were 'all in lamentable cases!
Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[d]
But will you hear? the King is 'my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to 'me.

Kath. And Longaville was for 'my service born.

Mar. Dumain is 'mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Lord Boyet interrupts these merry reminiscences of mistakes:

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will 'again be here
In their 'own shapes; for it can never be,
They will 'digest this harsh indignity.
Therefore, 'change favours;[e] and, 'when they repair,
Blow[f]—like sweet roses in this summer air.

The merry Lady Rosaline adds:

Ros. Good madam, if by 'me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them 'still,—as 'well-known as 'disguised.
Let us complain to them what 'fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear.[g]

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at 'hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents—as roes run over land! [Exeunt ladies.

---

[a] *i. e.*, above perception by the intellect. [b] fancies, imaginations.
[c] inserted word. [d] the common people were obliged by law (Statute 13 Elizabeth) to wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays, under a penalty of ten groats.
[e] distinguishing ornaments. [f] burst into flowers. [g] in uncouth dresses.

The ladies merrily hasten into the Pavilion, as the King, Birón, Longaville, and Dumain, (in their proper habits,) enter:

King. [To Boyet.] Fair sir, Heaven save you! Where is the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?[a]

King. That she vouchsafe me 'audience, for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will 'she, I know, my lord. [Exit into the Pavilion.

Biron. This fellow pecks[b]-up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's 'pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes[c] and wassails,[d] meetings, markets, fairs;
He can 'carve too, and 'lisp:[e] why, this is he,
That kissed away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form,[f] Monsieur the Nice,—
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms. nay he can 'sing
A mean[g] most meanly; and, in ushering,[h]
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, "Sweet;"
The stairs as he treads on them, "kiss" his feet.
This is the 'flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as walrus-bone,[i]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of "honey-tongued" Boyet.

The Princess enters, ushered by Boyet; with Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and attendants.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
We 'came to visit you, and purpose 'now
To lead you to our 'Court: vouchsafe it, then.

Prin. This 'field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor heaven, nor I, delight in 'perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you 'provoke;
The virtue of your eye must 'break my oath.
O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited,—much to our shame!

Prin. 'Not so, my lord; it is not 'so, I 'swear:
We have had 'pastimes here, and pleasant games:—
A mess of 'Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

---

[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. pickes. [c] night-watches over the dead. [d] rustic festivities. [e] speak affectedly. [f] ceremony. [g] the tenor in music. [h] acting as an usher. [i] O. R. whales bone.

The Lady Rosaline, still desirous of being foremost among the fair, interposes:

Ros. Madam, speak 'true.—It is 'not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy gives 'undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian 'habit: here they stayed an hour,
And talked apace;[a] and in that hour my lord,
They did not bless us with 'one 'happy[b] 'word.
I dare not call them 'fools; but this I think,—
When 'they are thirsty, 'fools would fain have drink.

Lord Birón advances to reply:

Biron. This jest is 'dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes 'wise things foolish: your capacity
Is of that nature, that, to 'your huge store,
Wise things 'seem foolish, and 'rich things but 'poor.
Ros. This proves 'you wise and rich; for, in 'my eye,—
Biron. I am a 'fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you 'take what doth to you 'belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, 'I am yours, and all that I 'possess.
Ros. 'All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you 'less.
Ros. Which of the vizards[c] was it that 'you wore?
Biron. Where? when? 'what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, 'that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the 'worse, and showed the 'better face.

All laugh merrily. The discomfited King says to his friends:

King. We are 'descried: they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us 'confess, and turn it to a 'jest.

Lord Birón is the first to acknowledge his error:

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for 'perjury.
Can any face of 'brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at 'me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout!
O, never will I trust to speeches 'penned,
Nor to the motion of a 'school-boy's tongue,
Nor never come in 'vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in 'rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
'Taffeta[d] phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,[e]

[a] chatted glibly. [b] graceful, well-chosen. [c] vizors (masks).
[d] silk stuff highly ornamented. [e] O. E. affection.

Figures pedantical: these summer-flies
'Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:—
I do 'forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the 'hand, heaven knows—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be 'expressed
In russet 'yeas, and honest kersey 'noes:
And, to begin,—wench, so Jove[a] help me, law!
My love to 'thee is sound, *sans*[b] crack or flaw.

The King adds:

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair 'excuse?
Prin. The fairest is—confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguised?
King. . . . Madam, I was.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That, more than all the world, I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge[c] this, you will 'reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this 'world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would 'wed me,—or else 'die my lover!
Prin. Heaven give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth 'uphold his word!
King. What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,
I never swore 'this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you 'did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me 'this:—but take it, sir, again! [Giving bracelet.
King. My faith, and this, the 'Princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, 'this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is 'my dear.—
What! will you have 'me, or your 'pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on 't:—here was a consent,[d]
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash[e] it, like a Christmas comedy!
Some carry tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

[a] substituted word. [b] without. [c] lay claim to. [d] conspiracy, agreement. [e] vary.

Told our intents before. [To Boyet.] And did[a] not you
Forestall our sport, to 'make us thus untrue?
You put our Page[b] out: go, you are allowed![c]

The petty war of words is interrupted by the entrance of Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. In truth, sir, they would know,
Whether the "Three Worthies" shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but 'three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara[d] fine,
For every 'one pursents 'three.

Biron. And three times thrice are nine.
Art thou 'one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think 'me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the 'degree of the Worthy: but I am to stand for 'him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [Exit.

The Pageant of the "Nine Worthies" (represented by three ninnies) is about to be performed, as an amusement worthy of royalty. These pageants, appealing chiefly to the eye and little to the mind, appear to have been a popular entertainment even among the uneducated vulgar.—Shakespeare, in presenting this farrago of silly nonsense,

> "Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
> Die in the zeal of them which it presents—"

has varied from the traditional characters, by giving us—instead of Joshua and David,—Hercules and Pompey.

The King and his Lords, with the merry Princess and her frolicsome Ladies, all take their places to see this ridiculous pageant most ridiculously misrepresented. A platform has been duly prepared; and on it the clown Costard, armed (to represent Pompey), struts in; but the mocking laughter of the lookers-on, as well as stage fright, at once confuses him:

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,"—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It 'is "Great," sir;—"Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

---

[a] O. R. might. [b] little Moth, (in his speech).
[c] excused, permitted to do as you please. [d] very.

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. 'Great thanks, great Pompey. [Pompey struts off.

The mild Curate, Sir Nathaniel, oddly armed to represent Alexander the Great, meekly comes forward; but, unused to dramatic representation, he can only chant his lines in the true pulpit singsong:

Nath. "When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander"—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed. Proceed, good Alexander.

But the poor Curate cannot; he retires in confusion.

The diminutive Moth as Hercules, and the pedantic schoolmaster Holofernes as Judas Maccabæus, come in together; but Hercules has not a word to say for himself; Judas, however, becomes his spokesman:

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus,[a] that three-headed *canus*;[b]
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*.[c]
Quoniam[d] he seemeth in minority,
Ergo[e] I come with this apology."

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.— [Moth pompously struts off.

"Judas I am, yclepéd Machabæus." . . . "Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas!

Hol. . . . You have put me out of countenance.
This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [Judas retires in dudgeon.

Then stalks forward, with grave Spanish dignity, the high-sounding Don Adriano de Armado,[f] to represent Hector, the hero of Troy:

Arm. "The Armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,[g]
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—

---

[a] Pluto's three-headed dog that guarded the gates of hell. [b] dog. [c] hand. [d] because. [e] therefore. [f] O. E. braggart. [g] O. E. he would fight: yea.

The Spaniard's pompous affectations are silenced by loud laughter and derision; he becomes so infuriated that he challenges the valiant Costard to fight: but the combat is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Mercadet, a Royal Messenger—who sorrowfully addresses the Princess:

Mer. Heaven save you, madam.
Prin. Welcome, Mercadet,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is 'heavy in my tongue.—The King your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so! . . . My tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud. [Exeunt Worthies.

The curtain at once falls, and ends the silly "Pageant of the Nine Worthies."

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

The King sympathizingly advances:

King. Madam, not so: I do beseech you 'stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a 'new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal[a] opposition of our spirits:
If 'over-boldly we have borne ourselves,
In the converse of breath your 'gentleness
Was guilty of it.—[To the King.] Farewell, worthy lord!
A 'heavy heart bears not a nimble[b] tongue.
Excuse me so,—coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.
King. Yet, since 'love's argument was 'first on foot,
Let not the cloud of 'sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends 'lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly 'found.
Now, at the 'latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves?
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured 'much,
'Full of dear[c] guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, 'this shall you do for me:—
Your 'oath I will not trust; but go with speed

[a] free to excess. [b] O. E. humble. [c] grievous.

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the 'pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs[a]
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere, insociable life
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
(But that it 'bear this trial, and 'last[b] love;)
Then, at the 'expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by 'these deserts;
And, by this virgin palm, I 'will be thine.
If this thou do deny, let our hands 'part;
Neither intitlèd[c] in the other's heart.

King. If this, or 'more than this, I would deny,
The sudden hand of Death close-up mine eye. [They retire.

Lord Dumain turns to Lady Katharine:

Dum. But what to 'me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife?—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With 'three-fold love I wish you 'all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle 'wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the King doth to my 'lady come;
'Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you 'some. [They retire.

Lord Longaville asks:

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I 'll change my 'black gown for a 'faithful 'friend. [They retire

Lord Birón approaches Lady Rosaline:

Biron. Studies 'my lady? mistress, 'look on me.
Behold the window of my heart,—mine eye;
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I 'heard of you, my Lord Birón,
Before I 'saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding 'flouts.[d]
To 'weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,—
And, therewithal, to 'win me, if you please,—
(Without the which I am 'not to be won,)
You shall, this twelvemonth-term, from day to-day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,—

---

[a] the zodiac (occupying a year in rotation). [b] continue.
[c] having a legal title or claim. [d] jeers.

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the painéd impotent to 'smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of 'Death?
It 'cannot be; it is 'impossible:
Mirth 'cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a 'gibing spirit,—
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to 'fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that 'hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that 'makes it: then, 'if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamours of their own dear[a] groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, 'continue them,[b]
And I will have 'you, and that 'fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw 'away that spirit,
And I shall find you 'empty of that fault,—
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what 'will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.[c] [They retire.

The King and Princess, continuing their conversation, advance:

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will 'bring you on your way.

Biron. 'Our wooing doth not end like an old 'play;
Jack hath 'not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.[d]

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And 'then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a 'play.

Armado enters.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. 'I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love, three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owl and the Cuckoo? it 'should have followed in the 'end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

A concluding pageant is now introduced. Costard leads the way, followed by "Sir" Nathaniel and Holofernes, (the "two learned men,") and the diminutive Moth. Crowds of merry Shepherds and Shepherdesses enter, dragging along two gaily-decked chariots; one containing a beautiful Maiden, decked with flowers, to represent

[a] purchased at the high price of great pain [b] O. R. then.
[c] O. R. an Hospitall. [d] as by ending with a marriage.

Spring; the other, a jolly old man, wrapped in furs, to personify Winter. The pacified Don Armado briefly explains:

Arm. This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the Owl, the other by the Cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks[a] all silver-white,
And cowslip[b]-buds of yellow hue,[c]
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!"—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles mate, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!"—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
"To-whoo!
Tu-whit! to-whoo!"—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel[d] the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,[e]
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's[f] nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs[g] hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
"To-whoo!
Tu-whit! to-whoo!"—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. [Exeunt.

END OF LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

---

[a] herbaceous plants which usually flower about Lady day (the 25th of March).
[b] O. R. cuckoo. [c] In the folio, this line is the second of the stanza.
[d] stir to make cool. [e] a wise saying (the text).
[f] Maid Marian was one of the characters in the old morris-dance.
[g] crab-apples were first roasted, and then plunged into a bowl of ale.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The serious portion of the story in the Comedy of "All 's Well That Ends Well" is found in Boccaccio's[a] "Decameron;"[b] but Shakespeare's version is more directly taken from one of the tales in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure"—published in 1566—entitled "Giletta of Narbona."

The original name given to the play was apparently "Loues Labour Wonne"—a companion-picture to "Loues Labour Lost:" for, in 1598, Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," (see p. 6,) mentions a play of that name. But the only comedy the plot of which would justify the title of "Love's Labour 's Won" is this—"All 's Well That Ends Well;" and it is supposed by nearly all the Editors of Shakespeare's plays that, on a subsequent revival, the new title may have been substituted for the old one. The Comedy must have been performed before 1598, although its first publication was in the folio of 1623.

While the serious portions have a borrowed foundation, the comic parts are entirely Shakespeare's; at least, no trace of any similar characters has been found. On the other hand, Captain Parolles is the original outline of Prince Hal's fat friend. This humorous impersonation is a whimsical compound of cowardice, pertness, and effrontery; blended with such glimpses of courage, wit, and good sense, that he may be justly considered the prototype of the inimitable Sir John Falstaff.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING OF FRANCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES,[c] *a Follower of Bertram.*

Several young French Lords.

STEWARD *to the Countess of Rousillon.*

CLOWN, *in her Household.*

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *Mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

A WIDOW *of Florence.*

DIANA, *her daughter.*

VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

[a] Giovanni Boccaccio, the great Italian novelist, was born in 1313, and died in 1375. His "Decameron, or Ten Days' Entertainment," was translated into English, but, when printed, was "recalled" by the Archbishop of Canterbury

[b] In the ninth novel of the Third Day: ("Giletta de Narbonne and the Count de Rousillon").

[c] a manufactured name from the French *paroles* (words); that is, a man of words only—a braggart.

A certain King of France had always manifested sincere affection for a certain Count de Rousillon; who, consequently, at his death, left his only son—now the young Count Bertram—to become a ward of the King.

The widowed Countess, mother of the youth, had in her household a kind of lady-companion named Helena, the only child of a late celebrated physician, Gerard de Narbonne, whose untimely death had left this daughter entirely unprovided for—except what might be yielded by a few prescriptions and remedies, which her father's long medical experience had proved valuable.

The kind-hearted King had lately been suffering from a malady which baffled the skill of his physicians; and he now sends, while he is able, one of his most distinguished Courtiers, the old Lord Lafeu, to conduct the young Count to Paris, to be publicly graced with the royal favour.

The old Countess had observed that her young companion Helena was frequently in tears, shed, as was supposed, for the death of her father; but, in reality, for the departure of the young Count, for whom the poor girl had conceived, and concealed, a hopeless because unrequited affection.

The opening Scene presents to us a room in the Palace at Rousillon, where the young Count Bertram is, in company with old Lord Lafeu, about to take leave of his mother, the old Countess, who is accompanied by the sorrowing Helena.

Countess. In delivering my 'son from me, I bury a second 'husband.

Ber. And I, in 'going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his 'Majesty's command,—to whom I am now in 'ward,[a] evermore in subjection.

Countess. [To Lafeu.] What hope is there of his Majesty's 'amendment?[b]

Laf. He hath 'abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted Time with Hope; and finds no 'other advantage in the process, but only the 'losing of Hope by Time.

Countess. This young gentlewoman [taking Helena's hand] 'had a father,—O, that "had!" how sad a passage[c] 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his 'honesty; had it stretched so far, it would have made Nature 'immortal. 'Would, for the 'King's sake, he were 'living!

Old Lord Lafeu inquires:

Laf. How 'called you the man you speak of, madam?

Countess. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great 'right to be so:—Gerard de Narbonne.

Laf. He 'was excellent, indeed, madam: the King very

[a] under guardianship (like a ward in chancery). The heirs of great fortunes were formerly called the King's wards. [b] improvement in health. [c] change of circumstances.

lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly.—Was this gentlewoman the 'daughter of Gerard de Narbonne?

Countess. His 'sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to 'my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her 'education promises: her 'dispositions she 'inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; she 'derives her honesty, and 'achieves her 'goodness.

Laf. . . . Your commendations, madam, get from her 'tears.

Countess. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season[a] her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her 'heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood[b] from her 'cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you 'affect a sorrow, than to 'have.

Hel. I 'do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I 'have it too.

The young Count, impatient for immediate departure, interrupts by addressing his mother:

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Countess. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In 'manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy 'goodness
Share with thy 'birthright! What Heaven 'more will,
That thee may furnish[c] and my prayers pluck-down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an 'unseasoned courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the 'best
That shall attend his love.

Countess. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [Exeunt all but Helena.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my 'father;
And these 'great tears grace Bertram's absence more[d]
Than those I shed for 'him.[e] What was he 'like?
I have 'forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour[f] in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular 'star,
And think to 'wed it,—he is 'so above me!
O, I must 'die for love! 'T was pretty, (though a plague,)
To see him every hour; to sit and draw

[a] reserve, give a zest to. [b] liveliness, appearance of life. [c] provide (supply with what is wanted). [d] O. R. And these great teares grace his remembrance more. [e] her balm. [f] countenance.

His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table[a]—heart too capable
Of every line and trick[b] of his sweet favour[c]:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics!—Who comes here?
One that goes 'with him: I love him for 'his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious 'liar,
Think him a great-way 'fool, solely a 'coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold[d] wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Captain Parolles enters to take his leave before he accompanies young Bertram:

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars,[e] when he was predominant.

Hel. When he was 'retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. 'Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much 'backward—when you fight.

Par. That 's for 'advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when 'fear proposes the safety.

Par. . . . I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee 'acutely. Farewell. When thou hast 'leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast 'none, remember thy 'friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses 'thee: so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in 'ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to 'heaven! Who ever strove
To show her 'merit, that did miss her 'love?
The King's disease—my 'project may deceive me,
But my 'intents are fixed, and will not leave me. [Exit.

The young Count Bertram hastens to Paris in obedience to the royal mandate; and immediately attends the Court, where the sickly King has received intelligence of some neighbouring wars:

King. The Florentines and Senoys[f] are by the ears;

[a] tablet. [b] peculiar expression of face. [c] countenance. [d] cool, unimpassioned.
[e] the planet, of astrological war-like influence [f] the inhabitants of Sienna (in Tuscany): the Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving[a] war: We here receive it
A certainty, vouched from our cousin Austria,
With caution[b] that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid. He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is 'denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The 'Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on 'either part.—What 's he comes here?

Lafeu, Bertram, and Parolles enter.

1 *Lord.* The son of old Count Rousillon,[c] my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's 'face;
Frank Nature, rather 'curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's 'moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness 'now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership. It much restores[d] me
To 'talk of your good father. How long is 't, Count,
Since the 'Physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try 'him yet:—
Lend me an arm:—the 'rest have worn me out
With several applications[e]: Nature and Sickness
Debate it at their leisure. . . . Welcome, Count;
My 'son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exeunt.

The Countess, after her son's departure, was informed by her Steward that Helena had been overheard talking to herself, and making such strange revelations that he felt it was his duty to inform his mistress:

Stew. I know, madam, you 'love your gentlewoman entirely.

Countess. Indeed I do: her father 'bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title[f] to as much love as she 'finds: there is more 'owing her than is 'paid; and 'more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

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[a] mutually defying. [b] notice. [c] O. R. Rosignel.
[d] O. R. repairs (rejuvenates). [e] different remedies. [f] lay a just claim.

Stew. Madam, I was, very late, more near her, than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears. Her 'matter[a] was,—she 'loved your 'son. Fortune, she said, was no 'goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no 'god, that would not extend his might, only where 'qualities[b] were level. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint 'you withal.

Countess. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before. She is coming.[c] Pray you, leave me: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Helena enters:

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Countess. . . . You know, Helen, I am a 'mother to you?

Hel. Mine honourable 'mistress.

Countess. 'Nay, a mother.
Heaven's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy 'mother? I 'am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my 'brother:
'I am from 'humble, 'he from 'honoured name;
No note upon 'my parents—his, all noble:
My 'master, my dear 'lord, he is; and I
His 'servant live, and will his vassal 'die:
He 'must not be my brother.

Countess. Nor I your mother? Yes, Helen, you might be . . . my daughter-in-'law.
Heaven shield you mean it not! What. 'pale again?
My fear hath catched your fondness! Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,[d] and find
Your salt tears' head![e] Now to all sense 't is gross[f]
You love my son. Speak, Helena, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound[g] a goodly clue;
If it be 'not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me 'truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Countess. 'Do you love my son?

Hel. Do not 'you love him, madam?

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[a] subject. [b] of rank and fortune. [c] three inserted words. [d] O. R. loue.inesse.
[e] source, origin. [f] most evident. [g] twined.

Countess. Go not 'about. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Are,[a] to the full, accused.[b]
Hel. . . . Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That—before 'you, and next unto high 'Heaven,—
I love your son.—
My 'friends were poor, but honest; so 's my 'love:
Be not offended; for it 'hurts not him
That he 'is loved of me. I follow him not
By any token of 'presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do 'deserve him,
Yet never know 'how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope!
But, dearest madam,
Let not your hate 'encounter with my love,
For loving where 'you do; but, if yourself,
(Whose agéd honour proves[c] a virtuous youth,)
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly: O, then, give pity
To 'her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to 'lose;
That seeks not to 'find 'that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly—where she 'dies!
Countess. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly,—
To go to 'Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Countess. Wherefore?—tell true.
Hel. I 'will tell truth; by Grace itself I swear!—
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects; such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is rendered 'lost.
Countess. 'This was your motive for Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your 'son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been 'absent then.
Countess. But think you, Helen,

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[a] O. R. have. [b] O. R. appeached. [c] O. R. cites.

If you 'should tender your supposéd aid,
He would 'receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; 'he, that they 'cannot help him,
They, that they cannot 'help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearnéd maiden,[a] when the Schools,[b]
Embowelled of their doctrine,[c] have left-off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something hints,[d]
More than my father's skill, (which was the greatest
Of his profession,) that his good receipt[e]
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to 'try success, I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's Grace's cure,
By such a day, and 'hour.

Countess. Dost thou 'believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, 'knowingly.

Countess. Why, Helen, thou shalt 'have my leave,—and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. 'I 'll stay at home,
And pray Heaven's blessing unto[f] thy attempt.
Be gone 'to-morrow; and be sure of this,—
What I can 'help thee to, thou shalt not 'miss. [Exeunt.

The Scene returns to the King's palace in Paris, where he is attended by several of his young courtiers who are, by his permission, taking leave for the Florentine wars. The young Count Bertram stands moodily apart, regretting that he is not allowed to join the adventurers.

King. Farewell, young lords: these 'warlike principles
Do not throw from you.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our 'hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in 'health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess it owns the malady[g]
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of 'worthy Frenchmen: See, that you come
Not to 'woo honour, but to 'wed it.

---

[a] O. R. virgin. [b] the great seats of learning (the medical colleges). [c] that is, having exhausted their knowledge. [d] O. R. in 't. [e] recipe, prescription. [f] O. R. into. [g] O. R. confesse he owes the mallady.

Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to 'deny,
If 'they demand: beware of being 'captives,
Before you serve as 'soldiers.[a]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings. [Exeunt.

The King is led to his couch by Attendants.

As the young Officers take their leave, Bertram is addressed by Parolles:

Par. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Ber. I am commanded 'here, and kept a coil[b] with,—
"Too young," and "The next year," and "'T is too early."

Par. An thy 'mind stand to 't, boy, 'steal away bravely.

Ber. Shall[c] I stay here,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought-'up, and no sword worn
But one to 'dance with?[d] By 'heaven! I 'll steal away.

Par. There 's 'honour in the theft: commit it, Count.
I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I 'grow to you,[e] and our parting is like that of' a tortured body. [Exeunt Ber., Par. and Lords.

The young Count hastens away, ambitious to join his young companions in their martial expedition. The King, having partially recovered, is led back to his Chair of State, as old Lord Lafeu hastily enters and kneels:

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for 'me and for my 'tidings.

King. I 'll fee[g] thee to stand up.

Laf. [Rising.] Then here 's a man stands, that has 'bought[h] his pardon.—
Will you be 'cured of your infirmity? I 've seen
A Médecine[i] able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken[j] a rock, and make 'you dance canary[k]
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise[l] King Pepin,[m] nay,
To give great Charlemagne[n] a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a 'love-line.

King. 'What "her" is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor 'She:—My lord, there 's one 'arrived,
If you will see her.—Now, by my faith and honour,
(If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light 'deliverance,) I have spoke

---

[a] two inserted words. [b] in a state of restraint. [c] O. R. I shall. [d] a dancing (or dress) sword was one worn for ornament only. [e] *i. e.*, I begin to love you as myself. [f] three inserted words. [g] O. R. see. [h] O. R. brought. [i] female physician. [j] give life to. [k] a merry dance. [l] raise (from the dead.) [m] the first King of France of the Carlovingian dynasty (A. D. 752.) [n] King Pepin's successor (O. R. Charlemaine).

With one, that—in her sex, her years, profession,[a]
Wisdom, and constancy,—hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will 'you see her—
For that is her demand—and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu, bring-in the admiration.

Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you, and not be 'all day neither. [Exit.

King. Thus he his special nothing 'ever prologues. . . .
This haste hath wings indeed!

Lafeu immediately re-enters with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his Majesty: Say your mind to 'him:
I dare leave you together. Fare you well. [Exit.

King. [Rises.] Now, fair one, does your business follow 'us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.—Gerard de Narbonne was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.[b]

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather,[c] will I spare 'my praises towards him;
'Knowing him, is enough On his[d] bed of death
Many receipts[e] he gave me; chiefly 'one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
He bade me store up—as a 'triple[f] eye,—
Safer than mine own 'two, more dear. I 'have so;
And, hearing your high Majesty is touched
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands 'chief in power,
I come to 'tender[g] it, with all bound humbleness.

King. We 'thank you, maiden;
But may not be 'so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned Doctors leave us; and
The congregated College have concluded
That labouring Art can never ransom 'Nature
From her inaidable estate;—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To mere[h] empirics.

Hel. My 'duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more 'enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating, from your 'royal thoughts,
A 'modest one,—to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee 'less, to be called grateful:

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[a] professed purpose. [b] skilled. [c] chiefly for that reason ' [d] O. R. on 's.
[e] recipes, prescriptions. [f] third. [g] offer. [h] inserted word.

Thou thought'st to 'help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death, to those that wish him 'live.

Hel. What 'I can do, can do no hurt to 'try,
Since you set up your rest[a] ''gainst remedy.
He that 'of greatest works is Finisher,
Oft does them by the 'weakest minister.
Dear sir, to my endeavours 'give consent;
Of 'Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
'Myself against the level of mine 'aim;
But 'know I think,—and 'think I know, most sure,—
My art is 'not past power, nor 'you past 'cure.

King. Art thou 'so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The Great'st Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the Sun[b] shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass[c]
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is 'infirm, from your 'sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax[d] of impudence,—
A trickster's boldness,—a divulgéd shame,
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Seared otherwise; nay,[e] worse of worst extended,
With vilest 'torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak
His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
Thy life is dear; for all,—that life can rate
Worth 'name of life,—in thee hath estimate;[f]
Thou this to 'hazard, needs must intimate
Skill 'infinite, or monstrous 'desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I 'will try,—
That ministers thine 'own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[g]
Of what I spoke, 'unpitied let me die;
And well deserved! 'Not helping, death 's my 'fee:
But, if I help, what do you promise 'me?

King. Make thy demand.

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[a] remainder of life.
[b] the chariot of Phœbus (the Sun) was drawn by twelve flying steeds
[c] sandglass (for measuring time).
[d] accusation, charge.
[e] O. R. ne.
[f] is possessed (or counted) by thee.
[g] due performance.

Hel. But will you make it 'even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[a]
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What 'husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the 'royal blood of France;
But such a one, thy 'vassal,—who,[b] I know,
Is free for me to 'ask, thee to 'bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises[c] observed,
Thy will by my 'performance shall be served.
More 'should I question thee, and more I 'must,—
(Though more to 'know could not be more to 'trust,)
From whence thou cam'st, how tended-on:[d] But rest
Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho! [Servants enter.]—If thou proceed
As high as word,[e] 'my deed shall 'match thy deed. [Exeunt.

Within the time named by Helena, the cure of the King has been effected. This rapid convalescence is now the topic of conversation between old Lord Lafeu and young Count Bertram:

Laf. They say, miracles are 'past; and we have our philosophical persons to make common[f] and 'familiar, things supernatural and 'causeless. Hence is it that we make 'trifles of 'terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming 'knowledge, when we 'should submit ourselves to an unknown 'fear. Here comes the King. Lustich,[g] as the Dutchman says.

The King, Helena, and Attendants, enter.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in Court.— [Exit attendant.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:
And with this 'healthful hand,—whose banished sense
Thou hast repealed,—a 'second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Several Lords enter; among them stands young Bertram.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both 'sovereign power, and 'father's voice,
'I have to use: thy frank 'election make.
'Thou hast power to 'choose, and 'they none to 'forsake.[h]

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[a] O. R. helpe. [b] O. R. whom. [c] things promised (preliminaries).
[d] attended to, educated. [e] word of promise. [f] O. R. moderu.
[g] vigorous, (lusty,) *lustigh.* [h] deny.

Hel. . . . To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, 'but[a] one.
Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the King to health.—
Please it your majesty, I have chosen[b] already.
Now, Dian,[c] from 'thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial 'Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.
[To Ber.] I dare not say, I 'take you; but I 'give
'Me, and my 'service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. . . . This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy 'wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business, give me leave to use
The help of mine 'own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for 'me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never 'hope to know why I should 'marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my sickly bed?

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring 'me 'down
Must 'answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge. . . .
A poor physician's daughter 'my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'T is only 'title[d] thou disdain'st in her,—the which
I can build up. She is young, wise, and fair;
In these, to Nature she 's immediate heir,[e]
And these 'breed honour: What more should be said
If thou canst like this fair one as a 'maid,
I can create the 'rest: Virtue, and she,
Are her 'own dower; honour and wealth from 'me.

Ber. . . . I 'cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to 'choose.

Helena, sorrowful at her rejection, interposes:

Hel. That you are well 'restored, my lord, I 'm glad. . . .
Let the rest go!

King. My 'honour 's at the stake; which to defend[f]
I must produce my 'power. Here, 'take her hand;

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[a] except one (meaning Bertram). [b] O. R. done. [c] Diana, the goddess of marriage.
[d] the want of a title. [e] holding these possessions in her own right.
[f] O. R. defeate.

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy 'duty owes, and 'our power 'claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer!

The Count, unable to resist the King's command, reluctantly replies:

Ber. . . . Pardon, my gracious lord; for I 'submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole[a] of honour,
Flies where 'you bid it, I find, that she,—who late
Was in my nobler thoughts most 'base,—is now
The praiséd of the 'King; who, 'so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, 'born so.
King. Take her by the hand,
And 'tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to 'thy estate,
A balance 'more replete.
Ber. I 'take her hand.
King. Good Fortune, and the favour of the King,
Smile upon this contráct; whose 'ceremony
Shall be performed 'to-night: the solemn 'feast
Shall more attend upon the 'coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st 'her,
Thy love 's to 'me religious,—else, does err. [Exeunt.

Thus we see how a King may dispose of hands—but not of hearts. Amid a flourish of courtly music, the King accompanies the devoted Helena and the constrained Bertram to the Chapel, where at once they are made, by royal command, man and wife. No sooner is the ill-fated ceremony performed, than the indignant bridegroom rushes-in to his friend Parolles:

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?
Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I have sworn,
I will not see her!
Par. What, what, sweet-heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have 'married me!—
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and 'never see her.
Par. France is a 'dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a 'man's foot. To the wars!
Ber. There are letters from my mother: what the import is,
I know not yet.

---

[a] gift, donation.

Par. To the wars, boy! to the wars! To other regions!
France is a 'stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the 'war!
Ber. . . . It 'shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my 'hate to her,
And 'wherefore I am fled; 'write to the King
That which I durst not 'speak. 'War is 'no strife,[a]
To the dark[b] house and the detested[c] wife!
Par. Will this capriccio[d] 'hold in thee? art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her 'straight away: away 'to-morrow!
'I 'll to the wars, 'she to her 'single sorrow!
Par. Why, 'these balls 'bound; there 's noise in it; 't is hard:
A young man 'married is a man that 's 'marred:
Therefore away, and leave her: 'bravely go;
The King has done you wrong; . . . but hush, "t is so!
[Exeunt.

Parolles becomes the bearer of this unlooked-for separation to Helena, while she is in conversation with the old Countess's Clown, who has just delivered a letter from her.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?
Clo. She is 'not well; but yet she has her 'health: she 's very 'merry; but yet she is not 'well: but thanks be given, she 's 'very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but 'yet she is not well.
Hel. If she be 'very well, what does she ail that she 's 'not very well?
Clo. Truly, she 's very well, 'indeed, but for two things. One, that she 's not in 'heaven, whither heaven send her quickly! the other, that she 's in 'earth, 'from whence heaven send her quickly!

Parolles enters.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good 'will, to have mine 'own good fortunes.[e]
Par. You had my 'prayers to lead them on; and, to 'keep them on, have them 'still.—[To the Clown.] O, my knave! How does my 'old lady?
Clo. So that 'you had her 'wrinkles, and I her 'money, I would she did as you say.

---

[a] O. R. warres is no strife. [b] when compared to the gloomy (dreary) house.
[c] O. R. detected [d] caprice, whim. [e] O. R. fortune.

Par. Why, I say 'nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the 'wiser man; for many a man's 'tongue shakes-out his master's 'undoing. To 'say nothing, to 'do nothing, to 'know nothing, and to 'have nothing, is to be a great part of 'your title,—which is within a very 'little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You 'should have said, sir, "'Before a knave, 'thou 'rt a knave;" that is, "Before 'me, thou 'rt a knave:"—this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty 'fool; I have 'found thee!

Clo. Did you find me in 'yourself, sir? or were you 'taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and 'much fool may you find in 'you,[a]—even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A 'good knave i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go 'away, 'to-night;
A very serious business 'calls on him.
He leaves you now,[b] for a 'compelled restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
To make the 'coming hour o'erflow with joy.

Hel. What 's his will 'else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your 'own good proceeding;
Strengthened with what apology, you think,
May make it 'probable need.[c]

Hel. What 'more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently attend
His 'further pleasure.

Hel. In 'everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

The King's consent to the Bride's departure is readily given, and Helena immediately proceeds to inform her husband.

Hel. I have, sir, (as I was commanded from you,)
Spoke with the King, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with 'you.

Ber. I shall 'obey his will.—
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course:
Preparéd I was not

---

[a] yourself. [b] O. R. but puts it off.
[c] that is, may make it appear a necessity.

For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives[a] me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for 'home;
'T will be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient wife[b]——

Ber. Come, come, no more of that!

Hel. And 'ever shall,
With true observance, seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
To equal my great 'fortune.

Ber. Let that go: . . .
My haste is very great. . . . Farewell: hie home!

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon,—

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. . . . I am not 'worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is 'mine, and yet it 'is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would 'steal
What law does vouch mine 'own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. . . . Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not 'tell you what I would; faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do sunder—and 'not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not; but in haste to horse.

Hel. . . . I shall not 'break[c] your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, Parolles?[d]—Farewell. . . .

[Exit Helena.

. . . Go 'thou toward home; where 'I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio![e] [Exeunt.

The young Count, thus abandoning his wife, joins the army of the Duke of Florence. The old Countess, pleased with her son's reported marriage, is talking to the Clown, one of her favourite attendants, (after reading a letter from Helena):

Countess. It hath happened all as I would have had it—save that he comes not along with her!

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very 'melancholy man.

---

[a] urges, compels. [b] O. R. seruant. [c] violate. [d] O. R. Monsieur. [e] courage.

Countess. By what 'observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[a] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, who sold[b] a goodly 'manor for a song.

Countess. Let me see what 'he writes, and when he means to come. [She looks over Bertram's letter.] What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit Clown.

Count. [Reads.] "*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the 'King, and undone 'me. I have 'wedded her, not 'acknowledged her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it, 'before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the 'world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,* BERTRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To 'fly the favours of so good a King!
To pluck his 'indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of 'empire!

The Clown returns.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Countess. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some 'comfort in the news, 'some comfort: your son will 'not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Countess. 'Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say 'I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. Here 'they come who[c] will tell you more; for 'my part, I only hear your son was run away. [Exit.

Helena, in great distress, and two Gentlemen, enter.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone! for ever gone!
Look on his letter, madam: here 's my passport.
[Reads.] "*When thou canst get the ring from*[d] *my finger, (which never shall come off,) then call me 'husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'*"
This is a dreadful sentence!

Countess. Brought 'you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;

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[a] the wide top of a high boot. [b] O. R. hold. [c] inserted word. [d] O. R. upon.

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Countess. I pr'ythee, daughter,[a] have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest 'all the griefs as thine,[b]
Thou robb'st 'me of a 'moiety. He 'was my son; . . .
But I do wash his name 'out of my blood,
And 'thou art all my child!—Towards Florence is he?
And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose.

Helena, almost blinded by her tears, continues to read:

Hel. "*Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*"
'T is bitter!

Countess. "Nothing in France, until he have 'no 'wife"!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him,
But 'only she; and she 'deserves a lord
That 'twenty such rude boys might 'tend upon,
And call her, hourly, mistress.—Who was with him?
Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Countess. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-descended[c] nature
With 'his inducement.—You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you 'see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never 'win
The honour that he 'loses: more I 'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along. Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. "Till I have 'no wife, I have 'nothing in France."
Thou 'shalt have none, Rousillon, none in 'France;
Then hast thou 'all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose thee
To the event of the none-sparing-war?
O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the volant[d] speed of fire,
Fly with 'false aim, and do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, 'I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
'I am the caitiff that do hold[e] him to it;
And, though I 'kill him not, I am the 'cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were,
I met the raven[f] lion, when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 't were,

---

[a] O. R. ladie. [b] O. R. all the greefes are thine. [c] O. R. deriued.
[d] flying, rapid (O. R. violent). [e] urge. [f] ravenous.

That 'all the miseries which Nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou 'home, Rousillon!
'I will be gone!
'My being here it is, that holds thee 'hence:
Shall I 'stay here to do 't? No, no, although
The air of 'Paradise did fan the house,
And 'angels officed all;[a] I will be gone,
That pitiful Rumour may 'report my flight,
To consolate[b] thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the 'dark, poor thief, I 'll 'steal away. [Exit.

Before her flight, Helena writes to the Countess:—stating her grief at being the cause of driving her husband from his own country; and proposing, as a penance, to undertake a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Jaques-le-Grand at Florence.

The young Count soon distinguishes himself, and is rapidly promoted to the rank of General. During his stay in Florence, he has, however, fallen in love with Diana, the daughter of a poor but worthy widow, belonging to one of the best families in the city.

The Scene is now 'without the Walls of Florence: scattered groups of people are waiting to see the returning troops pass; and among the crowd, we may recognize the Old Widow, her daughter Diana, and some gossiping neighbours and friends.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they 'do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the 'French Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that, with his own hand, he slew the Duke's brother.

Distant military music is heard.

We have 'lost our labour; they are gone a 'contrary way: hark! you may know by 'their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let 's return, and suffice ourselves with the 'report of it.—Well, Diana, take 'heed of this French Earl: no legacy is so rich as 'honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a 'filthy officer he is, in those suggestions[c] for the young Earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, and tokens.

---

[a] performed all menial duties. [b] comfort (console).
[c] temptations, hinted inducements.

Dia. You shall not need to fear 'me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a Pilgrim[a]; I know she will lodge[b] at my house; thither they send one another. I 'll question her.—

Helena enters in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Heaven save you, Pilgrim!—whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques-le-Grand.—
Where do the palmers[c] lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the "Saint Francis" here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you! [A march heard, afar off.
They come 'this way.—If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But till the troops come by, I will 'conduct you
Where you shall be lodged. You came, I think, from France?
Here you shall see a 'countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. . . . But by the 'ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His 'face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He 's bravely taken[d] here. He 'stole from France,
As 't is reported; for, the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere[e] the truth: . . . I know his 'lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but 'coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with 'him:
In argument of 'praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, 'she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reservéd 'honesty,—and that
I have not heard examined.[f]

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a 'detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right:[g] Good creature, 'wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly.—

---

[a] a devotee, travelling to some hallowed place, and carrying as an emblem a branch of palm. [b] O. R. lye. [c] pilgrims. [d] invited into high society. [e] merely.
[f] questioned, doubted. [g] O. R. I write good creature.

One of the Florentine regiments is passing, and we recognize the young Count and his unworthy companion Parolles.

Hel. Which is the 'Frenchman?

Dia. He with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he 'loved his wife. If he were 'honester,
He were much 'goodlier: Is 't not a 'handsome gentleman?

Hel. . . . I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond 's that same knave
That 'leads him to these places: were 'I his lady,
I 'd 'poison that vile rascal—that jack-an-apes with scarfs.
Look, he has spied us!

Diana is, however, pleased with the recognition, and keeps kissing her hand to him till her mother interferes. Alas! no possible flirtation now! The soldiers march onwards, the band playing the Florentine version of "The girl I left behind me."

Wid. The troop is past. Come, Pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host:[a] Of enjoined[b] penitents
There 's four or five, to Great-Saint-Jaques bound too,[c]
'Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To stay[d] with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for 'me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on[e] this maiden,
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

The braggart Captain Parolles has meanwhile been found out by his brother officers; and a plot is concocted by which his cowardice and treachery may be fully exposed. During some petty skirmish, a drum had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and Parolles considers its recovery a point of honour. Before the Camp at Florence, the young General Bertram is sharing a conversation with two French lords:

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord; in mine own direct knowledge,—without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman,—Parolles is a most notable 'coward, an infinite and endless 'liar, an hourly 'promise-breaker,—the owner of no one 'good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

---

[a] be received as a guest. [b] acting under orders. [c] inserted word. [d] Q. R. eate.
[e] Q. R. precepts of this virgin.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to 'try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch-off his drum—which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[a] of the 'adversaries, when we bring him to our 'own tents. Be but your lordship 'present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you,—and 'that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,—never trust my judgement in anything. Here he comes. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour[b] of his design: 'let him fetch-off his drum in any hand.

Parolles enters.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A plague on 't! let it go: 't is 'but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum! 'Is 't but a drum? A drum so 'lost!

Ber. Well, we cannot 'greatly condemn our success: 'some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum;—but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It 'is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact 'performer, 'I would have that drum or another, or . . . *hic jacet!*[c]

Ber. Why, if you think your mystery[d] in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its 'native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a 'worthy exploit: if you speed 'well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to 'you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost 'syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I 'will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now 'slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this 'evening: and, by midnight, look to hear further from me. I know not what the 'success will be, my lord; but the 'attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the 'possibility[e] of thy soldiership, will subscribe[f] for thee. Farewell.

---

[a] camp, stronghold. [b] O. R. honour. [c] "here lies" (a common inscription on a tombstone:) equal to—"Or may I die in the attempt!" [d] secret knowledge. [e] in opposition to probability. [f] attest, bear witness.

Par. . . . I love not many 'words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, vows[a] himself to do, and dares better be 'for-sworn[b] than to do 't?

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap[c] upon you two or three probable lies.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case[d] him. He was first smoked[e] by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he are[f] parted, tell me what a 'sprat you shall find him,—which you shall see this very night. [Exeunt.

In the hostelry, the Widow tells her pilgrim-lodger of the young Count's professions of love for Diana her daughter, and how he had solicited the girl to meet him that evening, as he was to leave Florence in the morning. Helena, grieved at this information, reveals her name and history; and suggests a plan by which she may, as the maiden's substitute, meet her faithless husband.

Hel. If you misdoubt me, that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well 'born,
Nothing acquainted with these 'businesses;
And would not put my reputation 'now
In any 'staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he 'is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel[g] I have spoken,
'Is so, from word to word. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far;
Which I will 'over-pay, and pay 'again,
When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,
Resolves to carry her: Let her, in fine, consent;
As we 'll direct her, how 't is best to bear it.
'Now, his important[h] blood will naught deny
That 'she 'll demand: A ring the County[i] wears,

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[a] O. R. damns. [b] O. R damned. [c] thrust, foist. [d] strip him of his skin.
[e] suspected. [f] O R. is. [g] having sworn you to secrecy.
[h] importunate. [i] Count Bertram.

That downward hath succeeded in his House[a]
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the 'first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To 'buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented 'after.

Wid. 'Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it 'lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter,—ere she 'seems as won,—
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter;[b]
In fine, delivers 'me to fill the time,—
Herself most chastely absent. After this,[c]
(To 'marry her,) I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is paid[d] already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my 'daughter of your personation;[e]
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To 'chide him from our eaves,[f] for he 'persists,
As if his 'life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, 'to-night
Let us assay[g] our plot; which, if it speed,
Is 'wicked meaning in a 'lawful deed,
And lawful 'meaning in a lawful 'act;
Where both 'not sin, and yet a 'sinful fact. [Exeunt.

Being fully informed of the plot, Diana consents to meet the Count, knowing that Helena was subsequently to take her place. She first asks the lover to give her his ring: he replies:

Ber. I 'll 'lend it thee; but have no power to 'give.
It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors;
Which 'twere[h] the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine 'honour 's such a ring:
My 'chastity 's the jewel of 'our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which 'twere[h] the greatest obloquy i' the world
In 'me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom

---

[a] family. [b] a place of meeting. [c] inserted word. [d] O. R. past.
[e] O R. how she shall perséver. [f] houses (edges of the roof). [g] put to the test.
[h] O. R. were.

Brings-in the champion Honour on 'my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here! 'take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by 'thee. [Exeunt.

The ring being thus obtained, she promises to return it; and, in due time, Helena redeems this promise by substituting the ring which the grateful King had, for her timely aid, presented to her.

Soon after, in another part of the Camp, we find the two French Lords already in waiting for Parolles, with several Soldiers whose assistance they have procured.

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand 'him,—unless some 'one among us, whom we must produce for an 'interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let 'me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not 'acquainted with him? knows he not thy 'voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey[a] hast thou to speak to 'us again?—He must think us some band of 'strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.[b] Now, he hath a smack[c] of all 'neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy: gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch,[d] ho! Here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and 'swear the lies he forges.

Parolles enters as they retire.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I 'say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to 'smoke[e] me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my 'tongue is too fool-hardy; but my 'heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the 'reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [Aside.] This is the 'first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

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[a] mixed jargon, gibberish. [b] pay. [c] slight knowledge. [d] conceal yourselves [e] suspect.

Par. What the mischief should move 'me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the 'impossibility, and knowing I had no such 'purpose? . . . I must give myself some 'hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet 'slight ones will not carry[a] it: they will say, "Came you off with so 'little?" and 'great ones I dare not give. Tongue, I must put you into a 'butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself 'another of Bajazet's mule,[b] if you prattle me into these perils. I would I had 'any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it!

The Officers now give their signal; and, with wild shouts, uttering unintelligible gibberish, the Soldiers rush on Parolles, seize and blindfold him.

1 *Lord. Throca movousus! cargo! cargo! cargo!*[c]
All. Cargo! cargo! villianda par corbo! cargo![c]
Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.
1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*[c]
Par. . . . I know, you are the 'Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let 'him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
1 *Sold. Boskos vauvado:*—[c]
'I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:[c]—Sir, betake thee to thy 'faith,[d]
For seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.
Par. Oh!
1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray!—
Manka revania dulche.[c] [To the first Lord.
1 *Lord. Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*[c]
1 *Sold.* The General is content to spare thee 'yet!
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform
Something to 'save thy life.
Par. O! 'let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll 'show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will 'wonder at.
1 *Sold.* But wilt thou 'faithfully?

[a] accomplish, effect. [b] mules have no voice. In Turkish history, there is a pompous narrative of Bajazet, the great Sultan, riding to the divan on a mule (A. D. 1390).
[c] nonsense words. [d] confession of faith.

Par. If I do not, hang me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta*,[a]—
Come on, thou art 'granted space. [Exeunt with Parolles guarded.

On the following morning, the young Count is in waiting to hear the examination of the blindfolded prisoner.

Ber. Come, bring forth this counterfeit module:[b] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth. [Exeunt Soldiers.] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave. He hath confessed himself to a fellow, (whom he supposes to be a Friar;) from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks: His confession is taken,[c] and it shall be read to his face.

The Soldiers re-enter, with Parolles still blindfolded.

1 *Lord.* Hoodman[d] comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*[a]

1 *Sold.* He calls for the 'tortures:[e] What will you say 'without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know 'without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no 'more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*[a]

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*[a]

1 *Sold.* You are a 'merciful General.—Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And 'truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* [Reading.] "First, How many 'horse is the Duke of Florence strong?"

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "What strength are they 'afoot?"

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live only[f] this present hour, I will tell true. The muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll;[g] 'half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[h] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

1 *Lord.* Demand of him 'my condition.[i] "Whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman? What is his 'reputation with the Duke? what his valour,

---

[a] nonsense words. [b] pretended pattern of a true man. [c] taken down in writing.
[d] the blinded person in the game of Hoodman blind (blind man's buff).
[e] instruments of torturing. [f] inserted word. [g] persons. [h] loose coats.
[i] rank and character.

honesty, and expertness in wars? or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt?"

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the 'particular of the inter'gatories:[a] Demand them 'singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you 'know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's[b] 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for kidnapping a calf;[c] a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. [Dumain starts up angrily.

1 *Sold.* What is his 'reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a 'poor officer of mine; and writ to me, this other day, to turn him out o' the ranks:[d] I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not 'know: either it is 'there, or it is upon a 'file, with the Duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* [After searching.] Here 't is: here 's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. . . . I do not know if it be it, or no.

1 *Sold.* [Reads.] "*Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold,*"—

Par. That is not the 'Duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement[e] to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy. [Bertram starts up angrily.] I pray you, sir, put it up again. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a 'dangerous fellow.

The Count is now in his turn so angry that the Officer whispers to the blind-folded wretch:

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our General's looks, we shall be fain to 'hang you.

Par. [Falls on his knees.] O, my 'life, sir, in any case! Not that I am 'afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me 'live, sir,—in a 'dungeon,—i' the 'stocks,—or 'anywhere, so I may live!

1 *Sold.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess 'freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his 'reputation with the Duke, and to his 'valour: what is his 'honesty?

---

[a] interrogatories. [b] tailor (for mending only). [c] substituted words. [d] O. R. band. [e] warning notice.

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.[a] He professes not 'keeping of oaths; in 'breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will 'lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think Truth were a 'Fool. Drunkenness is his 'best virtue; for he will be 'swine-drunk; but they know his conditions, and lay him in 'straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his 'honesty: he has everything that an honest man should 'not have; what an honest man 'should have, he has 'nothing.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this 'poor price, I need not ask you if 'gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue[b] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation.

1 *Sold.* What 's his 'brother, the 'other Captain Dumain!

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in 'goodness, but greater a great deal in 'evil. He excels his brother for a 'coward; yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a 'retreat, he outruns any lackey;[c] marry, in coming-'on, he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to 'betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

The Soldier whispers to the Count: then addresses the prisoner:

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must 'die. The General says, you,—that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held,—can serve the world for no 'honest use; therefore you 'must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O, sir! let me live! or let me 'see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.] So, look about you: know you any here?

All laugh at the trembling wretch:

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain!

2 *Lord.* Heaven bless you, Captain Parolles!

1 *Lord.* Heaven save you, noble Captain!

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a 'copy of the

[a] that is, he will steal the merest trifle even from the most sacred places.
[b] *quart d'écu*, the fourth part of a French gold crown. [c] foot-boy.

sonnet you writ to Diana, in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'd 'compel it of you. But fare you well. Ha! ha! ha!

[Exeunt Bertram, Frenchmen, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, Captain!

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a 'plot?
Yet am I thankful: If my heart were great,
'T would 'burst at this. 'Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep, as soft
As Captain shall. Who knows himself a 'braggart,
Let him fear this—for it will come to pass,—
That 'every braggart shall be found an 'ass. [Exeunt.

The meeting of the Count with his counterfeit Diana takes place during the darkness of the night. Helena then causes intelligence to be conveyed to him that his wife is dead; hoping, by this falsehood, that he may be induced to marry 'her, when she presents herself as Diana. Helena says to the Old Widow:

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world[a]
Shall be my surety: 'fore whose throne, 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
His Grace is now[b] at Marseilles;[c] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am reported[d] dead: the army breaking,[e]
My husband hies him 'home; where, (Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,)
We 'll be, 'before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a 'servant, to whose trust
Your business was 'more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,[f]
Ever a 'friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought 'me up to be your daughter's dower,[g]
As it hath fated 'her to be my motive[h]
And helper to a husband.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, 'yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and 'honesty

---

[a] the French King: "the eldest Son of the Church."
[b] interpolated word. [c] (in the folio pronounced as a trisyllable, Marcella), a city in the South of France, on the Mediterranean. [d] O. R. supposed. [e] breaking up, being disbanded. [f] O. R. Nor your mistris. [g] dowry (giver of the marriage-gift).
[h] one that moves to action.

Go with your impositions,[a] I am yours
Upon your 'will to suffer.
Hel. 'Yet, I pray you:
But, with the word, the time will bring on Summer,
When briars shall have 'leaves as well as 'thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives[b] us:
"ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL": still the 'fine 's[c] the 'crown;
Whate'er the 'course, the 'end is the renown. [Exeunt.

Accompanied by the Widow, and Diana her daughter, Helena proceeds to Paris, and, hearing that the King had gone to visit the old Countess, they all follow to her residence. There all are lamenting the death of Helena; and her husband is already willing to take a second wife—the daughter of old Lord Lafeu: there are many perplexities and contradictions to be cleared, however, before the name of the Comedy—"All 's well that ends well"—can be justified.

The last Scene is in the old Countess's palace at Rousillon. Before us are the King, the Countess, old Lord Lafeu, and others. The King addresses the Countess:

King. We lost a 'jewel in[d] her, and our esteem[e]
Was made much poorer by it: but your 'son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.[f]
Countess. 'T is 'past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to 'pardon it.
King. I 'have forgiven and forgotten all;—
Though my revenges 'were high-bent upon him,
And watched the time to 'shoot.

Old Lord Lafeu respectfully adds:

Laf. This I must say:—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did, to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to 'himself
The greatest wrong of all: He lost a 'wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of 'richest eyes; whose words 'all ears took captive:
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorned to 'serve
Humbly called 'mistress.
King. Praising what is 'lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither.

---

[a] demands (instructions). [b] rouses us up. [c] the end (*finis coronat opus*).
[d] O. R. of. [e] estimate of her value. [f] to its full extent.

We are reconciled, and the 'first 'view shall kill
All 'repetition.[a]—Let him not 'ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is 'dead;
And, 'deeper than oblivion, we do bury
The incensing[b] relics of it: Let him approach,
A 'stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 't is our 'will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. [To Lafeu.] What says he to your 'daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your 'highness.

King. Then shall we have a 'match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

The young Count Bertram approaches:

Laf. He looks 'well on 't.

King. 'I am not a day of season;[c]
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at 'once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou 'forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. [Kneeling.] My high-repented[d] blames, dear sovereign, pardon?

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the 'consumèd time.—
You remember the 'daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my 'tongue:
Thence it came, that she,—whom all men praised,
And whom myself, (since I have lost,) have loved,—
Was, in mine eye, the 'dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou 'didst love her, strikes some scores[e] away
From the great compt.[f] "That 's 'good, that 's 'gone."
Be this sweet Helen's knell, . . . and now, 'forget her!—
Send forth your amorous token for fair 'Maudlin![g]

Lafeu now advances to Bertram:

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my House's name
Must be digested;[h] give a favour[i] from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

---

[a] that is, our first interview will destroy all recollection of the past.
[b] smouldering (exasperating).
[c] a seasonable day: of steady weather.
[d] repented to the utmost.
[e] items, particulars of an account.
[f] account, reckoning.
[g] the name of the new bride (Lord Lafeu's daughter).
[h] assimilated.
[i] token of affection.

That she may 'quickly come. [Bertram gives a ring to Lafeu.]—By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; 'such a ring as this,
The last time that she took her leave at Court,[a]
I saw upon her finger.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for 'mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to 't. . . .
This ring was 'mine! and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that, by this token,
I would 'relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave[b] her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to 'take it so,
The ring was 'never hers!

The surprised Countess expostulates:

Count. Son, on my life,
I have 'seen her wear it; and she reckoned it
At her 'life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, 'I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived: my lord, she never 'saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged:[c] but, when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
She ceased, in heavy[d] satisfaction;
And never would receive the ring again.

King. Plutus[e] himself,—
That knows the tinct[f] and multiplying medicine,[g]—
Hath not, in 'Nature's mystery, more science
Than 'I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it 'you.
'Confess 't was hers; and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to 'yourself, or sent it 'us
Upon some[h] great disaster.

Ber. She 'never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it 'falsely, as I love mine honour;

---

[a] O. R. The last that e'er I tooke her leaue at Court. [b] denrive (bereave).
[c] plighted to her (O. R. ingaged). [d] dejected. [e] the god of riches.
[f] tincture (peculiar quality). [g] the philosopher's stone—a dream of the alchemists—which, by its touch, would transmute the base metals into gold. [h] O. R. her.

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. Thou didst 'hate her 'deadly,
And she 'is dead! which nothing, but to close
Her eyes 'myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was 'ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I married her 'again, in Florence,—
Where yet she never was.

The Count is led out guarded.—A Gentleman enters.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine [presenting a paper.
Who now attends: Her business looks in her
With an importing[a] visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief,[b] it did concern
Your 'Highness, with 'herself.

King. [Reads.] "*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, he won me. Now 'is the Count Roussillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to 'me He stole from 'Florence, taking no leave; and I follow him to 'his country for justice. Grant it me, O King! in you it best lies.* DIANA CAPILET."

The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.— Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the Count. [Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.
[To the Countess.] I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was 'foully snatched.—

Bertram re-enters guarded.

I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you 'fly them as you swear them lordship,[d]
'Yet you desire to 'marry.—

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Descended from the ancient Capulet:[e]
My suit, as I do understand, you 'know,—
And therefore know how far I may be 'pitied.

Wid. I am her 'mother, sir; whose age and honour

[a] denoting something important. [b] short narrative (in a few words.
[c] since (O. R) sir. [d] protection. [e] O. R deriuéd from the ancient Capilet.

Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall 'die[a] without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count. Do you 'know these women?

Ber. . . . My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
'But that I know them. Do they charge me 'further?

Diana timidly asks the Count:

Dia. . . . Why do you look so strange upon your 'wife?

Ber. She 's 'none of mine, my lord!

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away that hand—and it is 'mine[b]!
You give away heaven's 'vows—and 'those are mine!
You give away myself—which is 'known mine!

Ber. My lord, this is a fond[c] and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than to believe[d] that I would sink it 'here.

King. Sir, for 'my thoughts, you have them 'ill to friend,
Till your 'deeds gain them. What say'st thou to her charge?[e]

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord;
And was a common by-word to the camp.

Dia. . . . He does me 'wrong, my lord. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,[f]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He 'gave it, as a surety of his faith.[g]

The old Countess at once recognizes the ring as her chief family relic:

Countess. He blushes, and 't is his[h]!
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferred by testament to the sequent heirs,[i]
Hath still been owed and worn. This is his 'wife!
That ring 's a 'thousand proofs!

King. [To Diana.] Methought you said,
You saw one here in Court could witness it?

Dia. I did, my lord; but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.

King. Find him, and bring him hither. [Exit Attendant.

Bertram impatiently interposes:

Ber. What of 'him?
He 's quoted[j] for a most perfidious slave,

---

[a] O. R. cease. [b] O. R. You giue away this hand, and that is mine. [c] crazed, foolish.
[d] O. R. then for to thinke [e] inserted word. [f] value. [g] six inserted words
[h] O. R. hit. [i] O. R. issue. [j] noted.

Whose nature 'sickens but to speak a 'truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what 'he 'll utter,
That will speak 'anything?

King. She hath that ring of 'yours?

Ber. I 'think she has: certain it is, I liked her,
And courted[a] her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her 'distance; but, in fine, my liege,[b]
Her infinite cunning,[c] with her modern grace,[d]
Subdued me to her rate: she 'got the ring!

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turned-off[e] a 'first so noble wife,
May justly diet[f] 'me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for 'your ring, and give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. 'What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon 'your finger.

King. Know you 'this ring? this ring 'was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him.

King. The story then goes false! You 'threw it him,
Out of a 'casement?

Dia. . . . I have spoke the 'truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was 'hers.

King. You boggle[g] shrewdly; every feather starts you.

Re-enter Attendant with Parolles.

—Is 'this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. [To Par.] Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me 'true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master—
(Which, on your 'just proceeding, I 'll keep off)
Of him, and of this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master 'hath been an 'honourable gentleman: 'tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he 'love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he loved her,—and he loved her 'not.

King. As 'thou art a knave, and 'no knave!—What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a 'poor man, and at your majesty's command. I 'know more than I 'll 'speak.

---

[a] O. R. boarded. [b] two inserted words. [c] O. R. her insuits comming.
[d] graceful accomplishments. [e] O R. you that have turned off.
[f] prescribed for (direct.) [g] blunder, hesitate.

King. But wilt thou not speak 'all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I 'did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was 'mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of his promising her 'marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore, I will 'not speak what I know.
King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they 'are married. But thou are too fine[a] in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside!—[Parolles retires.] [To Diana.] 'This ring, you say, was 'yours?
Where did you 'buy it? or who 'gave it you?
Dia. It was 'not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who 'lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you 'find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by 'none of all these ways,
How could you 'give it him?
Dia. I 'never gave it him.
Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.
King. This ring was 'mine: I gave it his 'first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.
King. Take her away: I do not like her now.—
Unless thou tell'st me 'where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour!
Dia. I 'll 'never tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I 'll put-in 'bail, my liege.
King. Wherefore hast thou 'accused him all this while?
Dia. Because he 's 'guilty—and he is 'not guilty.
King. She does 'abuse our ears. To prison with her!
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [Exit Widow.]—Stay, royal sir:
The jeweller, that owns[b] the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,—
Who hath 'abused me, (as he knows himself,)
Though yet he never 'harmed me—here I 'quit[c] him.
So there 's my riddle,—one that 's 'dead, is 'quick;
And now 'behold the meaning!

The Old Widow re-enters with Helena.

King. . . . Is there no exorcist[d]

[a] tricky, full of finesse. [b] O. R. owes. [c] O. R. acquit.
[d] enchanter (who can raise spirits).

Beguiles the 'truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't 'real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'T is but the 'shadow of a wife you see;
The 'name, and not the thing.

Count Bertram exclaims in astonishment and remorse:

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, there is your 'ring again.
And, look you, here 's your 'letter; this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring"—
See! it is done:
Will you be 'mine, now you are 'doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly! ever! 'ever dearly!

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
'Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
. . . O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Old Lord Lafeu can scarce restrain his emotion:

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions! I shall weep anon.—[To Par.]
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, . . . I thank thee. Wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are 'scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[To Diana.] If thou be'st yet a fresh unplighted flower,
'Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
'All yet seems 'well; and, if it 'end so meet,
The 'bitter 'past, more welcome is the 'sweet. [Flourish.

The King advances to speak the Epilogue:

The King 's a 'beggar, now the play is done.
"All is 'well ended," if 'this suit be won,—
That you express 'content; which we will pay
With strife to please you, day 'exceeding day:
Ours be your 'patience then, and yours our 'parts;
Your gentle 'hands lend us,—and take our 'hearts!

[Exeunt.

End of All 's Well That Ends Well.

THE
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

There is now to be easily obtained a copy of an old play called "The Taming of a Shrew," which was first printed in 1594,[a] and again in 1596 and 1607. The authorship of this earlier play has never been ascertained; but it is possible (as a German critic[b] supposes,) that it may have been a youthful production of Shakespeare himself. It cannot now be determined at what time Shakespeare's version was first performed, but its earliest printed appearance was in the folio of 1623. In both plays, we have, with very little change, almost the same plot—the same characters, but under different names—very often the same language,—and more frequently the same ideas; but refined and improved by greater wealth of wit, smoother versification, and freer poetical expansion. If these statements detract from Shakespeare's originality, they heighten our admiration of his exquisite art, in beautifying whatever he touched; and of his peculiar genius, in filling up another's outline with felicities of thought, expression, and character, entirely his own.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

In the Induction:

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, *and Servants.*

In the Comedy:

Baptista, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*[c]
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*[d]
Lucentio, *Son to Vincentio.*
Petrucio,[e] *a Gentleman of Verona.*
Gremio, Hortensio, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to Petrucio.*
Katharina,[f] Bianca, } *Daughters to Baptista.*
A Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants.

Scene—Sometimes in Padua,[c] and sometimes in Petrucio's House in the Country.

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[a] The following is the title-page of this anonymous play: "A plesant conceited Historie called The taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants . . . 1594." The authorship has been assigned by some critics to Philip Marlowe: by others, to Robert Greene, to George Peele, or to Thomas Kyd.

[b] Ludwig Tieck, born 1773—died 1853.

[c] a city in Lombardy, on the Brenta.

[d] a city in Tuscany, on the Arno.

[e] O. R. Petruchio (spelt so throughout the Comedy).

[f] the Italian name is Caterina.

INDUCTION.

We have before us a Village Ale-house in a sporting country: outside the door stand the Hostess and Christopher Sly,—a drunken travelling Tinker, noisy at being refused more liquor:

Sly. I 'll 'pheese[a] you, in faith!

Host. A pair of stocks,[b] you rogue!

Sly. Ye 're a baggage: the Slys are 'no rogues; look in the Chronicles,—we came-in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[c] let the world slide.[d] *Sessa!*[e]

Host. You 'will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[f]

Sly. No, not a denier.[g] "Go by," says[h] Saint Jeronimy:[i] "go to thy cold bed, and warm thee."

Host. I know my 'remedy: I must go fetch the 'third-borough.[j] [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or 'fifth-borough, I 'll answer him by 'law. I 'll not budge an 'inch, boy: 'let him come, and kindly.[k]

The drunken sot lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Here a Lord enters, followed by his Huntsmen. After giving some directions, he sees the Pedlar lying on the ground:

Lord. What 's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with 'ale,
This were a bed but 'cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O, monstrous 'beast! how like a 'swine he lies!
Grim Death, how foul and loathsome is thine 'image!—
Sirs, I will 'practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were conveyed to 'bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious 'banquet by his bed,
And brave[l] attendants near him when he wakes,—
Would not the beggar then 'forget himself?

2 *Hun.* It would seem 'strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering 'dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage 'well the jest.
Carry him gently to my 'fairest chamber;

---

[a] scratch your head (as with a comb). [b] a wooden frame, with holes for the hands and feet, in which petty offenders were exposed. [c] few words. [d] let things go as they may. [e] be quiet, "shut up!" [f] broken. [g] the twelfth part of a French penny. [h] inserted word. [i] confounding Jeronimo (Hieronymo)—a character in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," 1591,—with St. Jerome [j] a petty constable (O. R. head-borough). [k] welcome. [l] showily dressed

Balm his foul head with warm distillèd waters,
And burn sweet wood, to make the 'lodging sweet:
Procure me music, ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet[a] and a 'heavenly sound;
And if he chance to 'speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, "'What is it that your honour will command?"
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him, 'what apparel he will wear?
Another tell him of his 'hounds and 'horse,
And that his 'Lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been 'lunatic;
And, when he says he 's poor[b],— say, that he 'dreams,
For he is nothing but a 'mighty 'lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[c] gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing[d] excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[e]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office[f] when he wakes.

The pedlar-man is carried to his Lordship's residence, when a trumpet is heard, announcing the arrival of a company of Players; whose services are at once secured to carry on the joke. His Lordship says to the assembled Comedians:

Lord. Sirs, you are come to me in 'happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning[g] can assist me much. . . .
There is a 'Lord will hear you play to-night;—
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some 'merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should 'smile, he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic[h] in the world.

Lord. [To Servant.] Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[i]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[Ex. Serv. and Players.
[To Servant.] Sirrah, go 'you to Barthol'mew my Page,

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[a] sweet. [b] inserted word (O. R. when he says he is). [c] politely, with good humour.
[d] exceedingly. [e] managed with moderation. [f] special employment, duty.
[g] skill (in acting). [h] a ridiculous fellow,—a buffoon. [i] the butler's pantry.

And see him dressed in all suits like a 'lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him "Madam;" do him due[a] obeisance:
Tell him from me, As he will win my love,
He bear himself with 'honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble 'ladies.
Bid him shed tears, as being 'overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health:
Who for twice[b] seven years hath esteemed himself[c]
No better than a poor and loathsome 'beggar.
And if the boy hath not a 'woman's gift
To rain a shower of 'commanded tears,
An 'onion[d] will do well for such a shift,[e]
Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall in despite 'enforce a watery eye.— [Exit Servant.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, "Husband!"
And how my men will 'stay themselves from laughter,
When they do 'homage to this simple peasant!
I 'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence there[f]
May well 'abate the over-merry spleen[g]
Which, otherwise, would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber in his Lordship's House. Sly is discovered, in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances: His Lordship himself, dressed like a Servant, is in waiting.

Sly. For goodness' sake, a pot of small-ale!

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of 'sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these 'conserves?

3 *Serv.* What 'raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. . . . . I am Christophero Sly; call me not "honour," nor "lordship:" I ne'er drank 'sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of 'beef. Ne'er ask me what 'raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, 'more feet than shoes—or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,

---

[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. this. [c] O. R esteeméd him. [d] an onion enables the actress to shed real tears. [e] strategic resources. [f] inserted word.
[g] humour, laughter, (the spleen is a spongy organ situated below the diaphragm, formerly supposed to be the exciting cause of laughter, anger, melancholy, &c.).

Should be infuséd with so foul a spirit!

Sly. . . . What! would you make me 'mad? Am not I Christopher Sly,—old Sly's son, of Burton Heath?[a] by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[b] if she know me not: if 'she say, I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale,[c] score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught.[d]

1 *Serv.* O, 'this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

The merry Master obsequiously addresses the dazed drunkard

Lord. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy 'birth;
Call home thy 'ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject 'lowly dreams.
Thou art a 'lord, and nothing 'but a lord:
Thou hast a 'Lady,—far more beautiful
Than 'any woman in this waning age.

Sly. . . . 'Am I a lord? and have I such a 'lady?
Or do I 'dream? or have I dreamed 'till now?
I do not 'sleep; I 'see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord 'indeed,
And 'not a tinker; no,[e] nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady 'hither, to our sight; . . .
And once again, a 'pot 'o the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.

O, how we joy to see your wit 'restored!
These 'fifteen years you have been in a 'dream.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay,[f] a goodly nap.
But did I never 'speak, of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very 'idle words;
For, though you lay 'here, in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were 'beaten out-of-door,
And rail upon the Hostess of the house,
And say you would present[g] her at the leet,[h]
Because she brought 'stone jugs and no 'sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's-maid of the house.

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[a] probably Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire. [b] probably a corruption of Wilnecot (near Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare's mother had lived). [c] unmixed ale—the brewers' "entire." [d] crazy (distracted). [e] inserted word. [f] faith. [g] accuse. [h] an old court—usually held by the Lord of the Manor.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know 'no house, nor no such maid.
Sly. Heaven make me thankful[a] for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

The Page enters, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.—Where is my 'wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?
Sly. . . . Are 'you my wife, and will not call me 'husband? My 'men should call me "'lord": I am your good-'man.
Page. My husband, and my lord—my lord and husband! I 'am your wife, in all obedience.
Sly. . . . I know it well.—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. 'Alice madam? or 'Joan madam?
Lord. 'Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam-wife, they say that I have 'dreamed,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems 'thirty unto 'me,—
Being all this time 'abandoned from my lord!

A Servant enters.

Serv. Your honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood;
Therefore they thought it good you hear a 'play.
Sly. Marry, I will; 'let them play it.[b] Is not a commonty[c] a Christmas[d] gambol, or a tumbling-trick?
Page. No, my good lord: it is more 'pleasing stuff.
Sly. What? 'household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of 'history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

They sit down; and, while the drunken pedlar often ogles his wife and swills his ale, the Comedy begins.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The play opens by presenting to our view a Public Place in Milan—where we see two strangers standing—Signior Lucentio

[a] thankéd. [b] O. R. Marrie, I will let them play. [c] a mistake for comedy
[d] Christmas sports were common, being presided over by a personage called the Lord of Misrule (or Master of the Revels).

and Tranio. Lucentio is a young gentleman of Florence, who has come to study philosophy: and Tranio is his servant. While they are standing in the street, awaiting the arrival of Biondello, (another servant,) a wealthy citizen named Baptista, and his two fair daughters, Katharine the shrew, and the amiable Bianca, attended by Signiors Gremio and Hortensio—rival suitors for Bianca's hand—are approaching, engaged in a loud and lively conversation: so that Signior Lucentio and his Servant cannot avoid overhearing them. At last Baptista, the young ladies' father, turns sharply on these youthful wooers:

Bap. Gentlemen both,[a] impórtune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved, you 'know;
That is—not to bestow my 'youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the 'elder.
If 'either of you-both love 'Katharina,
Leave shall you have to court 'her at your pleasure.

Gremio mutters:

Gre. To 'cart her rather: she 's too rough for 'me.—
There—there—Hortensio! will 'you any wife?

Katharine turns to her father, naturally objecting to such a compact:

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a 'stale[b] of me amongst these mates?[c]

Hortensio replies:

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for 'you,—
Unless you were of gentler, 'milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, 'you shall never need to fear:
I wis,[d] it is not 'half-way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be—
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a 'fool!
Gre. [Expostulating.] Why will you mew the fair[e] Bianca up,
And make her bear the penance of her 'sister?[f]
Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.
And for I know, 'she taketh most delight
In Music-instruments, and Poetry,[g]
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer[h] them hither; for to 'skilful[i] men

[a] inserted word. [b] common jest (or, from the game of chess, stale mate).
[c] low fellows. [d] I think. [e] O. R. mew (shut) her up. [f] O. R. tongue.
[g] O. R. in Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry. [h] address, direct. [i] O. R. cunning.

I will be very kind, and liberal:
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may 'stay,
For I have 'more to commune with 'Bianca. [Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may 'go, too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to 'take, and what to 'leave? Ha! ha!
[Exit.

Gre. Go![a] you may go to the . . . ah![a] 'your gifts[b] are so good, here 's none will hold[c] you. Hortensio, we may blow our nails[d] together, and 'fast it fairly out:[e] our cake 's dough,[f] on 'both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can, by 'any means, light on a fit man to teach her, I will wish[g] him to her father.

Hor. So will 'I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. It toucheth us 'both, that we may yet 'again have access to our fair mistress, to labour and effect 'one thing specially—to 'get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband? a devil! Think'st thou, Hortensio, 'though her father be very rich, 'any man is so very a fool to be married to 'her?[h]

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass 'your patience and 'mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world (an a man could light on them) 'would take her—with all faults . . . 'and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but 'I had as lief[i] take her dowry with 'this condition—to be whipped[j] at the High-Cross[k] every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say: there 's small choice in 'rotten apples. But, come; since this bar[l] in law makes us 'friends, it shall be so far forth friendly 'maintained; till, by helping Baptista's 'eldest daughter 'to a husband, we set his youngest free 'for a husband;—and then, have to 't afresh!—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![m] He that runs 'fastest gets the ring.[n] How say 'you, Signior, Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin 'his wooing that would

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[a] inserted word. [b] talents, abilities. [c] restrain, prevent. [d] as people with cold hands do. [e] get rid of our love by fasting. [f] we have both failed in our baking. [g] recommend. [h] O. R. hell. [i] willingly. [j] vagrants and petty offenders were legally whipped, "till their bodies shall be bloody." [k] the public Market-place. [l] hindrance. [m] a proverb signifying, "Happiness be his allotted portion." [n] a ring is a commonprize at athletic games, such as running, &c.

'thoroughly woo her, and wed her,—and rid the house of her. Come on.— [Exeunt Gre. and Hor.

Lucentio has anxiously listened to this conversation, for he also is desperately love-stricken with the fair and fascinating Bianca. His talkative servant, Tranio, asks him:

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should, of a 'sudden, take such hold?
Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be 'true,
I never thought it 'possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking-on,
I found the 'effect of love-in-idleness.[a]
'Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou 'canst:
'Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou 'wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to 'chide you now;
I pray awake, sir: If you 'love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to 'achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,[b]
That, till the father rid his hands of 'her,
Master, 'your love must live a maid at home.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a 'cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised,[c] he took some care
To get her clever Masters[d] to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 'tis 'plotted!
Luc. . . . 'I have it, Tranio!
Tra. Master, for my hand,
'Both our inventions meet and jump in 'one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. 'You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid!
That 's 'your device?
Luc. It is: may it be 'done?
Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear 'your part,
And be, in Padua here, Vincentio's son?
Luc. *Basta!*[e] content thee; for I have it 'full.
'Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[f] and servants, as 'I should.—
'T is hatched, and 'shall be so!—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take 'my coloured[g] hat and cloak;
When Biondello comes, he waits on 'thee,
But I will charm[h] him, first, to keep his tongue.

---

[a] the pansy, or heart's ease (love-in-idle) was supposed to exercise a magic charm over the affections. [b] ill-tempered and shrewish. [c] informed, aware.
[d] O. E. To get her cunning schoolemasters. [e] enough. [f] show, stylish appearance.
[g] of a gay colour. [h] persuade (with a bribe).

While they are exchanging garments, Biondello is sauntering along.

Here 'comes the rogue. [Biondello enters.]—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are 'you? . . . [Seeing the change of garments.
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? Pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest:
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts 'my apparel and my countenance[a] on,
And I, for my escape, have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on 'him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
Now not a jot of 'Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into 'Lucentio.
One thing more rests, that 'thyself execute;—
Make one among these wooers. If thou ask me 'why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.—

[Exeunt.

In consequence of his repeated drinks, the drowsy Tinker can scarcely keep awake. One of the servants endeavours to rouse him:

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. . . . A good matter, surely: comes there any 'more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but 'begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; . . . Would 't were done! [Yawning and falling asleep.

The Comedy proceeds. Two other strangers come along the street: they are Signior Petrucio, a handsome young fortune-hunter from Verona, and his servant Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave
To see my friends in 'Padua; but, of all,
My best belovéd and approvéd friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock;—knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! 'whom should I knock? is there any man has abused[b] your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here 'soundly!

---

[a] appearance. [b] O. R. rebused.

Gru. Knock 'you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that 'I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this 'gate;
And rap me well, or 'I 'll knock your knave's 'pate.
'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll 'not knock, I 'll 'wring it:
I 'll try how you can 'cry[a] *sol-fa*,[b] and 'sing it. [He wrings Grumio's ears.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad!

Hortensio comes out of the house:

Hor. How now? what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio? and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona? Rise, Grumio, rise: we will 'compound[c] this quarrel.

Gru. Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a 'servant to use his 'master so?

Pet. O, senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your 'gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the 'gate?—O master!
Spake you not these words 'plain,—"Sirrah, knock 'me here,
Rap 'me here! knock 'me well, and knock 'me soundly?"
And come you now with—knocking at the 'gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone! or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petrucio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge;[d]
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.—
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to 'Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,[e]
Haply, to wive, and thrive, as best I may.

Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come frankly[f] to thee,
And wish[d] thee to a shrew'd[g] ill-favoured wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a 'little for my counsel;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be 'rich,
And 'very rich: . . . but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll 'not wish[h] thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One 'rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,

---

[a] inserted word. [b] notes of the musical scale. [c] compromise.
[d] surety (for good behaviour). [e] labyrinth (city of winding streets). [f] O. E. roundly.
[g] shrewish. [h] recommend.

Be she as old as Sibyl,[a] and as curst
As Socrates' Xantippe,[b] or a 'worse;—
She checks[c] me not,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:[d]
I come to wive it 'wealthily, in Padua;
If wealthily, then 'happily, in Padua.

Hor. I 'can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,[e]
And shrewd, and froward; 'so beyond all measure,
'I would not wed her for a 'mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! 'thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her 'father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board[f] her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
'Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua . . . for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her 'father, though I know not 'her;
I will not 'sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
I pray you to accompany me[g] thither.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio; I 'must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep[h] 'my treasure is,—
His 'youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,—
And her withholds, from me and other more;[i]
Supposing it a thing impossible
That ever 'Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista given,[j]—
That none shall have access unto 'Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

It is now arranged between the two friends that, when Petrucio is introduced as a suitor to Katharine, he will recommend Hortensio,—disguised, of course—as a Music-Master for Bianca; so that, by this device, his friend may unsuspectedly continue his courtship.

As they are going away, they meet the disguised Gremio, with his disguised master, Signior Lucentio—who is to be introduced as a Tutor, (well read in Ovid's "Art of Love," and other such studies,)

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[a] an aged Grecian (or Roman) prophetess. [b] the shrewish wife of Socrates, the Athenian philosopher. [c] O. R. moues. [d] the Gulf of Venice (Sea of Adria).
[e] ill-tempered. [f] attack. [g] O R. Vnlesse you wil accompanie me.
[h] custody, stronghold. [i] other more suitors. [j] O. R. tane.

to conjugate *amo, amas.*—Hortensio at once presents Signior Petrucio:

Hor. Here is a gentleman
Will undertake to 'woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to 'marry her,—if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so 'done, is well.—
But 'will you woo this wild-cat, Signior?
Pet. Will I 'live?
Why came I hither, 'but to that intent?
Think you, a 'little din can daunt 'mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard 'lions roar?
Have I not heard the 'sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with its[a] sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the 'field,
And 'Heaven's artillery thunder in the 'skies?
Have I not oft,[b] in a pitched battle, heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a 'woman's 'tongue,—
That gives not 'half so great a blow to the ear,[c]
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[d] Come, let 's away.[e]
[Exeunt.

The money-hunting Petrucio thus loses no time in waiting on old Signior Baptista, that he may obtain formal permission to woo the young lady. He is accompanied by the disguised Lucentio and Hortensio; but he is anxious to be "first in the field," and therefore at once plausibly addresses his would-be father-in-law:

Pet. Heaven save you, sir. . . . Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I 'have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Pet. . . . I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a 'forward guest:
And, for an 'entrance to my entertainment,[f]
I do present you with a friend[g] of mine, [Presenting Hortensio.
Cunning[h] in Music and the Mathematics:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap. 'You 're welcome, sir; and 'he, for your good sake!
But, for my daughter, Katharine, . . . this I know,

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[a] inserted word. [b] inserted word. [c] O. R. That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare. [d] frighten boys with bugbears. [e] three inserted words.
[f] for a beginning to my hospitable reception. [g] O. R. man. [h] skilful.

She is not for 'your turn,—the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to 'part with her;
Or else you like not of 'my company?

Bap. Mistake me not; . . . I speak but as I 'find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I knew[a] him well: you are welcome for 'his sake.

Gremio advances with the disguised Lucentio.

Gre. Neighbour Baptista, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the 'like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholden[b] to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio], that hath been long studying at Rheims;[c] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in Music and Mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A 'thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.
Take 'you [to Hor.] the lute, and 'you [to Luc.] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils 'presently.
Holla, within! [A Servant enters.] Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their 'tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Serv., with Hor., Luc., and Bion.

The wily Petrucio is anxious, before he goes farther, to hear something of 'money from the old gentleman:

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh 'haste,
And 'every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and, in him, 'me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have 'bettered, rather than decreased;
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What 'dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. . . . After my 'death, the one half of my lands;
And, in 'possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, 'for that dowry, 'I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[d] (be it that she survive me,)
In all 'my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties[e] be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

---

[a] O. R. know. [b] O. R. beholding. [c] a city of France (dep. Marne) famous for its University, founded 1547. [d] widow's rights, allowance as a widow. [e] contracts, agreements by deed.

Bap. Ay, when the 'special thing is well obtained,—
My daughter's love; for that is 'all-in-all.
Pet. Why, that is 'nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as 'peremptory, as she 'proud-minded;
And where two raging fires thus[a] meet together,
They do 'consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though 'little fire grows great with little 'wind,
Yet extreme 'gusts will blow-out fire and all;
So I to 'her, and so she yields to 'me;—
For I am rough, and woo not like a 'babe.
Bap. 'Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof,[b] as 'mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow 'perpetually.

This daring dowry-monger receives another warning before he ventures on his amorous encounter; for Hortensio, who has been endeavouring to give Katharine a lesson in music, comes-in with his head broken:

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For 'fear, I promise you, if I 'do[c] look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think, she 'll sooner prove a 'soldier:
'Iron may hold with her, but never 'lutes.
Bap. Why, then, thou 'canst not break[d] her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to 'me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[e]
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, shrewish spirit,
"Frets call you these?" quoth she; "I 'll 'fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazéd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking 'through the lute;
While she did call me, "Rascal fiddler,"
And "Twangling[f] Jack,"[g] with 'twenty such vile terms
As she had[h] 'studied to misuse me so.

Petrucio laughs heartily:

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a 'lusty wench!
I love her, ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

[a] inserted word. [b] utmost extent. [c] inserted word. [d] train.
[e] stops in a musical instrument. [f] strumming, tuneless.
[g] a term of contempt, a jack-an-apes. [h] O. R. had she.

Bap. [To Hor.] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my 'younger daughter; [to Hortensio.
'She 's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petrucio, will you go 'with us?
Or shall I 'send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend[a] her here. [Exeunt all but Petrucio.
I 'll woo her with some 'spirit when she comes.
Say that she 'rail; why, then I 'll tell her, plain,
She 'sings—as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she 'frown; I 'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew:
Say, she be 'mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her 'volubility;
If she do bid me 'pack,[b] I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me 'stay by her a week:
If she 'deny to wed, I 'll crave the 'day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—

Katharina enters:

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. 'Well have you heard; but something 'hard of hearing:
They call me 'Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You 'lie, in faith; for you are called plain 'Kate,
And 'bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the 'curst;
But Kate,—the 'prettiest Kate in Christendom;—
Kate of Kate Hall, my 'super-dainty Kate,—
For dainties are all cates[c], and therefore, Kate,
Take this of 'me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy 'mildness praised in every town,
Thy 'virtues spoke of, and thy 'beauty sounded,[d]
(Yet not so deeply as to thee 'belongs,)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my 'wife.
Kath. Moved? in good time: let him that moved you 'hither,
Re-move you 'hence! I knew you at the first;—
You were a 'movable.
Pet. Why, what 's a movable?
Kath. A joint-stool.[e] [Throwing one at him.
Pet. Thou hast 'hit it: Come, sit upon my knee.[f]
Nay, come, you 'wasp! i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I 'be waspish, best beware my 'sting.
Pet. . . . Come, come, good Kate, I am a gentleman.

---

[a] await. [b] go away. [c] luxuries (a play on Kate). [d] praised loudly.
[e] a three-legged seat. [f] O. R. sit on me.

He tries to kiss her, but she strikes him.

Kath. That I 'll try.

Pet. I swear I 'll 'cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you 'lose your arms:[a]
If you strike 'me, you are 'no gentleman;
And if no 'gentleman, why, then no 'arms.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a 'crab.[b] [Going away.

She is going away, but Petrucio stops her:

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate! in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go!

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing[c] 'gentle.
'T was told me, you were 'rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very 'liar;
Thou 'canst not frown; thou canst not look 'askance,[d]—
Nor bite the lip, as 'angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be 'cross in talk;
But thou with 'mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With 'gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth 'limp?
O 'slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts—and sweeter than the kernels!
O, let me 'see thee walk! thou dost 'not halt.

Kath. Go, fool! and whom thou keep'st, command.

Pet. Now, setting all this chat aside, hear thus,[e]
And in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my 'wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will-you-nill-you,[f] I will 'marry you!
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;[g]
For, by this light, whereby I see thy 'beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man 'but me:
For I am he am born to 'tame you, Kate.—
Here 'comes your father: never make 'denial;
I must, and will, have Katharine to my 'wife.

Baptista re-enters, with Gremio and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior! now,—how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but 'well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed 'amiss.

---

[a] your coat of arms (in heraldry). [b] a sour kind of apple. [c] exceedingly.
[d] obliquely (scornfully). [e] inserted word. [f] whether you will or no.
[g] that is, who will just suit you.

Bap. . . . Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me 'daughter? now, I promise you,
You have showed a tender 'fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half-lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,[a]
That thinks with 'oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus:—Yourself, and all the world
That talked of her, have talked 'amiss of her.
If she be 'curst, it is for 'policy;
For she 's 'not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not 'hot, but temperate as the morn:
For 'patience, she will prove a second Grissel;[b]
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon 'Sunday is the 'wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee 'hanged on Sunday, first!

Pet. . . . Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my 'self:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to 'you?
'T is bargained 'twixt us twain, (being alone,)
That she shall still be curst in 'company.
I tell you, 't is 'incredible to believe
How 'much she loves me. O, the 'kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied[c] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That, in a 'twink,[d] she 'won me to her love.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

Bap. . . . I know not what to say; but give me your hand:
Heaven send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a 'match.

Pet. Father,—and 'wife,—and gentlemen, adieu.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And 'kiss me, Kate; "We will be 'married o' Sunday."[e] [Exeunt Pet. and Kat. severally.

She flings herself away from him, as he offers to kiss her before they go out. Gremio joyously says:

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?—
But now, Baptista, to your 'younger daughter.
'Now is the day that we so long have looked for! [Exeunt.

---

[a] a term of contempt. [b] Patient Grissel (see Chaucer's "Clarke of Oxenford's Tale."). [c] plied. [d] twinkle. [e] the burden of an old ballad.

The two competitors for 'Bianca's hand have now, they think, a clear field, and sedulously keep soliciting the 'father; while Lucentio, in his capacity of Tutor, is making the desired impression on the lady 'herself. Hortensio, as the Music-master, begins to suspect that he is only playing "second fiiddle;" but believing his rival to be the verbose pedant he seems, he does not at once give over the pursuit.

The fact proves to be: Hortensio has also his eye on another—on a widow; and, having 'two irons in the fire, he can afford to let his love cool for the one or for the other.

We come now to the Wedding Day. The friends are all assembled at the appointed hour, but the 'Bridegroom has not made his appearance. Baptista complains:

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed[a] day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be 'married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Katharine replies:

Kath. No shame but 'mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my 'hand, opposed against my 'heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby,[b] full of spleen,[c]
Who wooed in 'haste, and means to wed at 'leisure.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,—
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tranio says:

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petrucio 'means but well,
Whatever fortune 'stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing 'wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's 'honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though! [Exit.

She goes away weeping, followed by Bianca and others. The servant, Biondello, enters hastily.

Bion. Master, master! 'news, and 'such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is Petrucio come?

Bion. Why, no, sir; but he is 'coming,—in a new hat, and an old jerkin;[d] a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots, that have been candle-cases; one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;[e] his horse hipped[f] with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups

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[a] appointed. [b] blustering (rude) fellow. [c] annoying caprice. [d] a short coat
[e] broken at the point. [f] covered.

of no kindred; besides, possessed with the 'glanders, and like to mose[a] in the 'chine;[b] troubled with the 'lampass,[c] infected with the 'farcy,[d] full of 'windgalls, sped with 'spavins, rayed[e] with the 'yellows, past cure of the 'fives,[f] stark spoiled with the 'staggers, be-gnawn with the bots,[g] swayed[h] in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; 'one girth 'six times pieced; and a 'woman's crupper of velure,[i] which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs; and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes 'with him?

Bion. O, sir, his 'lackey; for all the world caparisoned like the 'horse; with a 'linen stock[j] on 'one leg, and a 'kersey[k] boot hose on the 'other, gartered with a red and blue list[l]; an old hat, and "The Humour of Forty Fancies"[m] stitched in 't for a feather: a monster, a 'very monster in apparel; and not like a 'Christian footboy, or a 'gentleman's lackey.

Petrucio is heard without—shouting, and cracking his whip:

Pet. Ho![n] where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come 'not well.
But where is 'Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my 'father?—Gentles, methinks you frown!
And wherefore 'gaze this goodly company?
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet,[o] or unusual prodigy!

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your 'wedding-day.
First, were we 'sad, fearing you would not come;
Now 'sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit,—shame to your estate,—
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long 'detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. 'Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to 'hear:
Sufficeth, I am 'come, to keep my word.—

---

[a] suppurate. [b] spine. [c] swelling of the mouth. [d] O. R. fashions (a kind of leprosy). [e] discoloured. [f] or vives [g] intestinal worms. [h] strained. [i] saddle-strap of velvet [j] stocking. [k] coarse wool. [l] border. [m] pages of an old song-book. [n] O. R. Come. [o] a comet was formerly considered a fearful omen.

But, where is 'Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears; 't is time we were at 'church.
Tra. See not your bride in these 'unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of 'mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not 'marry her?
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To 'me she 's married, not unto my 'clothes.—
But what a fool am I to chat with 'you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my 'bride,
And 'seal the title with a lovely kiss!
What ho! my Kate! my Kate! my Kate![a] [Exeunt Pet., Gru., and Bion
Tra. He hath some 'meaning in his mad attire.
Let 's after him, and see the 'event of this. [Exeunt

The "event" is, that the ceremony is performed. The Bridegroom retains his outrageous costume, and Katharine has really got her match! Signior Gremio describes what took place in the church:

Gre. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to 'him.
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the Priest
Should ask—If Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by my hand,"[b] quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the Priest let fall the book;
And, as he stooped to take it up again[c],
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a 'cuff,
That down fell 'Priest and book, and book and Priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."[d]
Tra. What said the 'wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook: For why? he stamped and swore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen[e] him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:[f]—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaffed off the muscadel,[g]
And threw the sops all in the Sexton's face;
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kissed her lips[h] with such a 'clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo;
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

[a] inserted line. [b] O. R. by gogs wouns. [c] O. R. againe to take it up. [d] choose.
[e] play a trick on him. [f] an old custom was to have the health of the bride and bridegroom drunk in church. [g] a French sweet wine made of the muscat grape.
[h] a nuptial kiss was a part of the ancient marriage ceremony.

And after me, I know, the rout[a] is coming:
Such a 'mad marriage never was before.—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

The marriage procession returns from the church; the Bridegroom joyously skipping and dancing.

Pet. Gentlemen, friends,—I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to 'dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me 'hence,
And therefore 'here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away 'to-night?
Pet. I must away 'to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you 'knew my business,
You would entreat me rather 'go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my 'father; drink a health to 'me;
For I 'must hence: and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till 'after dinner.
Pet. It 'may not be.
Gre. Let 'me entreat you.
Pet. It 'cannot be.

Katharine adds:

Kath. Let 'me entreat you.
Pet. . . . I am content.
Kath. Are you content to 'stay?
Pet. I am content you shall 'entreat me stay;
But yet 'not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you 'love me, stay!
Pet. Grumio, my horses![b]
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have 'eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, 'I will not go to-day;
No, nor 'to-morrow, nor till I please 'myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies 'your way;
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;[c]
For 'me, I 'll not go,—till I please myself.[d]
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly-'surly groom,
That take it on you at the 'first so roundly.

---

[a] crowd. [b] O. R. horse. [c] fresh greased: Biondello describes his boots as old, and having been used as cases for holding candles. The proverb says: "Be off while your shoes are good." [d] O. R. Ile not be gone till I please myselfe.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.
Kath. I 'will be angry. 'What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay 'my leisure.—
Gentlemen, forward to the bridal 'dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a 'fool,
If she had not a spirit to 'resist.
Pet. They 'shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
'Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
'Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Be mad and merry,—or go 'hang yourselves!
But, for my bonny 'Kate, she must with 'me. . . .
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret:
I will be 'master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my 'anything;
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare!
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon: we 're beset with 'thieves!
'Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch 'thee, Kate:
I 'll buckler[a] thee against a 'million! Ha! ha! ha!
[Exeunt.

Petrucio and Grumio carry-out this plan with a high hand, and bear-off the unwilling Bride; leaving their friends to go-on with the marriage festivities—as well as laughter will allow them.

Let us hasten onward before the well-matched pair can reach Petrucio's residence. But Grumio the servant has arrived before us! Listen—he is soliloquizing:

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so 'beaten? was ever man so 'rayed?[b] was ever man so 'weary? I am sent 'before, to make a fire; and they are coming 'after, to warm them. Now, were not I "a 'little pot, and soon hot,"[c] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, ere I should come by a fire to 'thaw me; but I, with 'blowing the fire, shall warm 'myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

[a] defend as with a shield. [b] streaked with dirt (bewrayed).
[c] an old proverb—"a little pot is soon hot."

Curtis, Petrucio's aged and decrepit Servant, enters.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of 'ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck.—A 'fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master, and his wife, 'coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire! Cast-on no 'water.[a]

Curt. Is she so 'hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She 'was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast. But where's the 'Cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed? rushes strewed? cobwebs swept? the serving-men in their new fustian? and every officer his 'wedding garment on? Be the Jacks[b] fair within? the Jills[c] fair without? the carpets[d] laid? and everything in order?

Curt. 'All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out—out of their 'saddles, into the dirt: and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't,[e] good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear;—there.

He boxes his ear.

Curt. This is to 'feel a tale, not to 'hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a 'sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*,[f] we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee? Tell 'thou the tale:—But, hadst thou not 'crossed me, thou shouldst have heard 'how her horse fell, and she 'under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled;[g] how he beat me, 'because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt, to pluck him off me; how 'he swore; how 'she prayed, that never prayed before; how 'I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with 'many things of worthy memory, which 'now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

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[a] but plenty of fuel. [b] large leather bags (for men) that must be washed inside.
[c] small metal drinking cups (for women) that must be polished outside
[d] rugs, then used as coverings for the table: (floors were strewed with rushes.)
[e] have it. [f] in the first place. [g] bemired, draggled in the mire.

Curt. By this reckoning, 'he is more shrew than 'she?
Gru. Ay; and 'that thou, and the proudest of you all, shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Are they all ready? Call them forth.
Curt. Do you hear, ho! Nathaniel! Joseph! Walter![a]

The Servants confusedly hasten-in; and, while they are welcoming Grumio on his return, Petrucio enters with his Bride:

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel? Gregory? Philip?
All Serv. Here! here, sir! here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir? here, sir? here, sir? here, sir?
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent 'before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I 'was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you stupid malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along these rascal-knaves with thee?
Gru. . . . Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;
And Gabriel's pumps[b] were all unpinked[c] i' the heel;
There was no link[d] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none 'fine,[e] but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were 'ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. [Exeunt Servants.

He walks about the room singing, while the Servants spread the table:

[Sings.] *Where is the life that late I led—*[f]
Sit, Kate, and welcome.—Soud, soud, soud, soud![g] [Kissing her.
[Re-enter Servants, with supper.
Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be 'merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?
[Sings.] *It was the Friar of Orders Gray,*
As he forth walkéd on his way:—[h]
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—[Strikes him.

[a] three inserted words. [b] thin-soled shoes. [c] without eyelet holes.
[d] torch; (old faded hats were blackened with the smoke of a torch-link).
[e] neat, well dressed. [f] from a "Sonet" in "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584
[g] sweet! sweet! [h] fragmentary part of an old poem: see Percy's "Reliques."

Be merry, Kate.—Some water here; what, ho!—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

A Servant enters with a basin and ewer, which he drops:

You careless villain! have you let it fall?— [Strikes him.
Come, Kate, and wash,[a] and welcome heartily.

The timorous bride, beginning to see a reflection of herself, interposes:

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.
Pet. A blundering, beetle-headed,[b] flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.[c]
Will 'you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall 'I?
What 's this? mutton? Who brought it? . . .
'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal Cook? . . .
How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to 'me, that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
[Throws the meat, &c., at them.
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmannered slaves!
What! do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.[d]

He dashes the dishes at the Servants, who run away:

Kath. . . . I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to 'touch it;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did 'fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient! to-morrow, love,[e] it shall be mended;
And for this night we 'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [Exeunt Pet. and Kath.

As they withdraw, some of the Servants peep in:

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Grumio cautiously enters, meeting old Curtis:

Gru. . . . Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of 'forbearance to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

[a] As "fingers were made before forks," it was customary to wash the hands before every meal. [b] very small in size (like a wooden mallet.) [c] an appetite
[d] I 'll punish you directly. [e] inserted word.

But sits as one new-risen from a dream.—
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Petrucio re-enters, with difficulty restraining his laughter and self-satisfaction:

Pet. Thus have I, politicly, 'begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end 'successfully.
As with the 'meat, some undeservéd fault
I 'll find about the making of the 'bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly,[a] I 'll pretend[b]
That all is done in reverent care of 'her;
And, in conclusion, she shall 'watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and 'brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to 'kill a wife with 'kindness;[c]
And thus I 'll 'curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows 'better how to tame a shrew,
'Now let him speak: 't is 'charity to do.[d] [Exit.

But the worst is not yet over with poor Katharine. Next day she is so hungry that she entreats Grumio to get her some food:

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my 'life.
Kath. The more my 'wrong, the more his 'spite appears!
What! did he marry me to 'famish me?
But that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect 'love;
As who should say,—If I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly 'sickness, or else present 'death!—
I pr'ythee go and get me 'some repast;
I care not what, so it be 'wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?[e]
Kath. 'T is 'passing[f] good! I pr'ythee, let me have it.
Gru. . . . I fear, it is too 'choleric[g] a meat.
How say you to a fat 'tripe, finely broiled?
Kath. I like it well! good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'that 's choleric.
What say you to a piece of 'beef-and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do 'love to feed upon!
Gru. Ay, . . . but the mustard is too 'hot a little.
Kath. Why, then, the 'beef;—and let the mustard rest.

---

[a] confusion. [b] O. R. I intend. [c] an allusion to a popular Comedy of the day—"A Woman Killed with Kindness," by Thomas Heywood, 1607. [d] O. R. shew. [e] the foot of a calf or any bovine animal. [f] exceedingly. [g] causing irascibility.

Gru. Nay, then, I 'will not: you shall have the 'mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both,—or one,—or 'anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then, the mustard, but[a] 'without the beef.
Kath. . . . Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave!
That feed'st me with the very 'name of meat. [Beats him.

As she is continuing to beat him, Petrucio, (having brought affairs to the desired crisis,) carries-in a dish with his own hands;

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?[b]
Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as 'cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck-up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon 'me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat 'myself, and bring it thee: [Sets the dish on a table.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits 'thanks. . . .
What! not a word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains are sorted to no 'proof.[c]—
Here, take 'away this dish.
Kath. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The 'poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. . . . I 'thank you, sir.
Pet. Kate, eat apace.[d]—

She begins to eat ravenously, but Petrucio checks every mouthful; and at last, throwing away the dishes, impatiently drags her from the table.

And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best:
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales,[e] and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[f]
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery. . .
What, hast thou 'dined? The Tailor[g] stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling[h] treasure.

A Tailor and a Haberdasher come in with a gown, cap, and various articles of attire. Petrucio's policy, however, is—still to find fault.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.
Hab. Here is the 'cap your worship did bespeak.

---

[a] interpolated word. [b] dejected, out of spirits. [c] are arranged to no proved advantage.
[d] quickly. [e] hoops. [f] finery. [g] ladies' dresses were made by men.
[h] having ruffs and frills.

Pet. . . . Why, this was moulded on a 'porringer;
A velvet 'dish:—fie, fie! 't is low and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell;
A knack, a toy, a trick, a 'baby's cap:
Away with it! Come, let me have a 'bigger.

Katharine snatches it:

Kath. I 'll have 'no bigger: this doth fit the 'time;
And gentlewomen 'wear such caps as these.
Pet. When 'you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not 'till then.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to 'speak,
And speak I 'will; I am no 'child, no 'babe:
Your 'betters have endured me say my mind,
And, if 'you cannot, best you stop your ears.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a 'paltry cap,
A custard-'coffin,[a] a bauble, a silken 'pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, 'I like the cap;
And it I 'will have, or I will have none. [Exit Haberdasher.
Pet. Thy gown? Why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.
[The Tailor displays the gown.
O, mercy, man! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon.[b]
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[c] in a barber's shop.—
Why, what the mischief, tailor, call'st thou this?
Tai. . . . You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did: but, if you be remembered,
I did not bid you 'mar it to the time.
Go, hop me, over every kennel, home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir. [The Tailor hops over his sword.
I 'll 'none of it! Hence! make your best of it!
Kath. I never saw a 'better-fashioned gown,
More quaint,[d] more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a 'puppet of me?
Pet. Why, true; he 'means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. . . . She says, Your 'worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble!
Thou yard!—three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

[a] the raised crust round a custard. [b] a small cannon. [c] a metal pan or brazier hung out as the barber's sign. [d] with elegant peculiarities.

Thou flea! thou nit![a] thou winter-cricket[b] thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity,[c] thou remnant!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast 'marred her gown.

Tai. . . . Your worship is deceived: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
'Grumio gave order 'how it should be done.

Gru. [Kneels.] . . . I gave him 'no order; I gave him the 'stuff.

Tai. But 'how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it 'cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced[d] many things; face[e] not me: thou hast braved[f] many men; brave[g] not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I 'bid thy 'master 'cut-out the gown; but I did 'not bid him cut it to 'pieces: *ergo*,[h] thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the 'note of the fashion to testify. [Showing paper.

Pet. Read it!

Tai. [Reads] "*Imprimis*,[i] a loose-bodied-gown."

Gru. Master, if ever I said 'loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[j] of brown thread. I said,—a 'gown.

Tai. "With a small compassed[k] cape."

Gru. . . . I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess 'two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villainy!

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut-'out, and sewed-up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy 'little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is 'true, that I say: An I had thee in place 'where, thou shouldst 'know it!

Gru. I am for thee straight: take 'thou the bill,[l] give 'me thy mete-yard,[m] and spare not me.

They are about to fight, but are separated by Petrucio:

Pet. Tailor, in brief, the gown is not for 'me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 't is for my 'mistress.

---

[a] the egg of any small insect. [b] the cricket makes most noise when warmed by a winter fire. [c] small bit or portion: the old saying is "a tailor is only the ninth part of a man." [d] made facings for. [e] oppose, contradict. [f] dressed showily [g] bully. [h] therefore. [i] in the first place. [j] a ball. [k] bordered around. [l] a quibble on bill as an account, or as a battle-axe. [m] measuring yard.

Pet. Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more. [Exit Grumio.
Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. [Exit Tailor.

Petrucio cheerily says to his dumb-foundered bride:

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest 'mean habiliments.
Our 'purses shall be proud, our garments 'poor:
For 't is the 'mind that makes the body rich;
And, as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the 'meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the 'lark,
Because his 'feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder 'better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art 'thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
And therefore, frolic: we will hence 'forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and bring our horses out:
Let 's see; I think, 't is now some 'seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by 'dinner-time.[a]
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost 'two,
And 't will be 'supper-time,[b] ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be 'seven, before 'I go to horse.
Look, what I 'speak, or 'do, or 'think to do,
'You are still 'crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone!—
I will not go 'to-day; and 'ere I do,
It shall be 'what o'clock 'I say it is. [Exeunt.

Petrucio's new resolution is, of course, immediately followed by a contrary one. On the next day, while he and his half-tamed wife are on the public road, trudging along on foot to her father's house, a question arises—whether, at noonday, the sun was shining—or the moon?

Pet. Come on, I tell you![c] once more toward our father's.
But look, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon? the 'sun: it is not 'moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the 'moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I 'know, it is the 'sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my 'mother's son, (and that 's myself,)
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere 'I journey to your father's house.—
Evermore crossed, and crossed! nothing 'but crossed!

---

[a] dinner-time was usually at or before noon. [b] supper-time was about six or seven o'clock.
[c] three substituted words.

Kath. Forward, I pray! And be it moon, or sun,
An if you please to call it a 'rush-candle,[a]
Henceforth, I vow, it 'shall be so for 'me.
Pet. I say, it is the 'moon.
Kath. . . . I 'know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you 'lie: it is the blesséd 'sun.
Kath. Then heaven be bless'd, it 'is the blesséd sun:
But sun it 'is not, when you 'say it is not:
And the 'moon changes, even as your 'mind.
What 'you will have it named, even that it 'is;
And so it 'shall be, sir,[b] for Katharine.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! 'thus the bowl[c] should run,
And not unluckily 'against the bias.—
But soft; what company is coming here?

Signior Vincentio enters in a travelling dress.

[To Vin.] Good morrow, gentle 'mistress: where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me 'truly too,
Hast 'thou beheld a 'fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle 'heaven with such beauty,
As those two 'eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more Good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

The obedient wife has no trace of the spirit of contradiction, for she at once humours her husband.

Kath. . . . Young budding 'virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not 'mad:
This is a 'man,—old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And 'not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the . . . sun,
That everything I look-on seemeth green.[d]
'Now I perceive thou art a reverend 'father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [Kneeling.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company. [Exeunt.

---

[a] common candles were formerly made of rushes dipped in tallow. [b] O. R. so.
[c] in the game of bowls, the large ones have sometimes a weight inserted to make them roll off their course, "against the bias."
[d] the complementary colour of red sunlight.

And then, with mutual explanations, they travel together to Signior Lucentio's house.

A bounteous feast is prepared: and all the guests are assembled to celebrate the wedding of Signior Lucentio to the pretty Bianca. Among these, we see old Signior Vincentio, and his travelling friends Petrucio and Katharina: besides the pedant Gremio, and, of course, the new Bride and Bridegroom: with a group of visitors, including Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio. But see! in yonder shady corner sit another newly married pair: it is Hortensio and the "wealthy widow," whom he had prudently selected to console himself for the loss of the pretty Bianca. But, hush! the happy bridegroom Lucentio is about to address his friends:

Luc. At 'last, though 'long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging 'war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid 'my father welcome,
While I, with self-same kindness, welcome 'thine.—
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
Pray you, sit down, to 'chat, as well as eat. [They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. 'Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what 'is kind.

Hortensio, the newly married man, says:

Hor. For 'both our sakes, I would that word were 'true.

Petrucio cries out:

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio 'fears[b] his widow!

The Widow merrily interposes:

Wid. Then never trust me, if 'I be afeard.

Pet. You 're very sensible, and yet you miss 'my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of 'you.

Wid. He that is 'giddy thinks the 'world turns round.

Katharine asks:

Kath. Mistress, how 'mean you that?

Wid. 'Your husband, being troubled with a 'shrew,
Measures 'my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you 'know my meaning.

Kath. A very 'mean meaning!

And so the merriment proceeds till the Ladies retire. The Gentlemen continue their jests by making comparison of their wives: Baptista says:

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think 'thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

---

[a] O. R. come. [b] dreads.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let each one of us send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient,
(To come at first when he doth send for her,)
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on[a] my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife!
Luc. A hundred, then?
Pet. Content. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me. [Exit Bionecllo.
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself. [Biondello returns alone.
How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray heaven, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.

Hortensio says:

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello
Pet. O ho! entreat her! Nay,then, she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.
[Biondello again returns alone.
Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse! she will not come? O vile!
Intolerable! not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.
Hor. I know her answer. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine—and there an end!

Hortensio's prediction is falsified, and the general expectation defeated, by the immediate entrance of Katharine.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

---

[a] O. R. of.

Pet. . . . Where is your sister? and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour-fire.
Pet. Go, 'fetch them hither: if they 'deny to come,
'Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and 'bring them hither 'straight. [Exit Kath.
Luc. 'Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.
Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it 'bodes.[a]
Pet. Marry, 'peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, What 'not, that 's sweet and happy?

The merry old father Baptista says:

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!
The wager 'thou hast won! and I will add,
Unto 'their losses, twenty 'thousand crowns;—
'Another dowry to 'another daughter;—
For she 'is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager 'better yet.
See, where she comes, and 'brings your froward wives
As 'prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine returns, with her sister Bianca and the Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours 'becomes you not:
'Off with that bauble! Throw it under foot!

She at once pulls off her cap and throws it down.

The Widow says:

Wid. O! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till 'I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bianca adds:

Bian. Fie! what a 'foolish duty call you this?

Her husband replies:

Luc. I would, 'your duty were as foolish too.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
'What duty they do owe their lords and husbands?

The Widow is "shocked":

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have 'no telling.

The obedient Katharine, therefore, begins with the Widow:

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not 'scornful glances from those eyes,

[a] predicts, foretells.

To wound thy lord,—thy king, thy governor!
It blots thy beauty, as frosts oft[a] bite the meads.[b]
A 'woman 'moved, is like a fountain 'troubled,—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, 'while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one 'drop of it.
Thy husband is thy 'lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for 'thee
And for thy 'maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the 'night in storms, the day in 'cold,
Whilst 'thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no 'other tribute at thy hands,
But 'love, 'fair looks, and true 'obedience,—
Too 'little payment for so great a 'debt!
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer 'war, where they should kneel for 'peace;
Or seek for 'rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to 'serve, 'love, and 'obey.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

She does not refuse him this time. Hortensio says to Petrucio:

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curséd shrew[c].

Lucentio adds:

Luc. 'T is wonder, by your leave, she 'is tamed so[d].

And the exultant Petrucio concludes:

Pet. 'I won the wager, though 'you hit the white;[e]
And 'being a winner, Heaven give you all "Good night!"[f]

[Exeunt.

END OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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[a] O. R. do. [b] meadows. [c] O. R. thou hast tam'd a curst shrow
[d] O. R. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [e] a phrase in archery: the central part of the "bull's eye" was usually painted white; also a punning allusion to the name of Bianca (white). [f] two transposed lines.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The beautifully poetic Comedy of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," (which has been aptly described as "a play of fancy, and a plea for fancy,") was twice printed in 1600;[a] but it must have been performed at least two years earlier, as it is mentioned in Meres' list of 1598. (See p. 6.)

Love is the general theme; but the lovers are like Tennyson's "Pleiades"—"A nest of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."—There were many legendary sources whence the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta might have been obtained:—Statius in his 'Thebaid"—Boccaccio in his "Teseide"—or Chaucer in his "Knight's Tale."—Besides, fairy lore and witch tradition were fashionable in Shakespeare's day; and the poet was evidently well acquainted with all the folk-lore superstitions of the King and Queen of the Fairies, Oberon and Titania, (or Mab, as he elsewhere calls her) and of Puck, or Robin Good-fellow—the "lob" of spirits, his royal master's jester, companion, and chief agent in mischief, rough and shock-pated; contrasting with the dainty-limbed delicacy of spiritual refinement, and the clumsy grotesqueness of dull-brained humanity.

The story of "Pyramus and Thisbe" is also a time-honoured theme with poets—from Ovid, (a translation of whose "Metamorphoses," by Golding, appeared in 1527) to Saxe, the American humourist. The performance of "the most lamentable comedy" by the "great unwashed" of Athens, may have had its prototype among the Poet's fellow-townsmen in Stratford-on-Avon.

"I am convinced," writes Coleridge, "that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this Play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a 'Dream' throughout;" and though the story of the "most cruel comedy" be the "silliest stuff," yet the remark of Theseus redeems it from folly:—"The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them."

This Comedy consists of four incongruous histories:—that of Theseus and Hippolyta—of the four Athenian lovers, Lysander and Demetrius, Helena and Hermia;—of the hard-handed mechanics who would fain become great actors in the classic city of Athens;—and of the Fairies, headed by Oberon and Titania, their King and Queen, with Puck as their Prime Minister in mischief.

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[a] The following is the entry on the "Stationers' Register" of October 8, 1600:
"Tho. Fisher] A booke called a Midsomer Nyghte Dreame."
This first Quarto, (known as Fisher's,) has the following title:
"A Midsommer nights dreame: As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe at the signe of the White Hart in Fleete streete, 1600."
The second Quarto, (known as Roberts',) is nearly the same, but with the addition of a few stage directions: it appeared shortly after, in the same year: "A Midsommer nights dreame, As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600."

The Dramatis Personæ retained in the Condensation are:

THESEUS, *Duke*[a] *of Athens.*[b]
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE,[c] *Master of the Revels*[d] *to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*
SNUG, *a Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*
FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *a Tinker.*
STARVELING, *a Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons,*[e] *betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin Good-fellow.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } *Fairies.*
MOTH, }
MUSTARD-SEED, }
Other Fairies attending.

Scene—Athens[b] and a Wood near it.

Theseus, Duke of Athens, is on the eve of marriage with Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. The nuptials are to be celebrated with all the pageantry that usually attends the union of reigning princes. The populace—good-natured souls!—happy that their rulers are likely to be multiplied, and their taxes increased and levied in every shape,—set themselves to prepare all sorts of joyful indulgence.

While Theseus is in his chair of State, discharging his judicial functions, Egeus, the father of the Lady Hermia, appears, to complain of his daughter—who had violated the Athenian law by refusing to marry Demetrius, whom her father had selected as her husband.

With Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Demetrius and Lysander appear. Lysander is in love with Hermia, and is also the lover of her choice. Demetrius is the suitor approved by the father, but by the daughter he is the rejected.

Before the entrance of Egeus, Theseus thus addresses his bride-elect:

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws-on apace;[f] four happy days bring-in
'Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This 'old moon wanes! she lingers[g] my desires,—
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering-out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will 'quickly steep themselves in 'nights;

[a] an anglicized title for Prince. [b] the capital of modern Greece (formerly, the chief city of the ancient state of Attica,) on the rivulets Ilissus and Cephissus; its harbour is the celebrated Piræus. [c] the anglicized name for Philostratus [d] an officer appointed to superintend the amusements of the court. (His duties in England were discontinued in the reign of George III.) [e] a fabulous race of warrior-women who inhabited the Caucasus mountain-range (between the Black and Caspian seas).
[f] quickly. [g] protracts.

Four nights will quickly 'dream away the time;
And then . . . the moon,—like to a silver bow
New[a]-bent in heaven,—shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of 'Mirth:
Turn 'Melancholy forth to funerals;
That[b] pale companion is not for 'our 'pomp. [Exit Phil.
Hippolyta, I 'wooed thee with my 'sword,
And won thy love doing thee 'injuries;
But I will 'wed thee in 'another key,—
With pomp, with triumph,[c] and with revelling!

Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius enter. 'Egeus speaks:

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renownéd Duke![d]

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of 'vexation come I,—with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious Duke,
'This man hath 'witched[e] the bosom of my child;
Turned her 'obedience (which is due to 'me,)
To stubborn 'harshness:—And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with 'Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may 'dispose of her:
Which shall be either to 'this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law[f]
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say 'you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a 'god.—
Demetrius is a 'worthy gentleman?

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In 'himself he is;
But in 'this kind,[g] wanting your 'father's voice,[h]—
The 'other must be held the 'worthier.

Her. . . . I do entreat your Grace to 'pardon me.
I know not by what 'power I am made bold,
In such a presence, 'here to plead my thoughts;

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[a] O. R. now bent. [b] O. R. the. [c] great public display. [d] leader, commander.
[e] bewitched. [f] by the Athenian law, parents had power of life and death over their children. [g] condition as a suitor. [h] approving vote.

But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The 'worst that may befall me in this case,—
If I 'refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[a] or to abjure
For ever the society of 'men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Whether—if you yield not to your 'father's choice,—
You can endure the livery[b] of a 'nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,[c]
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blesséd they that master 'so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthly happier[d] is the rose 'distilled,[e]
Than that which, withering on the 'virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in 'single blessedness.

Her. So will 'I grow, so live, so 'die, my lord.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the 'next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt 'my love and me
For 'everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day, either prepare to 'die
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius (as he[f] would);
Or, on Diana's[g] altar, to protest[h]
For aye austerity and 'single life.

Demetrius speaks:

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazéd[i] title to 'my certain 'right.

Lys. 'You have her 'father's love, Demetrius;
Let 'me have 'Hermia's: do you marry 'him.
'I am, my lord, as well-'derived[j] as he,
As well 'possessed;[k] 'my love is 'more than his.
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked—
If not with 'vantage—as Demetrius':
And, (which is more than 'all these boasts can be,)
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Demetrius, (I 'll avouch it to his face),[l]
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, 'dotes,
'Devoutly dotes, dotes in 'idolatry,
Upon this spotted[m] and inconstant man.

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[a] as decreed by law. [b] distinctive dress. [c] shut up, confined. [d] O. R. earthlier happy.
[e] freed from impurity. [f] *i. e.*, your father.
[g] the goddess of chastity: her altar was at Ephesus. [h] promise solemnly.
[i] silly, impaired. [j] descended. [k] rich. [l] O. R. head.
[m] polluted (as opposed to spotless).

The. I must confess that I have 'heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have 'spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,[a]
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some 'private schooling for you both.—
For 'you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your 'father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To 'death, or to a vow of 'single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta! [Exeunt Thes., Hip., Ege., Dem., and Train.

Lysander and Hermia are alone.

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do 'fade so fast?
Her. Belike[b] for want of rain,—which I could well
Beteem[c] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me![d] for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever 'hear by tale or history,
The course of 'true love never did run 'smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;[e]
Or else misgrafted[f] in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;[g]
Or, if there were a 'sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary[h] as a 'sound,
Swift as a 'shadow, short as any 'dream;
Brief as the 'lightning in the collied[i] night,
That, in a spleen,[j] unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say,—"Behold!"
The jaws of 'darkness do devour it up:—
'So quick, 'bright things come to 'confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been 'ever crossed,
It stands as an edict[k] in 'destiny:
Then let us teach 'our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross—
As due to 'Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,
Wishes, and Tears,—poor 'Fancy's[l] followers.
Lys. A good persuasion:[m] therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow-aunt,—a dowager

---

[a] personal business. [b] probably. [c] permit them to flow freely.
[d] Eigh me (in the quarto). [e] race, family. [f] unsuitably matched (grafted), O. R. misgraffèd. [g] O. R. merit [h] O. R. momentany. [i] dark (as if blackened with coal).
[j] sudden outburst. [k] fixed decree. [l] love's. [m] argument to persuade.

Of great revênue,—and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote[a] seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only 'son.
'There, gentle Hermia, 'may I marry thee;
And, to 'that place, the sharp 'Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth[b] thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the Wood, a league without[c] the town,—
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,[d]—
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's[e] strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the 'golden[f] head;
By the simplicity[g] of Venus'[h] doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
By all the vows that ever 'men have 'broke,
In number more than ever 'women 'spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love.—Look, here comes Helena.

The lady Helena is the victim of unrequited love. In order to regain the affections of Demetrius, she forgets the dignity of a high-minded woman—who

"Should be wooed, but not unsought be won."

Her. Heaven speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you 'me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves 'your fair:[i] O happy fair!
'Your eyes are lode-stars;[j] and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
O, teach me 'how you look! And with 'what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart?

Her. Take comfort: he no 'more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly[k] this place.

Lysander endeavours to comfort the love-lorn maiden by explaining his arrangement with Hermia:

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe[l] doth behold

---

[a] O. R. remoued [b] steal forth from. [c] beyond.
[d] May day, the harbinger of Spring, is one of the most popular rustic holidays in England: a Queen is chosen to preside over the various sports and pastimes.
[e] Cupid (Cupido), the son of Jupiter and Venus, the god of love: a winged boy, armed with bow and quiver. [f] he had two kinds of arrows: one tipped with gold, to create love; the other with lead, to kill it. [g] innocence. [h] goddess of love, and mother of Cupid: her chariot was drawn by doves. beauty. [i] leading stars: like the pole-star, attracting and guiding. [k] flee from. the moon.

Her silver visage in the watery glass,[a]
Decking, with liquid pearl, the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal—
Through Athens' gates have we devised to 'steal.

Hermia adds:

Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I
Upon faint[b] primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,[c]
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek 'new friends and 'stranger companies.[d]
Farewell, sweet playfellow: 'pray thou for 'us,
And good-luck 'grant thee thy Demetrius!— [Exeunt Her and Lys.

When the lovers are gone, Helena is alone to continue her ungrateful meditations:

Hel. How 'happy some, o'er 'other-some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as 'she;
But what of that? 'Demetrius thinks not so;
'He will not know what all 'but he do know:—
I will go 'tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the Wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have 'thanks, it is dear recompense:[e]
But herein mean I to 'enrich my pain,—
To have 'his sight, thither and back again. [Exit.

Among other popular amusements to celebrate Theseus' marriage, half-a-dozen Athenian workmen resolve to represent a play before the Duke and his bride. The conversation of these amateurs will give us some idea of their histrionic qualifications; their rank in society is best told by the dramatist:—Peter Quince, a carpenter (manager of the company) Bottom, a weaver (the leading tragedian, leading comedian, and leading lady if necessary[f]); Snug, a joiner; Starveling, a tailor; Flute, a bellows-mender; and Snout, a tinker. This is their first meeting to arrange for the distribution of parts. Peter Quince (the manager) asks:

Quin. Is 'all our company here?

Bottom the weaver—the orator of the group—at once replies:

Bot. You were best to 'call them generally,[g] man by man, according to the scrip.[h]

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[a] the lake or river. [b] soft, yielding. [c] O. R. sweld. [d] O. R. strange companions. [e] O. R. it is a deere expense. [f] female parts were (in Shakespeare's time) performed by boys or young men. [g] for severally. [h] script, a written paper.

Quin. Here is the scroll[a] of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our Interlude, before the Duke and the Duchess, on his wedding-day, at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play 'treats on; then read the names of the 'actors; and so 'grow on to a point.[b]

Quin. Marry, our play is—"The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisby."

Bot. A 'very good piece of work, I assure you, and a 'merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your 'actors, by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.[c]

Quin. Answer, as I 'call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready! Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. . . . What 'is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that 'kills himself, most gallantly, for love.

Bot. . . . That will ask some 'tears in the 'true performing of it: if 'I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move 'storms, I will 'condole, in some measure.[d] To the rest:—Yet[e] my 'chief humour is for a 'tyrant: I could play 'Ercles[f] rarely,—or a part to tear a 'cat in!—to make all 'split!

> "The raging rocks,
> And shivering shocks,
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison-gates;
> And Phibbus[g] car
> Shall shine from far,
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates."[h]

This was 'lofty!—Now name the 'rest of the players.—This is 'Ercles' vein, a 'tyrant's vein; a 'lover is more . . . condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What 'is Thisby? a wandering knight?[i]

Quin. It is the 'lady, that Pyramus must love.

---

[a] list. [b] come to a conclusion. [c] stand separately.
[d] metre (poetry). [e] O R. to the rest yet.
[f] Hercules, (the hero of the Twelve Labours,) was a favourite character in the old ranting plays. [g] Phœbus, the sun. [h] The three Sisters of Destiny, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. [i] a knight-errant.

Flu. . . . Nay, faith, let me not play a 'woman; I have a 'beard—coming.

Quin. That 's all one. You shall play it in a 'mask, and you may speak as small[a] as you will.

Bot. An I may 'hide my face, let 'me play Thisby too. I 'll speak in a 'monstrous little voice:—"Thisny, Thisny,"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear!" and, "Lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus;—and, Flute, you, Thisby.—Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's 'father; myself, 'Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the 'lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play 'fitted!

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.[b]

Quin. You may do it extempōre,[c] for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let 'me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart 'good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again! let him roar again!"

Quin. An[d] you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would 'shriek; and that were enough to 'hang us all.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their 'wits, they would have no more discretion 'but to hang us: but I will 'aggravate[e] my voice so; that I will roar you as gently as any sucking 'dove; I will roar you, an[f] 't were any 'nightingale.

Quin. You can play 'no part but Pyramus:—for Pyramus is a 'sweet-faced man,—a 'proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day,—a most lovely, 'gentleman-like man:—therefore, 'you must 'needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it.

Quin. Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con[g] them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the Palace Wood, a

---

[a] squeakingly (womanishly). [b] slow in committing to memory. [c] at any time.
[d] if. [e] for modulate. [f] if. [g] know (commit them to memory).

mile[a] without the town, by moonlight: 'there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the 'City, we shall be dogged[b] with company, and our devices[c] known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,[d] such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We 'will meet; and there we may rehearse, more obscenely[e] and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the "Duke's Oak" we meet.

Bot. Enough: Hold, or cut bowstrings.[f] [Exeunt.

This Wood was that in which Lysander and Hermia had appointed to meet: it was, besides, the favourite haunt of the Fairies, and the chosen residence of their King Oberon and their Queen Titania.—The Wood is, by fairy enchantment, now before us.

A beautiful Fairy enters at one side, and the dumpy Puck at the other. The jolly "familiar" inquires of his diminutive companion:

Puck. How now, Spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough[g] bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander 'everywhere,
Swifter than the moony[h] sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs[i] upon the green:
The cowslips ta'l her pensioners[j] be,
In their gold coats 'spots you see,—
Those be 'rubies, fairy favours,[k]
In those freckles live their savours;
I 'must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a 'pearl in every cowslip's ear.—
Farewell, thou 'lob[l] of 'spirits; I 'll be gone:
Our Queen, and all her Elves, come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his 'revels here to-night:
Take hee'd the 'Queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is 'passing fell,[m] and wroth,
Because that she, as her Attendant, hath

---

[a] a league (in Scene 1). [b] followed. [c] plans, intentions.
[d] articles required in the performance. [e] for obscurely (privately).
[f] Hold (keep to your promise) or cut bowstrings (or cease to be one of us at archery).
[g] through. [h] O. R. y moones sphere. [i] fairy rings on the grass
[j] body-guard, attendants. [k] love-gifts. [l] lubber, booby. [m] exceedingly angry.

A lovely boy,—stolen from an Indian 'king:—
She never had so sweet a changeling;[a]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of 'his train, to trace[b] the forests wild;
But she, perforce, 'withholds the lovéd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now, they never meet, in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,[c]
But they do 'square;[d] that all their Elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there!

Fai. . . . Either I 'mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd[e] and knavish sprite[f]
Called "Robin Good-fellow." Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery?[g]
Skim milk? and sometimes labour in the quern?[h]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn?[i]
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;[j]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?—
Those that "Hobgoblin" call you, and "'Sweet Puck,"
'You do their work, and they shall have 'good luck:—
Are not you 'he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I 'am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon; and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed 'horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a 'filly-foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a 'gossip's bowl,[k]
In very likeness of a roasted crab;[l]
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dew-lap[m] pour the ale.—
The wisest aunt,[n] telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,
And "Tailor"[o] cries, and falls into a cough,[p]
And then the whole quire hold their sides and laugh,[q]
And waxen[r] in their mirth, and neeze,[s] and swear

---

[a] an exchanged child. Witches and fairies were supposed to steal beautiful children at their birth, and to substitute those that were ill-favoured and stupid.
[b] wander through (to track). [c] glitter. [d] quarrel. [e] mischievous (knowing).
[f] spirit. [g] group of neighbouring villagers (rustic population).
[h] a handmill for corn. [i] make cream into butter. [j] yeast. [k] the drinking vessel of a talkative friend. [l] a small sour apple. [m] double chin: (the skin hanging from the throats of cattle). [n] old people were familiarly called "aunt" and "uncle."
[o] a jocular nickname when a person slips down from his chair, and squats—as a tailor on his board. [p] O. E. coffe. [q] O. E. loffe. [r] get louder. [s] sneeze.

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room now, Fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And 'here my 'mistress.—'Would that 'he were gone!

King Oberon with his fairy train stalks in, meeting, unexpectedly, his tiny Queen: he does not give her a "royal 'salute":

Obe. 'Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies,[a] skip hence!

Alas for fairy matrimony! These petty genii can quarrel—and assign good causes too! Each accuses the other; but Titania, with her sex's privilege, is the loudest and the longest speaker:

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy 'lord?

Tita. Then 'I must be thy 'lady! Why art thou 'here,
Come from the farthest steppe[b] of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,[c]
(Your buskined[d] mistress and your warrior love,)
To Theseus must be 'wedded? and 'you come
'To give them both[e] joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance[f] at my 'credit with Hyppolita,—
Knowing I know thy 'love to 'Theseus?

Tita. These are the 'forgeries of 'jealousy:
And never, since the Middle Summer's spring,[g]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavéd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachéd margin[h] of the sea,
To dance our ringlets[i] to the whistling wind,
But, with thy brawls, thou hast 'disturbed our sport!
Therefore the Moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
And now,[j] through this distemperature,[k] we see
The Seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems'[l] thin and icy crown[m]
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing[n] Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries;[o] and the 'mazéd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;

---

[a] O. R. Fairy. [b] O. R. steepe. [c] Hippolyta, the bride-elect of Theseus, was Queen of the Amazons. [d] buskins were high-heeled shoes, formerly worn by the actors in tragedy; as the sock (or peculiar low-heeled shoe) was by the comedians. [e] O. R. to give their bed. [f] injuriously refer to. [g] the beginning of midsummer [h] O. R. margent. [i] round dances causing fairy rings on the grass. [j] inserted word. [k] disagreement (loss of temper). [l] an impersonation of winter. [m] O. R old Hyems' chinne and icie crowne. [n] productive. [o] accustomed dresses.

And this same 'progeny of evils comes
From 'our debate, from our dissension;
'We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you 'amend it, then; it lies in 'you.
Why 'should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be 'my henchman.[a]

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy 'Land buys not the child of me:
His mother was a votaress[b] of 'my Order;[c]
And, for 'her sake, I do rear-up her boy;
'And for her sake I will not 'part with him.

Obe. . . . How long within this Wood intend you sta- ?

Tita. Perchance, till 'after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,[d]
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun 'me,—and I will spare 'your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I 'will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide 'downright, if I longer stay. [Exit Titania with her Train.

Oberon, offended at his Queen's obstinacy, now determines on her punishment:

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not[e] from this grove
Till I 'torment thee for this injury![f]—
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew 'civil at her song,
And certain 'stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music![g]

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time 'I saw—but 'thou couldst 'not—
Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,

---

[a] page of honour (attendant). [b] one who has taken full vows [c] a religious class.
[d] a circle of sports (a dance in which every one can join). [e] not go.
[f] wrong (injurious language).

[g] The following is proposed as a general explanation of this remarkable speech:—The "Mermaid" was Mary Queen of Scots, the syren of the "island of the Northern Seas,"—the Dolphin was the Dauphin (then written Dolphin by the English) who backed Mary's claim to the throne of England;—the "rude sea" was the German Ocean and the English Channel, agitated by the naval powers of England and Scotland;—peace was only maintained by the threatened intervention of France, ready to respond to Mary's appeal (or song) for assistance;—and the "certain stars who shot madly from their spheres" were the Duke of Norfolk and other noble suitors, who, following the song of the Scottish Queen, were disappointed and destroyed.

Cupid, all armed: a 'certain[a] aim he took
At a fair Vestal[b] throned by the West,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred 'thousand hearts:
But 'I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
'Quenched, in the chaste beams of the watery Moon;
And the imperial Votaress[c] passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt[d] of Cupid 'fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
'Before milk-white, 'now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.[e]
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the 'next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan[f] can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle[g] round about the 'Earth
In forty minutes. [Exit.

Puck goes out in quest of the flower. Oberon continues:

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
She shall pursue it with the soul of 'love.
And ere I take this charm 'off from her sight,
(As I 'can take it with 'another herb,)
I 'll 'make her render up her Page to me. . . .
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will 'overhear their conference.

The two pairs of lovers are now in the Wood: Demetrius has come in search of Lysander and Hermia; but he has been seen by the fascinated Helena, who persists in following him:

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where are Lysander and fair Hermia?
Thou toldst me, they were stol'n into this Wood—
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more!

Hel. 'You draw[h] me, you hard-hearted adamant;[i]

---

[a] definite, sure. [b] Queen Elizabeth. [c] one vowed to single life. [d] arrow.
[e] or Love-in-idle, one of the old names for the pansy or heart's ease.
[f] a fabled sea-monster (generally supposed to be the whale).
[g] a belt, (a forecast of the telegraph and telephone wires).
[h] attract
[i] the loadstone, which is exceedingly hard and magnetic.

Leave 'you[a] your 'power to draw,
And I shall have 'no power to 'follow you.
Dem. 'Do I entice you? do I speak you 'fair?
Or, rather, do I not, in plainest truth,
Tell you I 'do not, nor I 'cannot, love you?
You do impeach your modesty too much
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.
I will not stay thy qu..stions:[b] let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee 'mischief in the Wood.
Hel. Ay, in the 'Temple, in the town, the field,
You 'do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
'We cannot 'fight for love, as 'men may do;
We should be 'wooed, and were not made to 'woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of 'hell,
And die—e'en by[c] the hand I love so well! [Exeunt Dem. and Hel.

Oberon, having sympathy for the lady, determines to punish the obdurate swain:

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly 'him, and he shall 'seek thy love.

Puck re-enters.

'Hast thou the flower there? I pray thee, give it me.—
I know a bank whereon[d] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[e] and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.[f]
There 'sleeps Titania,—some time[g] of the night,—
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws[h] her enamelled skin,
Weed[i] wide enough to wrap a Fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of 'hateful 'fantasies.—
Take 'thou some of it, and seek through this grove:—
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint 'his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the 'lady. Thou shalt know the 'man
By the 'Athenian garments he hath on.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.[j]
Puck. Fear not, my lord; your servant 'shall do so. [Exeunt.

---

[a] give you up [b] stay to listen to thy questions. [c] O. R. vpon the hand.
[d] O. R. where. [e] the larger cowslips. [f] sweet-brier. [g] for some portion.
[h] sheds, cast off as a slough. [i] garment, dress. [j] the earliest sign of morning.

Turn we now to the flowery bank—where Queen Titania is giving orders to her fairy ladies-in-waiting:

Tita. Come, now, a roundel,[a] and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers[b] in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice,[c] for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint sports.[d] Sing me 'now asleep;
Then to your offices,[e] and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

You spotted snakes with double[f] tongue
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts[g] and blind-worms,[h] do no wrong;
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel,[i] with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby!
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not 'here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

Titania is lulled asleep: the obedient Fairies leave her. Oberon has now the opportunity of effecting his magic purpose: he gently approaches the unconscious Queen, and pours some of the love-juice in her eyes:

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do 'it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish, for 'his sake:
Be it ounce,[j] or cat,[k] or bear,
Pard,[l] or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, 'it is thy dear:
Wake, when some 'vile thing is near. [Exit.

Lysander and Hermia, fleeing from the tyrannical law of Athens, are now on their way to their secure asylum in the Wood. Fatigued with travel, Lysander says:

---

[a] a merry round dance. [b] caterpillars. [c] a popular name for bats (mice without fur).
[d] O. E. spirits. [e] several duties. [f] bi-forked. [g] lizards. [h] small lizards, without feet.
[i] the nightingale. [j] a small kind of Indian leopard. [k] the wildcat. [l] leopard.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the Wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry, for the comfort of the 'day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this 'bank will rest my head.
And so[a] good night! good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er 'alter, till thy sweet life 'end!
Lys. Amen, amen to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end 'life, when 'I end 'loyalty!
Here is 'my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With 'half that wish the 'wisher's eyes be pressed!
[They sleep.

No sooner have Lysander and Hermia yielded to the influence of sleep, than Puck, (who had been directed by King Oberon to search for Demetrius,) squeezes the juice of the herb into Lysander's eyes; thinking that the lady lying near would be the first person he would see when he awakes, and that thus his scorn would be instantly changed into love.—Puck is looking carefully around:

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found[b] I none,
On whose eyes I might approve[c]
This flower's force in stirring love.—
Night and silence! Who is here?
Weeds[d] of Athens 'he doth wear:
'This is he, my master said,
Despised the sweet Athenian maid; . . .
And here the 'maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank[e] and dirty ground!—
Churl,[f] upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.[g] [Squeezes the flower on Lysander's eyelids.
When thou wak'st, let Love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid:
'So, awake when I am 'gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Demetrius enters, still closely pursued by the over-fatigued but love-stricken Helena. She is at last compelled to rest; and now Lysander seizes this opportunity of her inability to follow, and runs away. Helena sinks down on the "flowery bank."

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my 'prayer, the lesser is my 'grace.
Happy is 'Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For 'she hath blessèd and 'attractive eyes. . . .

---

[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. finde. [c] prove, test. [d] garments. [e] damp.
[f] surly fellow. [g] possess.

But who is here?—Lysander? on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander!

Lysander is at once aroused by Helena; and, as she becomes the first living creature that he sees, he, under the influence of Puck's magic vial, makes extravagant protestations of love to her—repudiating the sleeping Hermia.

Hel. Lysander! If you live, good sir, awake!
Lys. [Awaking.] And run through 'fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helen! Here Nature shows her art,[a]
That, 'through thy bosom, makes me see thy 'heart.
Where is 'Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile 'name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your 'Hermia? Still,[b] what though?
Yet Hermia still loves 'you: then be content.
Lys. Content with 'Hermia! No; I do 'repent
The tedious minutes I with 'her have spent.
Not 'Hermia, but 'Helena now I love:
Who will not change a 'raven for a 'dove?
Love leads me to 'your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.
Hel. . . . Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I 'deserve this scorn?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner 'me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true 'gentleness. . .
O, that a lady, of 'one man refused,
Should, of 'another, therefore be 'abused! [Exeunt.

Helena, in her turn, runs away, and is immediately followed by her transformed lover Lysander. At this instant Hermia awakes.

Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! . . . What a 'dream was here!
Lysander! look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent ate my 'heart away,
And 'you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander! What, removed?[c] Lysander! lord!
What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? Speak, an if you hear;

[a] O. R. Nature her shewes art. [b] substituted word. [c] gone away.

Speak, of all loves![a] I 'swoon[b] almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not 'nigh:—
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately! [Exit.

We must now attend the preparations of the play by the plebeian actors. The grove they have selected is near the bank of flowers where Queen Titania still lies asleep.

The "lamentable comedy" to be presented by the ambitious citizens of Athens is founded on that well-known incident in lovers' literature, in which a certain ancient young gentleman and ancient young lady (named Pyramus and Thisbe) kissed each other through a hole in the wall. Bottom, the pompous hero of the play, inquires:

Bot. Are we 'all met?

Quin. Pat, pat;[c] and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our 'rehearsal. This green plot shall be our 'stage, this hawthorn-brake our 'tiring-house;[d] and we will do it in 'action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bottom gravely struts forward:

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully[e] Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to 'kill himself,—which the 'ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin,[f] a parlous[g] fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing 'out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: 'I have a 'device to make all well. Write 'me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, We will do no 'harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed 'indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am 'not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them 'out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will 'have such a prologue.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the 'lion?

Star. 'I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring-in a 'lion among ladies, is a most 'dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion 'living; and we 'ought to look to it.

---

[a] for the sake of all you love. [b] O. R. sound. [c] on the nick of time.
[d] attiring place, dressing room. [e] blustering and jolly fellow. [f] by our little Lady.
[g] perilous, great.

Snout. Therefore, 'another prologue must tell he is 'not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his 'name; and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he 'himself must speak through; saying thus, or to the same defect,[a]—"Ladies," or, "'Fair ladies;—I would wish you,"—or, "I would request you,"—or, "I would entreat you,—'not to fear, not to tremble: 'my life for 'yours. If you think I come hither as a 'lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a 'man, as other men are:"—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two 'hard[b] things:—that is, to bring the moonlight into a 'chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. . . . Yes, it 'doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then, you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine-in 'at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come-in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present,[c] the person of Moonshine.—Then, there is 'another thing: we must have a 'wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring-in a wall.—What say 'you, Bottom?

Bot. . . . Some man or other must present[c] Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast[d] about him, to 'signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, . . . and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If 'that may be, then 'all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and 'rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake[e];—and so every one according to his cue.[f]

---

[a] effect, purpose. [b] difficult. [c] for represent. [d] mortar mixed with coarse gravel, &c. [e] thicket. [f] the last words of the preceding speaker.

The tricksy Puck enters, and stands laughing by.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns[a] have we 'swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward?[b] 'I 'll be an auditor;
An 'actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince, the stage-manager, gives directions to begin:

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. "Odours," "odours."

Pyr.—"——odours savours sweet:
So hath thy 'breath, my dearest Thisby dear. [Thisby sneezes.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [Exit.

Puck runs off to prepare some trick; and Thisby comes forward:

This. Must 'I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a 'noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. . . . Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal,[c] and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that 'yet; that you 'answer to Pyramus. You speak 'all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is "never tire."

Puck returns, and Bottom with an ass's head on.

This. O!—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

All the actors are stricken with terror at Bottom's appearance.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted—
Pray, masters!—fly, masters!—help! [Exeunt Clowns.

Puck laughingly shouts after them:

Puck. 'I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you 'bout a round,
Through bog, through brook,[d] through bush, through brake, through brier:

---

[a] coarse vulgar fellows (like home-spun cloth, made of hemp). [b] in preparation.
[c] young man. [d] two inserted words.

Sometime a 'horse I 'll be, sometime a 'hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,—
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn! [Exit.

Bottom, ignorant of the cause of their flight, says:

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Snout re-enters.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed! what do I see on thee? [Exit.

Bot. What do you see? you see an 'ass-head of your 'own, do you?

Quince re-enters.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.[a] [Exit

Bot. . . . I 'see their knavery. This is to make an 'ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk 'up and down here; and I will 'sing, that they shall hear I am 'not afraid. [Sings.

The ousel-cock,[b] so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throstle[c] with his note so true,
The wren with 'little quill[d]—

Titania is awakened by the unmusical noise of the ass-transformed weaver; and the juice of the little purple flower immediately takes effect:

Tita. [Awaking.] What 'angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing 'again:
Mine 'ear is much enamoured of thy 'note;[e]
So is mine 'eye enthralléd to thy 'shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to 'swear, I 'love thee![f]

Bot. . . . Methinks, mistress, you should have little 'reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, Reason and Love keep tittle company together now-a-days:—the more the 'pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, 'I can gleek[g] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as 'wise as thou art beautiful!

---

[a] transformed. [b] (O. E. woosell-cocke) the male blackbird. [c] thrush.
[d] musical pipe. [e] musical voice. [f] this line is not in the folio, but is transferred from Fisher's quarto of 1600. (See note *a*, page 195.) [g] joke.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. 'Out of this Wood do not 'desire to go:
Thou shalt 'remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no 'common rate,—
The Summer still doth tend upon my state,—
And I 'do 'love thee! Therefore, go with 'me;
I 'll give thee 'Fairies to attend on thee.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

[Four Fairies enter.

1 *F.* Ready. 2 *F.* And I. 3 *F.* And I. 4 *F.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots,[a] and dewberries,[b]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

All. Hail, mortal! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy,[c] heartily.—I beseech your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of 'more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with 'you.[d]—'Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,[e] your mother, and to Master Peas-cod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire 'you of more acquaintance 'too.—'Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[f] well: that same cowardly, giant-like Ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire 'you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

---

[a] O. R. apricocks. [b] a kind of small raspberries. [c] thanks (*merci*).
[d] to stop the flow of blood: (cobwebs were formerly noted for their styptic power.)
[e] a large pod of unripe peas. [f] in waiting patiently to be eaten with the beef.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to 'my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,[a]
And when 'she weeps, weeps every little flower: [Bottom brays.
Tie up my love's[b] tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

Puck merrily reports to Oberon how he had proceeded;—that his Queen was in love with an ass—and that the young Athenian's eyes had also been affected by the love-juice. But Demetrius enters, still followed by Hermia, who accuses him of killing Lysander; and then she indignantly goes away, forbidding him to follow her.

Oberon now recognizes that the magic juice had been used on the 'wrong man, and begins to upbraid Puck for his carelessness:

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some 'true-love's sight.—
About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
By some illusion see thou bring her 'here:
I 'll charm 'his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look 'how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

'All the lovers are thus at cross-purposes; and Helena, thinking that the three had entered into a conspiracy to destroy her peace, reproachfully addresses her former friend:

Hel. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have 'you conspired? have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed Time
For parting us,—O, and is all 'forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[c]
Have with our neelds[d] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and 'minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry,—'seeming parted,
But yet a 'union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming 'bodies, but one 'heart:
And will you rend our ancient love 'asunder,

---

[a] a sign of rain. [b] O. R. louers. [c] goddesses skilled in ingenious arts. [d] needles.

To join with men in 'scorning your poor friend?
Our 'sex, as well as I, may chide you for 't,
Though I 'alone do feel the injury.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

From tears, the angry ladies soon come to high words, and the gentlemen depart—to fight for Helena!

Oberon, who had overheard these quarrels, again begins to scold poor Puck.

Obe. This is thy 'negligence! 'still thou mistak'st,—
Or else committ'st thy knaveries 'wilfully.[a]

Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I 'mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the 'man
By the 'Athenian garments he had on?
And so far 'blameless proves my enterprize,
That I 'have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes.
And, so far, am I glad it so did sort,[b]
As this their jangling I esteem a 'sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to 'fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, 'overcast[c] the night;
The starry welkin[d] cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;[e]
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come 'not within another's way:
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting Sleep
With leaden legs and bat-like[f] wings doth creep:
Then crush 'this herb into 'Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To 'take from thence all error, with its[g] might,
And make his eyeballs roll with 'wonted sight.
When they 'next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a 'Dream and fruitless vision;
And 'back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date (till death) shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do 'thee employ,
I' ll to my Queen, and 'beg her Indian boy;
And then I will 'her charmèd eye release
From monster's view,—and 'all things shall be peace.

The merry Puck is always ready to obey:

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them, up and down;

---

[a] O. R. willingly. [b] happen. [c] darken. [d] sky. [e] a dark and bitter river in hell. [f] O. R. battle. [g] O. R. his.

I am feared in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down. [Exeunt.

Demetrius and Lysander are thus both misled by Puck, who imitates their voices, and causes each to reproach the other with cowardice. Wearied out by their fruitless quest for each other in the foggy darkness, they both soon fall aslep. The exhausted ladies come near the same place, and also seek repose.—Puck, in the meantime, cautiously approaches Lysander:

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To 'your eye,
Gentle lover, 'remedy. [Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.
When thou wak'st,
Then[a] thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy 'former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That "every man should take his own,"
In your waking shall be 'shown:
"Jack shall have Jill;[b]
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well." [Exit Puck.

Under these varied circumstances, the young lovers are all asleep. The Queen of the Fairies is still under the magic spell, caressing the ass's head that Bottom wears; while Oberon is looking on unseen. The infatuated Titania still fawns on her hirsuté lover:

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable[c] cheeks do coy,[d]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy!

Bot. . . . Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee, on

---

[a] inserted word. [b] a quotation from Heywood's "Epigrams," (1565.)
[c] lovable. [d] caress (fondle).

the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not 'fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown[a] with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery[b] Peas-blossom[c] to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for, methinks, I am 'marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a 'tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I 'must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some 'music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have . . . the tongs and the bones.[d] [Music, Tongs, Rural noises.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to 'eat?

Bot. Truly, a 'peck of provender! I could munch your good dry 'oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle[e] of 'hay! 'good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new 'nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried 'peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people 'stir me: I have an exposition[f] of 'sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways[g] away. . . . [Exeunt Fairies.
So doth the woodbine[h] the sweet honey-suckle[i]
Gently entwist; the female ivy[j] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. . . . .
O, how I 'love thee! how I 'dote on thee!

They sleep; she fondling, he braying and snoring.

Oberon advances as Puck enters:

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage 'now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the Wood,
Seeking sweet favours[k] for this hateful fool,
When she in 'mild terms begged my patience,
I 'then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairies[l] sent

---

[a] drowned. [b] for Cavalero. [c] O. R. Cobweb. [d] rustic discordant sounds made by common domestic instruments: a mock serenade. [e] truss. [f] for disposition. [g] in every direction. [h] the plant. [i] the flower. [j] The ivy is called female, because it is supported by the elm. [k] (O. R. savours) love-gifts nosegays. [l] O. R. Fairy.

To bear him to 'my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I 'have the boy, I will 'undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,[a]
May 'all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a 'Dream:—
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

He touches her eyes with the other herb.

Be,[b] as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud[c] o'er Cupid's flower[d]
Hath such force and blesséd power.

Now, my Titania, 'wake you, my sweet Queen!

Tita. . . . My Oberon? What visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamoured of an 'ass!

Obe. 'There lies your love.

Tita. . . . How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do 'loathe his visage 'now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—[Puck takes off the ass's head.

Sound, music! Come, my Queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in 'amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly[e]
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.[f]
There shall the 'pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, 'all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,[g]
Trip we 'after the night's shade;
We the 'globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering 'moon.

Tita Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me 'how it came this night,
That I, sleeping, here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt Fairies.

[a] O. R. when the other doe. [b] O. R. Be thou. [c] the verbena. [d] the pansy (heart's ease.)
[e] ceremoniously. [f] O. R. posterity. [g] solemn, grave.

Hunting-horns are heard at a little distance; and Duke Theseus, his bride Hippolyta, old Egeus, and a train of Huntsmen, come to the same part of the Wood. At the sound of the hunting-horns all the lovers awake, recovered from the charm that had clouded their reason. An explanation ensues—Egeus no longer opposes Hermia's marriage with Lysander: Helena joyfully agrees to marry Demetrius: and the Duke resolves that their festivities shall accompany his own. As they are returning merrily to Athens, Bottom awakes:

Bot. [Waking.] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: —my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! Odds my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! . . . I have had a most rare vision! I have had a 'dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an 'ass, if he go-about to 'expound this dream. Methought 'I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I 'was—and methought I 'had, . . . but man is but a 'patched[a] fool, if he will offer to say 'what methought I had. The 'eye of man hath not heard, the 'ear of man hath not seen, man's 'hand is not able to taste, his 'tongue to conceive, nor his 'heart to report, 'what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a 'ballad of this dream: it shall be called "Bottom's Dream,"—because it hath 'no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of the play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at Thisby's[b] death, [Exit.

The would-be actors are all in despair at the continued absence of Bottom, as, without his appearance, their play will be marred. Snug hastily comes in with the news that the Duke and his bride, with several other lords and ladies newly married, are returning from the Temple—when, suddenly, the burly form of Bottom appears; he is received with shouts of welcome:

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?[c]

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse 'wonders; but ask me not 'what; for, 'if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I 'will tell you 'every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. 'Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

---

[a] evident, (wearing the fool's party-coloured dress). [b] O. R. at her death.
[c] hearty fellows.

Bot. Not a word of 'me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps:[a] meet presently at the Palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, 'our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion 'pare his nails,—for, they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter 'sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, "It is a 'sweet comedy!" No more words: away! go; away! [Exeunt.

The Scene is now a Hall, in the Athenian palace, specially prepared for the wedding festivities.

The magical influences that have prevailed over the "happy pairs" are now the subject of conversation between Theseus and his bride:

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, 'that these lovers speak of?

The. 'More strange than 'true: 'I never can[b] believe
These antique[c] fables nor these fairy toys:
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething[d] brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that 'ap-prehend[e]
More than cool reason e'er can 'com-prehend.[f]
The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of 'imagination all compact:[g]
'One sees 'more Devils than vast Hell can hold;
That is the 'Madman:—the 'Lover, all as frantic,
Sees 'Helen's[h] beauty in a brow of 'Egypt.[i]—
The 'Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as 'Imagination bodies forth[j]
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to 'shapes; and gives, to airy Nothing,
A local habitation and a name.—
Here 'come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena, are welcomed by the Duke:

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
Where is our usual Manager of Mirth?[k]

---

[a] thin-soled shoes. [b] O. R. may. [c] O. R. anticke. [d] overheated, excited.
[e] imagine. [f] understand (O. R. euer comprehends). [g] closely united (formed in the same mould). [h] the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta.
[i] swarthy, like a gypsy's. [j] embodies (conceives).
[k] Philostrate, the Master of the Revels.

Philostrate advances.

What 'revels are in hand? Is there no 'play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Philostrate presents his list of amusements. Theseus is most struck with the last:

The. [Reads.] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisby; very tragical mirth."
Merry, and tragical! Tedious, and brief!
That is, hot 'ice, and wondrous-strange "black"[a] snow.
How shall we find the 'concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
(Which is as 'brief as I have known a play;)
But 'by ten words, my lord, it is 'too long,
Which 'makes it tedious; for, in all the play,
There is not one 'word apt, one player 'fitted.
And 'tragical, my noble lord, it 'is,
For Pyramus therein doth 'kill himself:
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more 'merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. 'Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Who never laboured in their 'minds till now;
And now have toiled[b] their unbreathed[c] memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will 'hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord,
It is not for 'you: I have heard it over,
And it is 'nothing, nothing in the world,—
Unless you can 'find sport in their 'intents.
The. I 'will hear that play:
For never anything can be 'amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is 'addrest.[d]

With a discordant flourish of trumpets, Quince the carpenter enters as Prologue.

Prol. If we offend—it is with our good will—
That you should think—we come not to offend—
But with good will—to show our simple skill—
That is the true—beginning of our end—
Consider then we come—but in despite—

---

[a] inserted word. [b] exerted, wearied out. [c] unexercised, unvoiced.
[d] ready, prepared to speak.

We do not come—as minding to content you—
Our true intent is—all for your delight—
We are not here—that you should here repent you—
The actors are at hand—and by their show—
You shall know all—that you are 'like to know. [Exit.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon 'points.[a]

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the 'stops. A good 'moral, my lord:—it is not enough to 'speak, but to speak 'true.

The "tragical comedy" commences with the appearance of Snout the tinker, who is dressed to represent a Wall.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That 'I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the 'cranny is, right and sinister,[b]
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Bottom the weaver enters as Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd[c] night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when 'day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall; O sweet and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.[d]

---

[a] marks for punctuation. The common errors of not logically grouping words, and of introducing cæsural pauses in verse—the commonest with sing-song rhythmical readers—are here illustrated. The ordinary punctuation would show the lines thus:

Prol. If we 'offend, it is, with our good will,
That you should think we come 'not to offend;
But, with good will, to show our simple skill:
That is the true 'beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come: but in 'despite
We do 'not come; as, minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight:
We are not here that you should here repent you.—
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are 'like to know.

[b] left (extending right and left). [c] dark-looking. [d] eyes.

Wall holds up his fingers.

Thanks, courteous Wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see!
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The Wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse 'again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should 'not.—"Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: 'she is to enter now, and I am to spy her 'through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat[a] as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Flute the bellows-mender enters as Thisby.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans;
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones.

Pyr. I 'see a 'voice! now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love! thou 'art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I 'am thy lover's grace;
O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. . . . I kiss the wall, but not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's[b] tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide[c] life, 'tide death. I come without delay. [Exeunt Pyr. and This.

Pyramus and Thisby go off; the perplexed Wall at last begins to move:

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit Wall.

Hippolyta laughingly says:

Hip. This is the 'silliest 'stuff that e'er I heard.

Theseus philosophically replies:

The. The 'best in this kind are but shadows; and the 'worst are no worse,—if 'imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be 'your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If 'we imagine no worse of them than they of 'themselves, they may pass for 'excellent men.—Here come two noble 'beasts in—a Moon[d] and a Lion.

Snug the joiner enters as the Lion, and Starveling the tailor as Moonshine. The Lion speaks:

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

---

[a] exactly. [b] for Ninus' tomb (Ninus was the founder of the Assyrian monarchy). [c] betide (happen). [d] O. R. in a man.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner am,
No[a] lion fell,[b] nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should, as Lion, come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very 'gentle beast, and of a good conscience.—Now let us listen to the 'Moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornéd Moon present;
Myself the 'Man[c] i' the Moon do seem to be—

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The Man should be put 'into the lantern: how is it else the Man 'in the Moon?

Hip. . . . I am weary of 'this moon: 'would he would 'change! Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the 'lantern is the Moon; I, the 'Man in the Moon; this thorn-bush 'my thorn-bush; and this dog, 'my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the 'lantern; for all these are in the 'Moon. But, silence! here comes Thisby.

Thisby enters. The Lion, seeing her, crouches down as preparing to spring.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. Ooh——————!

The Lion roars, and Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roared, Lion!
The. Well run, Thisby!
Hip. Well shone, Moon!—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The Lion sees Thisby's mantle lying on the ground:—he worries and tears it—then, with a growl of satisfaction, stalks away.

The. Well moused,[d] Lion.
Lys. And so the lion vanished.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Pyramus enters.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright.
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,[e]
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

[a] O. R. a lion fell. [b] fierce. [c] The tradition is that the moon is inhabited by a man, who, as a punishment for theft, has a thorn-bush to drag along. Shakespeare gives him a dog as companion. [d] killed, as a cat tears a mouse. [e] O. R. beames.

But stay;—O spite!—
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stained with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell![a]
O Fates, come, come:
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile[b] hath here destroyed[c] my dear?
Which is—no, no—which 'was the fairest dame,
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that 'left pap,
Where heart doth hop:— [Stabs himself.
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! . . .

Now am I dead;
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [Exit Moonshine.
Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

Thisby enters.

This. Asleep, my love? . . .
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb!
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes!
This lily lip,[d]
This cherry tip;[e]
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,[f]
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore,[g]
With shears, his thread of silk.

---

[a] fierce. [b] O. R. vilde. [c] O. R. defiour'd. [d] O R. These lilly lips. [e] O. R. nose.
[f] The Fates, who were believed to control the destinies of men, were three sister goddesses, named Clotho, (who wove the web of human life), Lachesis, (who held the spindle), and Atropos, (who ended all by cutting the thread). [g] shorn, cut.

Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:[a] [Stabs herself.
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:—
Adieu adieu, adieu. [Dies.

Theseus says:

The. Moonshine and Lion are left, to 'bury the dead.
Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

But here the dead Pyramus starts up:

Bot. No, I assure you: the Wall is 'down, that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the 'Epilogue?
The. 'No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played[b] Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a 'fine 'tragedy:—and so it 'is, truly; and very notably discharged. But let your epilogue alone.

The crest-fallen Bottom slinks away.

Theseus addresses his wearied guests:

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolled[c] Twelve.—
Lovers, away: 't is almost Fairy-time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming 'morn,
As much as we this 'night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross[d] play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait[e] of night.—Sweet friends, away.—
[Exeunt.

Puck enters carrying a broom.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All the weary task fordone.[f]
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:

---

[a] stain with blood. [b] performed. [c] O. E. told. [d] evidently ridiculous. [e] slow progress. [f] exhausted, wearied out.

And we Fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's[a] team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are 'frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

To share in the revels, the reconciled Oberon and Titania, with their resplendent trains of Fairies, enter: and Puck—lately the 'wicked sprite, but now the merry Robin Good-fellow—comes, with his happy peroration, to end this "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Puck. If we shadows have 'offended,
'Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but 'slumbered here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a "Dream,"
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck[b]
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,[c]
We will make 'amends ere long;
Else the Puck a 'liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[d] if we be friends,
And 'Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

END OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

[a] Hecate, the goddess of magic and enchantment, is classically known by *three* names:—Luna, (in heaven;) Diana, (on earth;) and Hecate, or Proserpine, (in hell.)
[b] undeserved good fortune. [c] in being hissed. [d] applaud.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The Comedy of "The Merchant of Venice" was probably written about the year 1597: it was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1598,[a] included in Francis Meres' list of Shakespeare's Plays in the same year, (see p. 6,) but not printed till 1600, when its popularity was so great that two editions successively appeared; but there was no later reprint till in the folio of 1623. These two quartos present very slight differences from each other, while the folio contains a few but unimportant variations.

It may be stated, as a strange circumstance, that this most interesting Comedy must have been preceded by an older play now lost, but distinctly mentioned by Stephen Gosson, in his "School of Abuse,"[b] published in 1579—more than twenty years before the publication of Shakespeare's play. There is also a marked resemblance to an old ballad (reprinted in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,") referring to the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew. The original main story may be farther traced back to a collection of Tales called "Il Pecorone," by Ser Giovanni, published at Milan in 1558.

A story is also told by the biographer of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, in which the pitiless creditor was a Christian, and his victim a Jew; but Shakespeare prefers the story which accorded with popular prejudice and orthodox iniquity. He has incorporated, with the "bond" of Shylock, an incident from another tale (found in the "Gesta Romanorum")—that of Portia and the caskets; and the two stories are so skilfully interwoven that no suspicion of their double origin is suggested.

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[a] The following is the first entry in the Register of the Stationers' Company, dated July 22d, 1598, to James Roberts (the printer): "A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyse, otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provyded that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without leaue first had from the ryght honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

On October 28th, 1600, another entry is made in favour of Tho. Heyes (the publisher): "A booke called the Book of the Merchaunt of Venyce."

The following are their respective title-pages:

[Roberts' Quarto.] "The excellent History of The Merchant of Venice. With the extreame cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant in cutting a pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of the Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600."

[Heyes' Quarto.] "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, by cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I R. Heyes for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon." [1600.]

[b] This was a tract, "Containing a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth." Gosson thus refers to the lost play:—"The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." But as there is no reference to the story of the Bond or to that of the Three Caskets, we must not conclude that Shakespeare was in any way indebted to this lost play.

"The Merchant of Venice" ranks as a "Comedy," although the main incident is tragic enough. The characteristics of Tragedy and Comedy are often as closely intermingled in our author's dramas, as in the real life which they reflect. Thus the Tragedies are often relieved by mirth and humour, side by side with pathos and solemnity; and the Comedies illustrate, in some of their scenes or incidents, the universal truth as expressed by Shelley—

"Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught."

The dramatic Characters retained in this Condensation are:

DUKE[a] OF VENICE.[b]	SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
PRINCE OF MOROCCO,[c] } *Suitors to*	TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON,[d] } *Portia.*	LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *Servant to Shylock.*
ANTONIO, *a Merchant of Venice.*	BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Portia.*
BASSANIO, *his Friend, Suitor to Portia.*	
GRATIANO, }	PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
SOLANIO,[e] } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*	NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
SALARINO, }	JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*
SALERIO, *A Court Attendant.*	*Magnificoes of Venice, Servants, and other Attendants.*
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*	

Scene—Partly in Venice, and partly at Belmont.[f]

The First Scene is a Street in Venice: it introduces the dramatic personage who gives name to the Play—Antonio the Merchant; a melancholy moralizing man, but of much enterprize and vast speculation. With him are two friends, Salarino and Solanio, who have been endeavouring to rally him out of his unsocial and tristful mood; but he thus excuses himself:

Ant. In sooth, I know not 'why I am so sad.
It wearies me: You say, it wearies 'you;
But 'how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
I am yet[g] to learn.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the 'ocean;
There, where 'your argosies[h] with portly sail,
Do overpeer the 'petty traffickers,[i]
As they fly by them with their woven wings.[j]
Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it;
My ventures are not in 'one vessel[k] trusted,
Therefore, my 'merchandise makes me not sad.

---

[a] or Doge. [b] a city of Italy built on a cluster of islands in the north west fringe of the Adriatic Sea. [c] in the north-west of Africa, on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. [d] a province in the north-east of Spain. [e] O. R. Salanio or Salino. [f] Lady Portia's country-seat near Venice. [g] inserted word [h] large ships for commerce; galleons. [i] small trading ships. [j] their sails [k] O. R. bottom.

Salar. Why, then you are in 'love?
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let 's say you are sad,
Because you are not 'merry; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say—you are merry,
Because you are not 'sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[a]
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore 'peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other, of such 'vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of 'smile,
Though Nestor[b] swear the jest be laughable.
Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman;
We leave you now with 'better company. [Exeunt Sal. and Sol.

Lorenzo, Gratiano, and Bassanio enter. Lorenzo is a young gentleman very much in love, and therefore not given to much conversation: —Gratiano is a great talker, a humourist, and laughing philosopher:—Bassanio is a handsome, high-spirited prodigal, who comes to borrow—not for the first time—from his wealthy friend Antonio.—Gratiano also takes notice of the gloom of the rich Merchant:

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the 'world:
'They 'lose it, that do buy it with much 'care.
Ant. I hold the world but 'as the world, Gratiano;
A 'stage,—where every man must play a part,—
And mine a 'sad one!
Gra. Let 'me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter 'let old wrinkles come;
And let my 'liver rather heat with 'wine,
Than my 'heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit, like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a 'wilful stillness entertain;[c]
With purpose to be dressed in an 'opinion
Of 'wisdom, 'gravity,—profound 'conceit;
As who should say, "'I am Sir[d] Oracle!

[a] an ancient King of Italy, deified as the god of the year—with two faces, one looking to the past, the other to the future. [b] any old person like Nestor—one of the Homeric heroes, venerable for age and eloquence.
[c] maintain an obstinate silence. [d] O. R. I am sir an Oracle.

And, when I ope 'my lips, let no dog bark!"—
I 'll tell thee 'more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon,[a] this "opinion."—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my "exhortation" 'after dinner.

Ant. Farewell: 'I 'll grow a talker for this gear.[b]

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for 'silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried,—and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Antonio, not quite understanding Gratiano's flippancy, inquires of Bassanio:

Ant. Is that 'anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of 'nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His 'reasons are as[c] two 'grains of wheat hid in two 'bushels of 'chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you 'have them, they are not 'worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me 'now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage?

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair; and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous 'virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To 'Cato's daughter, 'Brutus' Portia;[d]
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow-in, from every coast,
Renownéd suitors. Had I but the 'means
To hold a 'rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift[e]
That I should 'questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all 'my fortunes are at 'sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity,
To raise a 'present sum: therefore, go 'forth;
Try what my 'credit can in Venice do,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go 'presently inquire, (and so will I,)
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my 'trust, or for my 'sake. [Exeunt.

In consequence of this friendly direction, we are now to suppose before us,—in the Public Place in Venice,—Bassanio the haughty borrower, and Shylock the cautious lender, of money.

---

[a] an easily-caught fresh-water fish, used chiefly for bait. [b] wealth (of information). [c] inserted word. [d] See Julius Cæsar. [e] success.

Shy. 'Three thousand ducats,[a]—well?
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For 'three months;—well?
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. 'Antonio shall become bound;—well!
Bass. Your 'answer to that?
Shy. Antonio is a 'good[b] man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the 'contrary?
Shy. O! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a 'good man, is to have you 'understand me,—that he is 'sufficient: yet his means are in 'supposition. He hath . . . an argosy bound to Tripolis,[c] another to the Indies;[d] I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,[e] he hath a third at Mexico,[f] a fourth for England, and . . . other ventures he hath, 'squandered[g] abroad. But ships are but 'boards, sailors but 'men: there be 'land-rats and 'water-rats, land-thieves and 'water-thieves, I mean 'pirates; and then, there is the 'peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. 'Three thousand ducats?—I 'think I may take his bond.
Bass. Be 'assured you may.
Shy. I 'will be assured I may; and, that I 'may be assured, I will bethink me. . . . May I 'speak with Antonio?
Bass. If it please you to 'dine with us.
Shy. Yes, to smell 'pork! . . . I will 'buy with you, 'sell with you, 'talk with you, 'walk with you, and so following: but I will not 'eat with you, 'drink with you,—nor 'pray with you! What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here? [Antonio approaches.
Bass. 'This is Signior Antonio.

Bassanio hastens to meet his friend.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning 'publican[h] he looks!
I 'hate him—for he is a 'Christian;
But 'more, for that, in low simplicity,
'He lends out money 'gratis,[i] and brings down
The rate of usance[j] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[k]

---

[a] coins struck by a Duke—the average Venetian silver ducat was worth about a dollar or four shillings, stg.: the gold, about double. [b] wealthy, reliable.
[c] a country and city in Northern Africa. [d] India (the East Indies.
[e] the Venetian Exchange; on the chief island of the city. [f] in North America.
[g] lavishly dispersed. [h] collector of the public taxes. [i] gratuitously, without charge.
[j] interest (usury). [k] at a disadvantage.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,—
Even there where merchants most do congregate,—
On me, my bargains, and my well-won 'thrift,—
Which 'he calls 'interest. Curséd be my 'tribe
If I forgive him!

Bassanio returns with Antonio the Merchant:

Bass. Shylock, . . . do you hear?
Shy. . . . I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot, 'instantly, raise-up the 'gross[a]
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! How 'many months
Do you desire?—[To An.] Rest you fair, good Signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend, nor 'borrow,
By taking nor by giving of 'excess,[b]
Yet, to supply the ripe[c] wants of my friend,
I 'll 'break a custom.—Is he yet possessed[d]
How 'much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot:—'three months; 'you told me so.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. . . . Signior Antonio, many a time, and oft
In the 'Rialto, you have rated[e] me
About my moneys and my usances:[f]
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For "Sufferance" is the badge of all 'our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever! 'cut-throat dog!
And spit[g] upon my Jewish gaberdine,[h]—
And all for use of that which is mine 'own.
Well then, it now appears you need my 'help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys," 'you say so;
You, that did void your rheum[i] upon my beard,
And foot[j] me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: 'moneys is your suit.
What 'should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a 'dog money? Is it possible

[a] the entire amount. [b] high (excessive) interest. [c] immediate. [d] informed. [e] abused, vilified. [f] usurious charges. [g] O. E. spet. [h] a coarse cloak or outer garment. [i] discharge your spittle. [j] kick.

A cur 'can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low; and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you 'spit on me on Wednesday last;
You 'spurned me such a day; another time
You called me 'dog; and for these . . . 'courtesies,
I 'll 'lend you thus much moneys"?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so 'again,
To 'spit on thee again, to 'spurn thee too.
If thou 'wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy 'friend; but rather[a] to thine 'enemy;
Who, if he break,[b] thou may'st, with better face,
'Exact the penalty.[c]

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be 'friends with you, and have your love;
'Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no 'doit[d]
Of usance for my moneys—and you 'll not 'hear me!
This is 'kind I offer?

Bass. This 'were[e] kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I 'show.
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
'Your 'single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for . . . an equal pound
Of your fair 'flesh;—to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is 'much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for 'me:
I 'll rather dwell[f] in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these 'two months (that 's a month 'before
This bond expires,) I do expect return
Of 'thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram,[g] what these 'Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect[h]
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this:

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[a] inserted word. [b] fail, become bankrupt. [c] O. R. penalties.
[d] the smallest piece of money. [e] would be. [f] continue, remain. [g] Ab.aham.
[h] O. R. Whose owne hard dealing teaches them suspect.

If he should 'break his day, what should I gain
By the 'exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of 'man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs,[a] or goats. I say,
To 'buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my 'love, I pray you, 'wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I 'will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me 'forthwith at the Notary's;
Give 'him direction for this merry bond,
And 'I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house—left in the fearful[b] guard
Of an unthrifty knave;[c]—and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [Exit Shylock.
This Hebrew will turn 'Christian: he grows 'kind.

Bass. I like not fair 'terms,[d] and a 'villain's 'mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be 'no dismay;
My ships come home a month 'before the day. [Exeunt.

In this manner Bassanio gets the Jew's three thousand ducats, and Shylock is the possessor of Antonio's bond.

This comedy is no less remarkable for this eccentric "bond" of Shylock than for the whimsical "last Will and Testament" of the Lady Portia's father. By this extraordinary document, his daughter, with her immense dowry, is to be disposed of in marriage, somewhat according to the chances of a 'lottery. Three caskets—of gold, of silver, and of lead,—are to be placed before those suitors who were admitted as competitors; and the contents of the chosen casket were to determine the fortunes of the adventurer; who, before selecting, was obliged to swear—to keep his own secret, and farther—never to speak to a lady afterwards in way of marriage.

The Lady Portia, and her attendant Nerissa, are thus heard discussing the situation and a few of the suitors.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little 'body is a-weary of this great 'world.

Ner. You 'would be, sweet madam, if your 'miseries were in the same abundance as your 'good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, 'they are as sick that surfeit with too 'much, as they that 'starve with 'nothing. It is no 'mean[e] happiness, therefore, to be seated 'in the mean:[f] superfluity comes 'sooner by 'white hairs—but competency lives 'longer.

---

[a] O. R. beefes. [b] unreliable. [c] Launcelot Gobbo. [d] good words.
[e] O. R. smal. [f] in the middle state—neither rich nor poor.

Por. Good sentences, and well 'pronounced.

Ner. They would be 'better, if well 'followed.

Por. If to 'do were as easy as to know what were 'good to do, 'chapels had been 'churches, and poor men's 'cottages princes' 'palaces. It is a 'good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier 'teach twenty what were 'good to be done, than be 'one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning[a] is not in the fashion to choose me a 'husband.—O me, the word "'choose!" I may neither 'choose whom I would, nor 'refuse whom I dislike; so is the 'will[b] of a 'living 'daughter curbed by the will[b] of a 'dead 'father. —Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot 'choose one, nor 'refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have 'good inspirations;[c] therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses 'his meaning chooses 'you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any 'rightly, but one whom you shall rightly 'love.— But 'what warmth is there in your affection, towards 'any of these princely suitors that are 'already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and 'as thou namest them, I will 'describe them; and, according to my description, level[d] at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt[e] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his 'own good parts, that he can 'shoe him himself!

Ner. Then is there the County 'Palatine.[f]

Por. 'He doth nothing but 'frown; as who should say, "An you will not have 'me, 'choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear, he will prove the 'weeping philosopher[g] when he grows 'old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his 'youth. I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a 'bone in his mouth, than to either of these.

Ner. How say you by the 'French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por. Heaven made him, and therefore let him 'pass for a man.

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[a] O. R. this reason. [b] a play upon will, a *wish*, and will, a *testamentary document*.
[c] good men dying were believed to have mental prospective powers.
[d] take a direct aim. [e] a wild sportive youth, like a young unbroken horse.
[f] a Count with palatial (royal) privileges. (O. R. the Countie Palentine.)
[g] like Heraclitus.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of 'England?

Por. You know I say 'nothing to him, for he understands not 'me, nor I 'him:[a] He is a proper[b] man's 'picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show?

Ner. What think you of the 'Scottish[c] lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly 'charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he 'would pay him again—when he was able.

Ner. How like you the young 'German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very 'vilely[d] in the morning,—when he is sober;—and 'most vilely in the afternoon,—when he is drunk: when he is 'best, he is a little 'worse than a man; and when he is 'worst, he is little better than a 'beast.

Ner. If he should choose the 'right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to 'accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish 'wine on the 'contrary casket; for, if 'the 'Devil be 'within, and 'that temptation 'without, I know he will choose 'it. I will do 'anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a 'sponge.

Ner. . . . Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian,—a scholar and a soldier,—that came hither in company of the Marquess of Montferrat?[e]

Por. Yes, yes! it was 'Bassanio:—as I think,—so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: He, of 'all the men that ever 'my foolish eyes looked upon, was the 'best deserving a fair lady.

Por. . . . I remember him 'well: and I remember him 'worthy of thy praise.

Some four of the would-be wooers are alarmed at the severe stipulations of candidature—when a Servant announces their departure, and the approach of another high-titled personage, the Prince of Morocco. Portia laughingly says:

Por. If I could bid the 'fifth 'welcome, with so good heart as I can bid the other four 'farewell, I should be 'glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon 'one wooer, another knocks at the door! [Exeunt

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[a] English travellers were remarkable for their ignorance of European languages.
[b] handsome. [c] O. R. other. The word "Scottish" was prudently suppressed in the first folio to avoid offending King James. [d] O. R. vildely.
[e] in the south of Italy (formerly a part of the Sardinian States).

The now hopeful suitor Bassanio employs part of his borrowed capital in hiring servants, whose splendid livery may procure for him the reputation of wealth. A half-starved, half-crazed lackey of Shylock's,—Launcelot Gobbo,—the "unthrifty knave" who had been the "fearful guard" of his house and his daughter,—is anxious to swell the number of Bassanio's household. The Scene is a Street in Venice.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to 'run from this Jew my master. The Fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me—"Gobbo!" "Launcelot Gobbo!" "Good Launcelot!" or "Good Gobbo!" or "Good Launcelot Gobbo! use your legs, take the start, run away." My Conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot! take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "Honest Launcelot Gobbo! do 'not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous Fiend bids me pack: "Via![a]" says the Fiend; "away!" says the Fiend! "rouse up a brave mind," says the Fiend, "and run." Well, my Conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—"My honest friend Launcelot, budge 'not." "Budge," says the Fiend: "Budge 'not," says my Conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "'you counsel well." To be ruled by my 'Conscience, I should 'stay with the Jew my master, who is a 'kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the Fiend, who is 'the Devil himself. Certainly, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to 'stay with the Jew. The Fiend gives the more 'friendly counsel: I will run! Fiend, my heels are at 'your commandment; I will 'run.

But, as Launcelot is about to follow the promptings of his conscience, Bassanio comes along. The importunities of the would-be servitor prevail; and now, being admitted to swell the number of Bassanio's retinue, he proceeds, with a happy heart, to take leave of Shylock his old master. At this instant, Gratiano is heard calling to his friend:

Gra. Signior Bassanio!—I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have 'obtained it.
Gra. I must go 'with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you 'must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that 'become thee happily enough;
But where thou art not 'known, why, there they show

[a] Italian for *away*.

Something too liberal.[a] Pray thee, take pain
To allay, with some cold drops of modesty,
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued[b] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put-on a sober habit,[c]
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then;
Use all the observance[d] of civilty,—
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[e]
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.[f]

Gra. Nay, but I bar[g] to-night; you shall not gage[h] me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put-on
Your boldest suit of mirth; for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.

The scene changes to a room in Shylock's house. Launcelot is preparing to enter on his new service, and Jessica is regretfully parting with him:

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter, do it secretly.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan! most sweet Jew! These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [Exit Laun.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian—and thy loving wife! [Exit.

This letter conveys to Lorenzo the arrangements for an elopement, which is to take place that evening, during Shylock's absence from home at Bassanio's feast—stating what gold and jewels she can take away with her. Launcelot still lingers to settle with his old master in payment for past services:

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[a] free-making, unguarded. [b] O. R. misconsterd. [c] behaviour. [d] formal rule. [e] display of seriousness. [f] demeanour. [g] exclude. [h] gauge, measure.

Shy. Well, thou shalt 'see,—thy 'eyes shall be thy judge,—
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio;
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with 'me;—What, Jessica!
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids 'thee call? 'I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing 'without bidding. [Jessica enters.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid-forth[a] to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for 'love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in 'hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right 'loth[b] to go:
There is some 'ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.[c]

Laun. I 'beseech you, sir, go: My young master doth expect your reproach. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a 'masque; but if you do, then it was not for 'nothing that my nose fell a bleeding,[d] on Black-Monday[e] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling-out 'that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there 'masques?—Hear you me, Jessica;
'Lock-up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking[f] of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not 'you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on 'Christian fools with varnished faces;
But 'stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements;
Let not the 'sound of shallow foppery enter
'My sober house.—By Jacob's staff[g] I swear,
I have no 'mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I 'will go:—Go you 'before me, sirrah,
Say, I will 'come.

Laun. I 'will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

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[a] invited [b] very unwilling. [c] if "dreams go by contraries," the dream of money-bags should presage their loss. [d] a superstitious omen of ill-luck.
[e] Easter Monday was long so called; because, on that day, (April 14, 1360,) an intense frost occurred, which killed many of the English soldiers in Paris, under the conduct of King Edward II. [f] O. R. squealing. [g] see Genesis, xxx, 10.

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[a] [Exit.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's[b] offspring? ha!

Jes. His words were "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.

Shy. The patch[c] is 'kind enough; but a huge 'feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps, by 'day,
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with 'me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to 'waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return 'immediately.
Shut doors after you:—"Fast bind, fast find;"
A proverb never stale in 'thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
'I have a father, 'you a 'daughter, lost. [Exit.

The scene now returns to Belmont. Under the circumstances already described, several candidates for the Lady Portia's hand appear before us. The first is the tawny-complexioned Prince of Morocco. The Lady Portia coldly addresses her Attendant:

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, which[d] this inscription bears:—
"*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*"
The second, silver, which 'this promise carries:—
"*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:[e]—
"*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*"
How shall I know if I do choose the 'right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:
If you choose 'that, then I am yours withal.

After much deliberation, he selects the 'golden casket, but is rewarded with a Death's head and a scroll, informing him—

[Mor. reads:] *All that 'glisters is not 'gold;*
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my 'outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[f] do worms infold.

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[a] the old proverb is, "Worth a Jew's eye;" money was then, on the flimsiest pretences, legally extorted from the Jews. [b] an Egyptian servant (belonging to Sarah, the wife of Abraham,) who became the mother of Ishmael, the progenitor of the Hagarenes (or Saracens). [c] fool in a party-coloured dress. [d] who.
[e] brief. [f] O. R. timber.

Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd,
"Fare you well, your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a 'tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains; go.
Let all of 'his complexion choose me 'so.

Nerissa hastily enters:

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight!
The Prince of 'Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

The Prince of Arragon enters, followed by his Train. Portia listlessly says:

Por. Behold, 'there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
Ar. I am enjoined by 'oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the 'right casket, never in my life
To woo a 'maid in way of marriage;
Last, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
'Immediately to 'leave you, and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions 'every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have 'I addressed me.[a] Fortune, now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead;
"*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath;*"
You shall look 'fairer, ere 'I give, or hazard.
What says the 'golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*"
What many men desire?—that "many" may be meant[b]
By the fool[c] multitude, that choose by 'show.
'I will not choose what 'many men desire,
Because I will not jump[d] with 'common spirits.
"*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To 'cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of 'merit? Let none presume
To wear an 'undeservèd dignity:

[a] prepared myself. [b] meaning by that. [c] foolish. [d] agree, associate.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived 'corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the 'merit of the wearer!
How many then should 'cover, that stand bare;
How many be 'commanded, that command;
How much low 'peasantry would then be gleaned
From the 'true seed of honour; and how much honour
Picked from the 'chaff and ruin of the times,
To be 'new-varnished! Well, but to my choice:
"*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*"
I 'will assume 'desert.—Give me a key for 'this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

On opening the silver casket, the picture of a Fool's head meets his view:

[Reads.] *Some there be that 'shadows kiss,—*
Such have but a shadow's 'bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
'Silvered o'er,—and so was this.

Still 'more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With 'one fool's head I 'came to woo,
But I go away with 'two. [Exeunt.

The commercial speculations on which the Merchant of Venice had confidently relied, fail; his marine adventures—his rich argosies—become the sport of storms and seas. His chief creditor, the Jew, may now exult at his calamities, and calculate on a full measure of revenge; as he holds the strange bond which he can, at his will, convert into the death-warrant of his unhappy debtor.

But grief is intermingled with this gratification: for he finds that his daughter has not only eloped, but, to assist her spendthrift lover, robbed him. He at once despatches his friend Tubal in search of her; and, distractedly pacing the Rialto[d], he bitterly accosts his new son-in-law's associates, Solanio and Salarino;

Shy. You 'knew,—none so well, none so well as 'you—of my daughter's flight!

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the 'wings[a] she flew withal. But tell us,—do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have 'another bad match;[b] a bankrupt, a prodigal,[c] who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;[d]—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond! He was wont to call me

---

[a] the boy's clothes worn by Jessica as her disguise.
[b] a similar loss. [c] one lavish in lending money. [d] the Venetian Exchange.

'usurer; let him look to his bond! He was wont to lend money for a Christian 'courtesy;—let him look to his bond!

Salar. Why, I am sure, 'if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his 'flesh: What 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my 'revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what 's his[a] 'reason? I am a 'Jew. Hath not a Jew 'eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,[b] senses, affections, 'passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a 'Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not 'revenge? If we are like you in the 'rest, we will resemble you in 'that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should 'his sufferance be by Christian 'example? Why, revenge! The villainy you 'teach me I will 'execute; and it shall go hard but I will 'better the instruction.

Solan. Here comes 'another of the tribe; a 'third cannot be matched, unless the Devil 'himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Sol. and Sal. as Tubal enters.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? Hast thou 'found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did 'hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a 'diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort![c] The curse never fell upon our nation till 'now; I never 'felt it till now: Two thousand ducats in 'that—and 'other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot,—and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were 'hearsed at my foot,—and the ducats in her coffin! No news of 'them?—Why, so; and I know not what 's spent[d] in the 'search: Why, thou loss 'upon loss! the thief 'gone with so much, and so much to 'find

---

[a] O. R. the. [b] mental powers. [c] a city in Germany, on the river Main.
[d] O. R. how much is spent.

the thief! and no satisfaction, no revenge! nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' 'my shoulders; no sighs, but o' 'my breathing; no tears, but o' 'my shedding.

Tub. Yes, 'other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa.[a]—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.[b]

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news:—Ha, ha! . . . where? . . . in Genoa?[c]

Tub. Your daughter 'spent, in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me! I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but 'break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him! I 'll torture him! I am glad of it!

Tub. One of them showed me a 'ring, that he had of your daughter for a 'monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: It was my turquoise;[d] I had it of Leah,[e] when I was a bachelor. 'I would not have given it for a 'wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's 'very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the 'heart of him, if he forfeit; for were 'he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

The casket-lottery for Lady Portia has yet to be determined. And now Bassanio, with a splendid retinue—furnished by Shylock's three thousand ducats—advances to try his fortune. He has youth, comeliness, and the good wishes of the Lady on his behalf. When about to approach the caskets, in the presence of Gratiano, Nerissa, and others, Portia kindly addresses him:

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[a] a city of Italy on the Gulf of Genoa (O. R. Genowa). [b] (Tripoli) the capital of Tripoli, in the Barbary States, Africa. [c] O. R. here in Genowa.
[d] a light-green precious stone, frequently set in engagement rings as a *gage d'amour*, and superstitiously believed to protect the wearer from all harm. [e] Shylock's wife.

Por. I pray you, 'tarry; pause a day or two
'Before you hazard; for, in choosing 'wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, 'forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, (but it is not 'love,)
I would not 'lose you,—and you know yourself
'Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I speak too long; but 't is to 'peise[a] the time,—
To 'stay you from election.

Bass. 'Let me choose!
For, as I am, I live upon the 'rack.

Por. O![b] 'let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Away then! I am locked in 'one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Let 'music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he 'lose, he makes a 'swan-like end,[c]—
Fading in music. With much more dismay,
I 'view the fight, than thou that 'mak'st the fray.

SONG, whilst Bassanio muses on the caskets.

Tell me where is Fancy[d] bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.

It is 'engendered in the 'eyes,
With gazing 'fed; and Fancy 'dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell!
Ding,—dong,—bell!

Bassanio proceeds to make known his meditations: he takes up the 'golden casket:

Bass. So may the 'outward shows be least themselves!
The world is still 'deceived, with 'ornament.
In 'law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a 'gracious[e] voice,
'Obscures the show of evil? In' religion,
What dangerous error, but some 'sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a 'text,—
Hiding the 'grossness with fair 'ornament?
Thus Ornament is but the guiling[f] 'shore
To a most dangerous 'sea; the beauteous scarf,

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[a] poise (retard by hanging weights). [b] O. R. But:
[c] The swan was believed to sing before its death. [d] Love.
[e] pleasing, winning. [f] O. R. guiléd.

Veiling an 'Indian beauty. Therefore, thou gaudy
'gold,
Hard food for Midas,[a] I will none of thee:—
Nor none of 'thee,[b] thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: But thou, thou meagre 'lead,
Which rather 'threat'nest than dost 'promise aught,
Thy plainness[c] moves me more than 'eloquence;
And 'here choose I. 'Joy be the consequence! . . .
What find I here? [Opening the leaden casket.] Fair Portia's counterfeit![d]
Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune!

[Reads.] *You that choose not by the 'view,*
Since this fortune falls to 'you,
Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,
Turn you where your lady is,
And 'claim her with a loving 'kiss.

A 'gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come, by note,[e] to 'give and to 'receive; [Kissing her.
But[f] doubtful whether what I see be 'true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by 'you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for 'myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much 'better, yet, for 'you,
I would be trebled 'twenty times myself;
That, only to stand high in 'your account,
I might, in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
'Exceed account. But the full 'sum of me
Is sum of 'nothing:[g] an unlessoned girl,
Happy in 'this,—she is not yet so old
But she may 'learn; 'happier than this,
She is not bred so 'dull but she 'can learn;
Happiest of all, is,—that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and 'yours
Is now converted: but 'now, I was the lady[h]
Of this fair mansion, mistress[i] of my servants,

---

[a] a King of Phrygia, who prayed that every thing he touched might be turned into gold; but, when his meat became gold in his mouth, he begged Bacchus to undo the unpalatable substitute. [b] the silver casket. [c] O. R. palenesse. [d] portrait (correct miniature). [e] according to this written invitation. [f] as. [g] the quarto reads: "Is sum of something." [h] O. R. lord. [i] O. R. master.

Queen o'er myself; and even now, 'but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are 'yours, my lord! I give them, with this 'ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the 'ruin of your love,
And be my 'vantage[a] to 'exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my 'blood speaks to you. But when this ring
'Parts from this finger, then parts 'life from hence:
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's 'dead.

Gratiano and Nerissa advance to offer their congratulations:

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now 'our time
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, 'and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you 'all the joy that 'you can wish;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of 'your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time 'I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart,—so thou canst 'get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, 'you have got me one.
'My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
'You saw the 'mistress, 'I beheld the 'maid;
'You loved, 'I loved—for intermission[b]
No more pertains to 'me, my lord, than 'you.—
'Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did 'mine too, as the matter falls;
For, wooing here, until my roof[c] was dry
With oaths of love, at last, (if promise last,)
I 'got a promise of this fair one here
To have 'her love,—provided that 'your fortune
Achieved her 'mistress.

Por. Is this 'true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is,—so 'you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much 'honoured in your marriage.

While the happy lovers are congratulating each other, Solanio enters, with Lorenzo and Jessica, and delivers an important letter to Bassanio. While reading it, he is anxiously watched by his affianced bride—the lady Portia:

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[a] advantage ground, privilege. [b] intermediate delay.
[c] palate (roof of my mouth).

Por. There are some shrewd[a] contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend 'dead! What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am 'half yourself,
And I must freely 'have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did 'first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my 'veins,—I was a 'gentleman:
And then I told you 'true; but when I told you
My state was 'nothing, I should 'then have told you
That I was 'worse than nothing; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,—
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,—
To feed 'my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the 'body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping 'wound,
Issuing 'life-blood. . . . But is it 'true, Solanio?
Have 'all his ventures failed? What, not 'one hit?[b]
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England?
And not 'one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Sol. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he 'had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes[c]
Of greatest port[d] have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his 'bond.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The 'dearest friend to me; and one in whom
The 'ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than 'any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. 'What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him 'six thousand, and deface the bond:
'Double six thousand, and then 'treble 'that,

[a] betokening misfortune. [b] success (hitting the aim). [c] Venetian grandees. [d] dignity.

Before a friend of 'this description
Shall lose a 'hair through my[a] Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then, away to Venice to your friend!
You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt 'twenty times over.
'When it is paid, bring your true friend 'along;
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day!

Bass. Since I have 'your good 'leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

No sooner have the two bridegrooms—Bassanio and Gratiano—departed, than a merry device occurs to the Lady Portia. She sends a speedy messenger to Padua, to her cousin Bellario, a learned Doctor of Laws, to ask his opinion on some legal points, and for a loan of her kinsman's gown and wig. Then, fully equipped, the two ladies disguise themselves in male attire—the mistress as a busy barrister, and the maid as a spruce lawyer's clerk.

We are to suppose before us the Venetian High Court of Justice, and the Duke (or Doge) as presiding Judge. Among those most interested are Bassanio and Gratiano, to witness the trial of the bankrupt Merchant. The Duke says:

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am 'sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A 'stony adversary,—an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity,—void and empty
From any 'dram[b] of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to 'qualify[c]
His rigorous course; but, since he stands obdurate,
And that no 'lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
'My 'patience to his 'fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a 'quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of 'his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the Court.

---

[a] inserted word. [b] particle, small quantity. [c] moderate.

Sol. He 's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.
Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock enters.

Shylock, the 'world thinks, and 'I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this 'fashion of thy malice
To the 'last hour of act; and 'then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy 'mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent 'cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is, a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only 'lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety[a] of the 'principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses.
We all expect a 'gentle[b] answer, Jew.
Shy. I have 'possessed your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To 'have the due and forfeit of my 'bond!
If you 'deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, 'why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I 'll not 'answer that,
But say, "It is my 'humour!"[c] is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give 'ten thousand ducats
To have it 'baned?[d] What, are you answered 'yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping 'pig;
Some that are mad, if they behold a 'cat:
'Now for your answer!
As there is no firm 'reason to be rendered
'Why 'he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why 'he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can 'I give no reason,—nor I 'will not,—
More than a lodged 'hate, and a certain 'loathing
I bear Antonio,—that I follow thus
A losing suit against him! Are you answered?

Bassanio says:

Bass. This is 'no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please 'thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men 'kill the things they do not 'love?

---

[a] a half (or portion). [b] kind, clement (perhaps a pun on Gentile).
[c] fancy, whim. [d] poisoned.

Shy. 'Hates any man the thing he 'would not kill?
Bass. Every 'offence is not a 'hate, at first.
Shy. What! wouldst 'thou have a serpent sting thee 'twice?

Gratiano interposes:

Ant. I pray you, think you question[a] with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood[b] 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the 'wolf,
'Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the 'lamb;[c]
You may as well forbid the mountain-pines
To wag their high tops, and to make 'no noise,
When they are fretted[d] with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do 'anything most hard,
As seek to soften 'that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let 'me have 'judgment,—and the 'Jew his 'will.

Bassanio proposes immediate payment:

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are[e] 'six.
Shy. If every ducat 'in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and 'every part a ducat,
I would not draw 'them: I would have my 'bond!

The Duke speaks:

Duke. How shalt thou 'hope for mercy, 'rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased 'slave,
Which—like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,—
You use in abject and in slavish parts,[f]
'Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
"Let them be 'free; marry them to your 'heirs?
Why sweat 'they under burdens? let 'their beds
Be made as soft as 'yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands"? You will answer,
"The slaves are 'ours." So do I answer 'you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly 'bought; 't is 'mine, and I 'will 'have it!
If you 'deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for 'judgment: answer; shall I 'have it?

---

[a] argue. [b] the spring tide. [c] O. R. Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe. The Ewe bleate for the Lambe. [d] agitated (like Æolian harp-strings). [e] O. R. is. [f] employments.

The Duke, it seems, had consulted the same high authority from whom the Lady Portia had sought advice; for he says:

Duke. Upon 'my power,[a] I may dismiss this Court;
Unless Bellario,—a learned doctor
Whom I have 'sent-for to determine this,—
Come here to-day.

Salarino says:

Salar. My lord, here stays 'without,
A Messenger—with letters from the doctor,—
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the Messenger.

Bassanio speaks to his drooping friend:

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have 'my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose, for 'me, one 'drop of blood.

Ant. I am a 'tainted wether of the flock,
'Meetest for death: the 'weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

As the lawyer's clerk (Nerissa in disguise) presents a letter to the Duke, Shylock kneels in anticipation of sentence:

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit[b] from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano exclaims:

Gra. 'Not on thy sole, but on thy 'soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen. Can 'no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that 'thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou foiled, inexorable dog,[c]
And for thy life let 'Justice be accused!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my 'faith,
To hold opinion, with Pythagoras,[d]
That 'souls of 'animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of 'men: for 'thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved,[e] and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the 'seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy 'lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless[f] ruin.—I stand here for 'law.

---

[a] being alone as judge. [b] O. R. forfeiture. [c] O. R. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge. [d] a Greek philosopher who lived about 570 B. C., and taught the doctrine of metempsychosis (or transmigration of souls). [e] O. R sterv'd [f] O. R. endlesse.

The Duke speaks:

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court.
Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the Court shall 'hear Bellario's letter.

The Duke hands down the letter that it may be read by the proper officer, the Clerk of the Court.

Clerk. [Reads briskly.] *Your Grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his 'own learning, comes with him to fill-up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend 'estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a 'head.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the Doctor 'come.

The Lady Portia enters, attired as Balthazar, a Doctor of Laws:

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That 'holds this present question in the Court?
Por. I am informéd 'th'roughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio, and old Shylock,—'both stand forth.
Por. . Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock 'is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule,[a] that the Venitian law
Cannot impugn[b] you, as you do proceed.—
[To Ant.] You stand within his 'danger,[c] do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you 'confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be 'merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion 'must I? tell me that.

[a] prescribed form of law. [b] oppose by argument, contravent. [c] power over your life.

Por. The quality of mercy is not 'strained,[a]
It 'droppeth—as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is 'twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that 'gives, and him that takes.
'T is mightiest 'in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his 'crown:
His sceptre shows the force of 'temporal power,—
The 'attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:—
But 'mercy is 'above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronéd in the 'hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to 'God Himself;
And 'earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy 'seasons[b] justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of 'justice, none of us
Should see 'salvation: we do pray for 'mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to 'render[c]
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To 'mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow,[d] this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the 'law,
The penalty and forfeit of my 'bond.

Por. Is he not able to 'discharge the money?[e]

Bass. Yes; here I tender[f] it for him in the Court;
Yea, 'twice the sum: if 'that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it 'ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If 'this will not suffice, it must 'appear[g]
That malice bears-down truth.[h] And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the 'law to your 'authority:
To do a 'great 'right, do a little 'wrong;
And 'curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishéd:
'T will be recorded for a 'precedent;
And 'many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State: it 'cannot be.

Shy. A 'Daniel[i] come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

---

[a] impelled by force. [b] modifies, tempers. [c] to give back as a duty.
[d] insist on, follow up. [e] debt (the money due). [f] offer for acceptance.
[g] be evident. [h] over-weighs justice. [i] the great Jewish prophet and law-giver (See the Apocryphal "History of Susanna.")

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. . . . Shylock, there 's 'thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay 'perjury upon my soul?
No, not for 'Venice.
Por. Why, this bond 'is 'forfeit;
And, lawfully, by this the Jew may claim
"A pound of flesh," to be by him cut off
"Nearest the Merchant's heart." Be 'merciful:
'Take thrice thy money; bid me 'tear the bond.
Shy. When it is 'paid according to the 'tenour.[a]
It doth appear you are a 'worthy judge;
You know the 'law,—your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you 'by the law,—
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,—
Proceed to 'judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To 'alter me. I stay[b] here, on my 'bond!

Antonio appeals to waive all further objections:

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To 'give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation[c] to the 'penalty,
Which here appeareth 'due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Por. It is so.—Are there balance here to 'weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have-by some 'surgeon, Shylock, on 'your charge,[d]
To 'stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to 'death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the 'bond?
Por. It is not so 'expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for 'charity.
Shy. . . . I cannot find it: 't is not in the bond.

---

[a] express terms. [b] stop, rest my case. [c] is fully applicable.
[d] at your expense.

Por. . . . Come,[a] Merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man 'outlive his wealth—
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age[b] of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut 'me off.
Commend me to your honourable 'wife:
Say how I loved you, speak me fair[c] in death;
Repent[d] not you that you shall lose your friend,
And 'he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it 'instantly—with all my heart!
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Who[e] is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the 'world,
Are not, with me, esteemed above 'thy life:
I would lose 'all,—ay 'sacrifice them all—
Here to this devil, to deliver 'you.

The "learned Doctor" interposes an "opinion:"

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the 'offer.

Gratiano repeats Bassanio's sentiment:

Gra. 'I have a wife whom I protest I love:
I would she were in 'heaven—so she could
Entreat some power to 'change this currish Jew.

The "little clerk" sarcastically retorts:

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her 'back;
The 'wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the 'Christian husbands! 'I have a 'daughter;
'Would any of the stock of 'Barrabas[f]
Had been her husband, rather than a 'Christian.—
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue 'sentence.

Portia, who has been in consultation with the Duke, now delivers judgment:

Por. A 'pound of that same Merchant's flesh is 'thine:
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

---

[a] O. R. You. [b] an old age (a prolonged life). [c] speak of me favourably.
[d] regret. [e] O. R which. [f] otherwise Barabbas, a Jewish thief and murderer (printed Barabas in Marlow's "Rich Jew of Malta." See John xviii, 40).

Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh "from off his 'breast:"
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something 'else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of 'blood;
The words expressly are, "'a pound of 'flesh:"
Take then thy 'bond; take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian 'blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the 'laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the 'State of Venice.

Gratiano exclaims:

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learnéd judge
Shy. . . . Is that the 'law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the 'Act;
For, as thou 'urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt 'have justice,—more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learnéd judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learnéd judge!
Shy. I 'take 'his[a] offer then;—pay the bond 'thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft! The Jew shall have all 'justice;—soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the 'penalty.—
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the 'flesh;
Shed thou no 'blood: Nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just 'a 'pound of flesh: if thou tak'st 'more,
Or 'less, than a 'just 'pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the balance:[b]
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor 'scruple;[c]—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a 'hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A 'second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip![d]
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? 'take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my 'principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Bassanio again offers the money, but Portia interposes:

Por. He hath 'refused it in the open Court:
He shall have merely 'justice—and his 'bond.

---

[a] Bassanio's (O. R. this). [b] O. R substance. [c] the third part of a grain.
[d] at a disadvantage (a term in wrestling).

Gra. A Daniel! still say I; a 'second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my 'principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the 'forfeiture,
To be 'so taken,—at thy peril, Jew!
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The Law hath yet 'another hold on you:—
It is enacted, in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an 'alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any 'citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one 'half his goods; the 'other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's 'life lies in the mercy
Of the 'Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
Down, therefore, and 'beg mercy of the Duke.

Gratiano joyously interrupts:

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to 'hang thyself;
And yet, thy 'wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a 'cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the State's 'charge.

The Duke speaks:

Duke. That thou shalt see the 'difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life 'before thou ask it.
For 'half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general State.
Shy. Nay, 'take my life, and all; pardon 'not that:
You take my 'house, when you do take the prop
That doth 'sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the 'means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can 'you render him, Antonio?—
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, I pray you.[a]
Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To 'quit the fine for one-half of his goods;
I am content, 'so he will let me have
The other half in use,[b] to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman[c]
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

[a] three substituted words. [b] to be lent at interest. [c] Lorenzo.

He presently become a 'Christian;
The other, that he do 'record a gift,
Here in the Court, of all he 'dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He 'shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncéd here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I 'am content.
I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,—
And I will sign it!

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

As the humiliated Jew is leaving the Court, Gratiano jeeringly intercepts him:

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have 'two god-fathers;[a]
Had 'I been judge, thou shouldst have had 'ten more,[b]
To bring thee . . . to the gallows, not the font. [Exit Shylock.

The Duke and his train withdraw. Bassanio addresses the successful pleader,—little thinking that it is his own wife who stands thus strangely disguised before him:

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in 'lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Por. He is well paid that is well 'satisfied;
And I, delivering you, 'am satisfied.
I pray you, 'know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of 'force I must attempt you further:
Take 'some remembrance of us, as a 'tribute.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves,[c] [to Ant.] I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for 'your love, [to Bass.] I 'll take this 'ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more.

Bass. This ring, good sir? alas, it is a trifle;
I will not 'shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but 'only this;
And now, methinks, I have a 'mind to it.

---

[a] sponsors. Ben Jonson calls "the gentlemen of the jury" God's fathers-in-law.
[b] to form a jury of twelve men.
[c] gloves were worn in the hat, as a friendly memorial, or as a lady's "favour."

Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the 'value.
The dearest ring in 'Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for 'this, I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in 'offers:
You taught me first to 'beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be 'answered.
Bass. . . . Good sir, this ring was given me by my 'wife:
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor 'give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves 'many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a 'mad-woman,
And know how well I have 'deserved this ring,
She would not hold-out enemy for ever,
For giving it to 'me. Well, peace be with you!

The Lady Portia and Nerissa,—who has been similarly employed with her husband Gratiano,—indignantly withdraw. Antonio says:

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him 'have the ring.
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
'Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. [Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And, in the morning early, will we both
'Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [Exeunt.

With this Trial-Scene we lose sight of Shylock, who, while deserving reprobation for his wicked avarice and religious animosity, is defeated by a legal quibble: but, we must admire, while he is maintaining his claims in court, his superiority in argument—unmoved by insult, and unawed by power. A Court of Equity would find many solid arguments for reviewing or revoking the penalties inflicted by the Dramatic Court below.

There was, however, a Lady in the case: for the "gentle sex" are much honoured in the character of Portia:—so good-hearted, so merry, and so unselfish! The entire Venetian High Court of Justice was in a "fix"—when this young lady, "wealthy, wise, and witty,"—after some kindly correspondence with her cousin, and a little tittle-tattle with her maid—in one evening studies the Venetian statutes, civil and criminal—arrays herself in judicial robes—hies to the perplexed Court—hoodwinks her husband—instructs the Judge—bothers the Jew—relieves the Merchant—talks everybody down—and, like a true woman, wins her cause triumphantly!

We now note the return to Belmont of Lady Portia and her friends. In the garden, we find Lorenzo and Jessica, who, during Portia's absence, had charge of her household: the young lovers are still poetically enjoying their honey-moon. Lorenzo says to her:

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in 'such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And, with an unthrift love,[a] did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And[b] in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with 'many vows of faith—
And ne'er a 'true one!

Lor. And[b] in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, (like a little shrew,)
'Slander her love,—and he 'forgave it her!

Jes. I would 'out-night you did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a 'man.

Launcelot, as he approaches, is heard calling:

Laun. Solá, solá! wo ha, ho! solá, solá! Master Lorenzo, and Mistress Lorenzo! there 's a post come from my master, with his horn[c] full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.

Lorenzo at once directs the Attendants to be ready with music to welcome their mistress home: then, influenced by the soft beauty of an Italian night-scene, he says to his bride:

Lor. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
'Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
'Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[d] of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,[e]
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:[f]
'Such[g] harmony is in immortal 'souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of 'decay
Doth grossly close us in,[h] we cannot 'hear it. [Music within.

The Musicians begin. After listening for a time, Jessica pensively says:

Jes. I am never 'merry when I hear sweet music.

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[a] spendthrift lover. [b] inserted word. [c] the postman's instrument.
[d] small plates (O. R. pattens). [e] Plato's idea was, that a Syren sat on each planet, singing a song in harmony with the others. [f] O. R. cherubins. [g] similar.
[h] O. R. close in it.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,—
If any air of 'music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,—
Their 'savage eyes turned to a 'modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore the Poet
Did feign—that Orpheus[a] drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish,[b] hard, and full of rage,
But music, for the time, doth 'change his nature.
The man that hath 'no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with 'concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus';[c]
Let no such man be 'trusted: 'Mark the music.

The Lady Portia and her maid Nerissa are the first to arrive. Portia, pleased with everything, says:

Por. That light we see is burning in 'my hall.
How 'far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a 'good deed in a naughty world.

After a slight delay, Bassanio and Gratiano reach the mansion, accompanied by the released Merchant, Antonio: but no sooner has he been formally introduced to the Lady Portia, and welcomed by her, than Gratiano and Nerissa are overheard—quarreling:

Gra. By yonder moon, I 'swear you do me wrong;
In 'faith, I gave it to the judge's 'clerk:
Would he were 'hanged that had it, for my part,
Since 'you do take it, love, so much at heart.

The Lady Portia, pretending surprize, advances:

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy[d] was,
For all the world, like 'cutler's poetry
Upon a knife—*Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You 'swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of 'death,
And that it should lie with you in your 'grave.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

[a] the son of Apollo and Calliope, whose music affected inanimate objects.
[b] emotionless. [c] deity of Hell, son of Chaos and Darkness. [d] betrothal or engagement rings were usually inscribed with a motto or posy (O. E. poesie).

Gra. He will,—an if he live to be a 'man.
Ner. Ay, if a 'woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a 'youth,
A kind of 'boy,—a little 'scrubbéd[a] boy,—
No higher than thyself,—the judge's clerk;
A 'prating boy, that begged it as a 'fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia gravely censures Gratiano:

Por. You were to 'blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's 'first gift.
I gave 'my love a ring, and made him swear
'Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, 'he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the 'world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too great[b] a cause of grief:
An 't were to 'me, I should be 'mad at it!

Bassanio, in the utmost perplexity, mutters:

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring 'defending it.
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave 'his ring away
Unto the 'Judge that begged it, and, indeed,
'Deserved it too; and then the boy, his 'Clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged 'mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
'But the two rings.
Por. 'What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of 'me?
Bass. If I could add a 'lie unto a fault,
I 'would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.
Por. Even 'so void is your false 'heart—of 'truth!
Bass. . . Sweet Portia,
If you did know to 'whom I gave the ring,
If you did know 'for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for 'what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I 'left the ring,
When nought would be accepted 'but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the 'virtue[c] of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that 'gave the ring,

[a] stunted. [b] O. R. vnkinde. [c] magical power.

Or your own honour to 'retain[a] the ring,
You would not then have 'parted with the ring!
Nerissa 'teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't, but some 'woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine 'honour, madam! by my 'soul!
'No woman had it; but a Civil Doctor;[b]
Even he that had held-up the very 'life
Of my dear friend. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blesséd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have 'begged
The ring of me, to 'give the worthy Doctor.

Antonio interposes; and Portia consents to accept him as surety for Bassanio's faith. Then the two ladies, presenting to their husbands the same rings that had been received from them, a merry explanation ensues. The Lady Portia addresses her friends:

Por. You are all 'amazed!
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, 'I set-forth as soon as you,
And even but now 'returned; I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have 'better news in store for 'you;
'Three of your argosies are come to 'harbour.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced[c] to get this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you indeed[d] the Clerk?

Por. It is almost morning;
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at 'full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,[e]
And we will answer all things faithfully. [Exeunt.

END OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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[a] Q. R. containe. [b] doctor of civil law. [c] O. R. chancéd on. [d] inserted word. [e] interrogatories.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

The Comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing" was first performed in 1600, and printed in the same year.[a] The early copy differs but little from that in the collected works of Shakespeare, (published in 1623,) except in the division into Acts, which were not indicated in the first quarto edition.

This play furnishes one of the most striking examples of Shakespeare's art in making an old story the nucleus of a new one; and incorporating the incidents of both into a harmonious whole. The Old Story is that of a lady endangered by the personation of her own waiting-woman—a popular tradition in many countries and theme of many authors. It forms a tale of chivalry in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso:[b]" it is made the vehicle of a high moral lesson by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene:[c]" and it is the foundation of a love romance—with the same denouement as in Shakespeare's version—in an Italian novel[d] by Matteo Bandello, who was Bishop of Agen about the middle of the sixteenth century. The New Story—that of Benedict and Beatrice,—is Shakespeare's own; no trace of these characters is found in either of the older versions, although they seem to be naturally connected. Indeed, the play was frequently presented to its early audiences under the title of "Benedick and Beatrice:" but the author's own title has been properly preserved in all the printed copies—in which we find, interwoven in the plot, several forms of "Much Ado," as well as several kinds of "Nothing."

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*[e]
DON JOHN, *his illegitimate Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*[f]
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*[g]
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*[h]
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Attendant on Don Pedro.*

BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *Followers of Don John.*
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *Two City Officers.*
FRIAR FRANCIS.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene—in Messina.[h]

[a] The Stationers' Register (of August 23, 1600,) contains the following double entry: "And. Wise and Wm. Aspley] Much Adoe about Nothing.
Second Part of King Henry the Fourt, with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff, written by Mr. Shakspere."
The following is from the title-page of this first quarto: "Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. . . . London 1600."

[b] see the story of "Ariodantes and Geneura," books 5 and 6.

[c] in the "Book of Temperance," Book 2, canto iv.

[d] see his twenty-second tale—the story of "Felicia Lionata."

[e] Arragon—a province in the north-east of Spain (south of the Pyrenees).

[f] Florence—the capital of Tuscany, on the Arno.

[g] Padua—capital of a province of the same name, in northern Italy.

[h] Messina—the chief city of the Island of Sicily, in the Mediterranean.

The Scene is before the house of Leonato, the governor of Messina. Don Pedro, the prince of Arragon, is returning from a military expedition, accompanied by his half brother, Don John. Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece,—with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn, in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this 'night to Messina.

Mess. He is 'very near by this: he was not three league off when I left him.

Leon. How many 'gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of 'any sort,[a] and none of 'name.

Leon. A victory is 'twice itself, when the achiever brings home 'full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on 'his part, and equally 'remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a 'lamb, the feats of a 'lion.

Leon. He hath an 'uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

The Lady Beatrice asks of the Messenger:

Beat. I pray you, is Signior . . . Montanto[b] returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. . . . . I know none of that 'name, lady: there was none such in the army, of any 'sort.

The Lady Hero explains:

Hero. My cousin means, Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 'is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. I pray you, how many hath he 'killed, and 'eaten, in these wars? But how many hath he 'killed? for, indeed, 'I promised to eat 'all of his killing.

Mess. He hath done 'good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp[c] to eat it: he is a very valiant 'trencher-man; he hath an excellent 'stomach.[d]

Mess. And a good 'soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a 'lady! But what is he to a 'lord?

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[a] kind (rank). [b] nickname for braggart; from montante—a large two-handed sword
[c] helped. [d] appetite.

Mess. A 'lord to a lord, a man to a 'man; 'stuffed[a] with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he 'is no less than a stuffed man: but for the 'stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, 'mistake my niece. There is a kind of 'merry 'war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there 's a 'skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! 'he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, 'four of his 'five wits[b] went halting off, and now is the 'whole man governed with 'one.—Who is his companion 'now? He hath every month a 'new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very 'easily possible: he wears his 'faith,[c] but as the fashion of his 'hat; it ever 'changes, with the next block.[d]

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in 'your books.[e]

Beat. No; an he were, I would 'burn my study. But, I pray you, 'who is his companion?

Mess. He is 'most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O! he will 'hang upon him like a 'disease: he is 'sooner caught than the 'pestilence, and the taker runs presently 'mad. Heaven help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the 'Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be 'cured.

Leon. 'You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, uncle,[f] 'not till a hot January.

Here come the expected warriors: Don Pedro, the Prince of Aragon—his half-brother Don John—Count Claudio—and Signior Benedick. All are most heartily welcomed by the gallant old Governor. Don Pedro courteously addresses his host:

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to 'meet your trouble: The 'fashion of the world is to 'avoid cost, and 'you 'encounter it.

Leon. Never came 'trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace.

D. Pedro. I think, this is your daughter? [turning to Lady Hero.

Leon. Her mother hath many times 'told me so.

Benedick merrily inquires:

Bene. Were you in 'doubt, sir, that you asked her?

[a] fully provided. [b] intellectual powers, analogous to the five senses: "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory." [c] profession of friendship. [d] mould on which a hat is shaped. [e] list of friends. [f] inserted word.

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were 'you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it 'full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you 'are, being a 'man.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an 'honourable father.

Bene. If Signior 'Leonato be her father, she would not have 'his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be 'talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet 'living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should 'die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must 'convert to Disdain, if 'you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a 'turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of 'all ladies,—only 'you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a 'hard heart; for truly, 'I love 'none.

Beat. A dear 'happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank heaven, and my cold blood, 'I am of 'your humour[a] for that: I had rather hear my 'dog bark at a crow, than a 'man swear he 'loves me.

Bene. Heaven 'keep your ladyship still in that mind! so, some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it 'worse, an 't were such a face as 'yours.

Bene. Well, you are . . . a rare 'parrot-teacher!

Beat. A bird of 'my tongue is better than a 'beast of 'yours.

Bene. I would, my 'horse had the 'speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way! I have 'done!

Beat. You always end with a 'jade's trick: I know you of old. [Ex. all but Bene. and Clau.

The gay and gallant visitors, having been hospitably invited to stay for a month, are conducted into the house by their pleased host. Count Claudio, lingering behind, calls to his friend:

Claud. Benedick!—Didst thou note the 'daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I 'noted her not; but I 'looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a 'modest young lady?

[a] disposition.

Bene. . . . Do you question me, as an honest man 'should do, for my simple true 'judgment? or would you have me speak after my 'custom, as being a professed 'tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in 'sober 'judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too 'low for a 'high praise,—too 'brown for a 'fair praise,—and too 'little for a 'great praise: only 'this commendation I can afford her,—that, were she 'other than she is, she were un-handsome; and being no other but 'as she is, I do not like her. But . . . would you 'buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the 'world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a 'case to put it into. But speak you this with a 'sad brow, or do you play the 'flouting Jack?[a] Come, in what 'key shall a man take you?

Claud. In 'mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on!

Bene. 'I can see yet without 'spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a 'Fury[b] exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn 'husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce 'trust myself, though I had 'sworn the contrary,—if 'Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to! An thou wilt 'needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the 'print[c] of it, and 'sigh away Sundays.[d]—Look; Don Pedro is returned, to 'seek you.

Don Pedro comes from the house.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you 'followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. Ha! ha! I would your Grace would 'constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I 'charge thee—on thy 'allegiance!

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I 'can be secret as a 'dumb man, I would have you 'think so; but—on my 'allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love! With whom?—(now that is your 'Grace's part.)—Mark, how short his 'answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

[a] a jeering fellow. [b] one of the goddesses of vengeance. [c] appearance.
[d] do not keep Sundays as days of rest or recreation, but of restlessness.

Claud. If this 'were so, so were it 'uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it 'is not so, nor 'it was not so; but, indeed, heaven forbid it 'should be so!

Claud. If my passion 'change not shortly, heaven forbid it should be 'otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well 'worthy.—By my troth, I speak my 'thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke 'mine.

Bene. And by my 'two faiths and troths, my lord, 'I spoke 'mine.

Claud. That I 'love her, I 'feel.

D. Pedro. That she is 'worthy, I 'know.

Bene. That 'I neither 'feel how she should be 'loved, nor 'know how she should be 'worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will 'die in it, at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate 'heretic in the despite of 'beauty.

Bene. That a woman nursed[a] me, I 'thank her; that she brought me 'up, I 'likewise give her most humble thanks. But because I will not do ladies[b] the wrong to 'mis-trust 'any, I will do myself the 'right to trust 'none; and the fine[c] is, (for the which I may go the 'finer), 'I will live a 'bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with 'love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with 'hunger, my lord;—'not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with 'love, than I will get again with 'drinking, —pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a pot-house for the sign of "Blind Cupid."

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost 'fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a 'notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat,[d] and shoot at me.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"'In time, the savage 'bull doth bear the yoke."[e]

Bene. The savage bull 'may; but if ever the sensible 'Benedick bear it, pluck-off the 'bull's horns, and set them in 'my forehead; and let me be vilely 'painted; and, in such great letters as they write, "Here is good

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[a] O. R. conceived. [b] O. K. them. [c] end (penalty). [d] an old rustic diversion was to put a cat, and a large quantity of soot, in a wooden case (or bottle), and tilt against it. [e] a quotation from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," a contemporaneous production.

horse to hire," let them signify under 'my sign,—
"Here you may see Benedick, the 'married man."

Benedick is conveniently got rid of, by being sent into the house with a message to Leonato from Don Pedro; Count Claudio takes advantage of his absence to inquire of the Prince:

Claud. Hath Leonato any 'son, my lord?
D. Pedro. 'No child but Hero; she 's his 'only heir.
'Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a 'soldier's eye,
That 'liked; but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of 'love:
But now I am 'returned, and that 'war-thoughts
Have left their places 'vacant, in their rooms
Come, thronging, soft and delicate 'desires,
'All prompting me how 'fair young Hero is;
Saying,—I 'liked her ere I 'went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a 'lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a 'book of words.
If thou 'dost love fair Hero, 'cherish it;
And I will break with 'her, and with her 'father,[a]—
I know we shall have 'revelling to-night:
I will assume 'thy part, in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero 'I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp 'thy[b] heart;
And take her hearing 'prisoner, with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her 'father will I break;[c]
And, the conclusion is, she shall be 'thine.
In practice let us put it 'presently. [Exeunt.

But this pretty little secret oozes out; and Hero is properly prepared to expect the Prince's vicarious addresses. Before the masqued-ball festivities commence, Leonato and his family are assembled in the Hall—where Beatrice is indulging in her accustomed badinage with her uncle and her cousin Hero. Leonato asks:

Leon. Was not Count 'John here at supper?
Hero. I 'saw him not.
Beat. How 'tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am 'heart-burned[d] an hour after.

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[a] four words not in the folio, but in the quarto. [b] O. R. my. [c] speak.
[d] heartburn is caused by "acidity."

Hero. He 'is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. 'He were an 'excellent man that were made just in the 'midway,—between him and Benedick: the one is too like an 'image[a], and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's 'eldest son, evermore 'tattling!

Leon. Then, niece,[b] 'half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's 'mouth; and half Count John's 'melancholy in Signior Benedick's 'face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle,—and 'money enough in his purse,—'such a man would win 'any woman in the world,—if he could get her goodwill.

Leon. By my troth, niece, 'thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Beat. For the which blessing, I am upon my knees every morning and evening. O, I could not endure a husband with a 'beard on his face!

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath 'no beard.

Beat. What should I 'do with him? Dress him in 'my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that 'hath a beard is more than a 'youth; and he that hath 'no beard, is less than a 'man: and he that is 'more than a youth is not for 'me; and he that is 'less than a man, 'I am not for 'him.

Antonio turns to Lady Hero:

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, 'you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's 'duty to make curtsey, and say, "Father, as it please 'you:" but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a 'handsome fellow, or else make 'another curtsey, and say, "Father, as it please 'me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you, one day, fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till heaven make men of some 'other metal than 'earth. No, uncle, I 'll 'none: Adam's sons are "my 'brethren;" and, truly, I hold it a sin to 'match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter Hero,[c] remember what I told you: if the Prince 'do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the 'music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good 'time:[d] if the Prince be too importu-

[a] a lay figure, a statue. [b] inserted word. [c] inserted word. [d] measure in music.

nate,[a] tell him "there is 'measure[b] in everything,"—and so 'dance-out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: Wooing, Wedding, and Repenting, is as a Scotch jig,[c] a measure,[d] and a cinque-pace:[e] the 'first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the 'Wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes 'Repentance; and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster,—till he sink apace[f] into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good 'eye, uncle; I can see a 'church by 'daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room.

All put on their masks as the victors come in, and soon assort themselves in pairs for dancing or other youthful delights. Don Pedro monopolizes Hero; while Benedick and Beatrice enjoy the opportunity of their disguise by speaking "at" each other. Beatrice says, (as if she did not know him,)—

Beat. Will you not tell me 'who told you so?

Benedick replies in a feigned gruff voice;

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who 'you are?

Bene. Not 'now.

Beat. That I was 'disdainful!—and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."[g]—Well, this was Signior 'Benedick that said so?

Bene. . . . What 's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you 'laugh?

Bene. I 'pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is . . . the Prince's 'Jester: a very 'dull 'fool; his only[h] gift is, in devising impossible slanders: none but 'libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his 'wit, but in his 'villainy: for he both 'pleases men and 'angers them, and then they 'laugh at him—and 'beat him. I am sure, he is in the 'fleet:[i] I would he had boarded[j] 'me!

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[a] O. R. important. [b] a *double entendre:* fitness and musical time. [c] a frolicsome dance. [d] a stately dance. [e] a slow dance, in which the steps are regulated by the number five. [f] inserted word. [g] a well-known jest-book (translation of Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, 1581). [h] O.R. only his. [i] crowd. [j] accosted.

Bene. When I 'know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed-at, strikes him into 'melancholy; and then . . . there 's a partridge-wing saved,—for the fool will eat no 'supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders. [Exeunt.

Benedick willingly breaks off such a conversation as this! Don John, believing, from what he had overheard, that Don Pedro is 'himself in love with Hero, spitefully accosts the masked Claudio as if he were Benedick:

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I 'am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my 'brother in his love: 'he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for 'his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it. Come, let us to the banquet. [Exit Don John.

Poor Claudio 'cannot follow: he has 'lost more than his appetite:

Claud. Thus answer I in name of 'Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is 'certain so;—the Prince wooes for 'himself!
Friendship is constant in all 'other things,
Save in the office and affairs of 'love:
Therefore, let[a] hearts in love use their 'own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for 'itself,
And trust no 'agent; Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.[b]
This is an accident of 'hourly proof,—
Which I mistrusted not! Farewell, then, Hero!

He hastily puts on his mask as Benedick re-enters:

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next 'willow,—about your 'own business, Count. What fashion[c] will 'you wear the garland of? About your 'neck, like a usurer's chain?[d] or under your 'arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You 'must wear it 'one way; for the 'Prince hath got your Hero!

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[a] O. R. all. [b] pervading passion (desire). [c] shape.
[d] wealthy men (and magistrates) wore heavy gold chains.

Claud. . . . I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest 'drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince 'would have served you thus?

Claud. . . . I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the 'blind man! 't was the 'boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the 'post.

Claud. If it will not be, 'I 'll leave 'you. [Exit.

Bene. . . . Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should 'know me,—and 'not know me! "The Prince's Fool!"—Ha! it 'may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; . . . but I am 'not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the 'world into 'her person, and so gives me 'out.[a] Well, I 'll be 'revenged as I may.

Don Pedro re-enters.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where 's the Count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I found him here as melancholy as a lodge[b] in a warren.[c] I told him,—and I think I told him true,—that your 'Grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree; either to make him a garland, as being 'forsaken,—or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be 'whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a 'schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion,—and 'he 'steals it!

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to 'you: the gentleman that danced with her told her, she is much 'wronged—by 'you.

Bene. O! she misused 'me, past the endurance of a 'block! an oak, but with 'one green leaf on it, would have 'answered her: my very 'vizor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the Prince's 'Jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance[d] upon me, that I—I—I—stood like a man at a 'mark, with a whole 'army shoot-

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[a] speaks publicly of me and lonely. [b] a forest abode. [c] a place for game—therefore gloomy [d] inexplicable rapidity.

ing at me! She speaks 'poniards, and every word 'stabs: I would not marry 'her, though she were endowed with 'all that Adam had left him 'before he transgressed.

D. Pedro. Look! look! here she comes.

Bene. . . . Will your Grace command me any service to the world's 'end? I will go, on the slightest errand, now, to the 'Antipodes:[a] . . . I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of 'Asia; . . . bring you the length of Prester John's[b] foot; . . . fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's[c] beard; do you 'any embassage to the 'Pigmies,[d]—rather than hold 'three 'words' conference with this 'harpy.[e] You have 'no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O, sir, 'here 's a dish I love not! I cannot endure my Lady 'Tongue![f] [Exit.

Beatrice and Hero enter, with Claudio and Leonato. Don Pedro addresses the despondent Claudio:

D. Pedro. Why, how now, Count?—wherefore are you 'sad?

Claud. 'Not sad, my lord.

D. Ped. How, then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but 'civil, Count,—civil as an orange, and something of that[g] jealous complexion.[h]

D. Pedro. Here, Claudio, I have 'wooed, in thy name, and fair Hero is 'won: I have broke[i] with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and heaven give thee joy!

Leonato says:

Leon. Count, 'take of me my daughter, and with her my 'fortunes: his Grace hath 'made the match, and 'All Grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, Count! 't is your 'cue.[j]

Claud. . . . 'Silence is the 'perfectest herald of 'joy: I were but 'little happy, if I could say how 'much.—Lady, as you are 'mine, I am 'yours: I give away myself for you, and 'dote upon the exchange.

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[a] the people on the other side of the earth: (feet opposite to feet). [b] Priest John, a reputed Christian sovereign, said to have reigned sometime during the Middle Ages, somewhere in Asia. [c] the Khan of Tartary—always so strongly guarded that approach was impossible. [d] a fabulous race of Asiatic dwarfs. [e] a winged monster with the face of a woman. [f] O. R. this Lady tongue. [g] O. R. a. [h] yellow is a colour associated with jaundice and jealousy. [i] spoken. [j] turn to speak (after last words spoken).

Beat. Speak, cousin! or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a 'kiss, and let 'him not speak neither.

Don Pedro, charmed with Beatrice, addresses her:

D. Pedro. . . . In faith, lady, you have a 'merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool; it keeps on the 'windy side of care.—My cousin tells him, in his 'ear, that he is in her 'heart.

Claud. And so she 'doth, cousin!

Beat. Good lord, for 'alliance!—Thus goes 'every one to the world[a] but I, and I am sunburnt.[b] 'I may sit in a corner, and cry, "Heigh-ho!" for a husband!

Don Pedro gallantly says:

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, 'I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your 'father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a 'brother like you?

D. Pedro. Will you have 'me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord;—unless I might have another for 'working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear 'every day. But I beseech you, pardon me! I was born to speak all 'mirth, and no 'matter.

D. Pedro. Your 'silence most offends me, and to be merry best 'becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a 'merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother 'cried; but then there was a 'star 'danced, and under 'that was I born.—Cousins, heaven give you joy. [Going away.] I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your Grace's pardon. [Exit.

When Beatrice has gone, Don Pedro turns to the young lover—who is still in conversation with Leonato, his expected father-in-law.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. Count Claudio, 'when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord.

Leon. Not till 'Monday, my dear son; and a time too brief too, to have 'all things answer 'my mind.[c]

D. Ped. I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go 'dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of 'Hercules'[d] labours;—which is,—to bring Signior Benedick, and the Lady Beatrice, into a 'mountain of affection the one with the other. 'I would fain have it

[a] *i. e.*, every one gets married. [b] *i. e.*, I have lost my bloom of youth.
[c] O. R. answer minde. [d] a fabulous Grecian hero, (almost deified,) who, to obtain immortality, had to perform Twelve Labours.

a 'match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister[a] such assistance as I shall give you direction. If 'we can do this, 'Cupid is no longer an archer: 'his glory shall be 'ours, for 'we are the only 'love-gods. Go in with me, and I will 'tell you my drift. [Exeunt.

While Don Pedro is telling his beguiling plan, Benedick is strolling about the garden, ruminating:

Bene. I do much wonder that 'one man,—seeing how much 'another man is a 'fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love,—will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in 'others, become the argument of his 'own scorn—by 'falling in love: And such a man is 'Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the 'drum and the fife; and 'now, had he rather hear the 'tabor and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now, will he lie ten nights 'awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned 'orthographer;[b] his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many 'strange dishes. May 'I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think 'not; I will not be sworn but Love 'may transform me to an 'oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a 'fool. 'One woman is 'fair,—yet I am well; another is 'wise,—yet I am well; another 'virtuous,—'yet I am well; but till 'all graces be in 'one woman, one woman shall not come in 'my grace. 'Rich she shall be, that 's certain; 'wise, or I 'll none; 'virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; 'fair, or I 'll never 'look on her; 'mild, or come not near 'me; 'noble, or not I for an 'angel; of good discourse; an excellent musician; and her hair . . . shall be of what colour it please heaven. Ha! the Prince, and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [He withdraws behind the trees.

Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio, have been watching where Benedick loiters; and they get so close that they can be easily overheard by him. But, to conceal their intention—saying that the evening is fine, and "hushed on purpose to grace harmony"—they first call on Balthazar, Don Pedro's servant, for a song:

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[a] give, supply. [b] a quibbler on words (O. R. orthography).

SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To 'one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be 'you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of 'woe,
Into, "Hey, nonny, nonny."

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'e[a]
Of dumps[b] so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.[c]
Then sigh not so, &c.

Don Pedro says, (calling his friends nearer to Benedick):

D. Pedro. Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in 'love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay!—[Aside to Pedro.] Stalk-on,[d] stalk-on; the fowl 'sits.—I did never think 'that lady would have loved 'any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but, 'most wonderful, that she should so 'dote on Signior 'Benedick,—whom she hath, in all 'outward behaviours, seemed ever to 'abhor.

Benedick exclaims, *sotto voce*:

Bene. [Aside.] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in 'that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell 'what to think of it.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but 'counterfeit?

Leon. Counterfeit! There was never 'counterfeit of passion came so near the 'life of passion, as 'she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, 'what effects of passion shows she?

Leon. 'What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—'you [to Claudio.] heard my daughter [3]tell you how.

D. Pedro. How, 'how, I pray you? You amaze me! I would have thought 'her spirit had been invincible against 'all assaults of affection.

Leon. 'I would have 'sworn it had, my lord; especially against 'Benedick.—

Benedick mutters to himself:

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[a] no more. [b] doleful songs. [c] abounding in leaves.
[d] play the stalking trick and deceive the game.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a 'gull,[a] but that the 'white-bearded fellow speaks it: 'knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such 'reverence.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection 'known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she 'never will: that 's her torment. My daughter says, the ecstacy[b] hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is 'very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick 'knew of it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a 'sport of it, and torment the poor lady 'worse.

D. Pedro. I pray 'you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say. 'T is very possible he 'll 'scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a 'contemptible[c] spirit.

Claud. 'Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

D. Pedro. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is 'unworthy to have so 'good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not 'dote on her upon 'this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for 'her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry.[d] The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of 'another's dotage!—Let us send 'her . . . to call him in to dinner! [Exeunt all but Benedick.

Benedick watches till his friends are out of sight, and then advances from the arbour:

Bene. This can be no 'trick: the conference was 'sadly borne.[e]—They have the truth of this from 'Hero. They seem to 'pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their[f] full bent. Love 'me! why, it must be 'requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself 'proudly, if I perceive the love come from 'her; they say, too, that she will rather 'die, than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to 'marry.—I 'must not seem proud,—Happy are they that 'hear their detractions . . . and can put them to 'mending. They say,

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[a] cheat or fraud. [b] mental perturbation. [c] contemptuous. [d] carry out
[e] was seriously carried on. [f] O. R. the.

the lady is 'fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and 'virtuous; 't is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise,—but for loving 'me. By my troth, it is no addition to her 'wit—nor no great argument of her 'folly, for I will be horribly in love with 'her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long 'against marriage; but doth not the 'appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his 'youth, that he cannot endure in his 'age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these 'paper-bullets of the brain, 'awe a man from the career of his humour? No! . . . The world must be 'peopled! When I said, I would die a 'bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were 'married.—Here 'comes Beatrice! By this day, she 's a 'fair lady! . . . I 'do spy some marks of love in her.

[Beatrice enters.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. . . . Fair Beatrice! I, I—thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more 'pains for those thanks, than 'you take pains to 'thank me: if it 'had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. . . . You take 'pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea;—just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a 'daw withal.—You have no stomach,[a] signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! "Against my will—I am sent—to bid you—come in—to 'dinner;"—there 's a 'double meaning in that. "I took no more pains—for those thanks,—than 'you took pains—to 'thank me;"—that 's as much as to say, "'Any pains that I take for 'you, is as easy as thanks."—If I do not take 'pity on her, I am a 'villain; if I do not 'love her, I am a 'Jew. I will go get her picture! [Exit.

The scene is still in Leonato's garden.—This eaves-dropping experiment, so successful with Benedick, is now to be practised on Beatrice, by the Lady Hero and one of her gentlewomen:

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
Our talk must only be of 'Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be 'thy part
To 'praise him, more than ever man did merit.
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to 'hear our conference.

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[a] appetite.

Urs. Fear you not 'my part of the dialogue.

Beatrice enters, and stands within the garden-bower to listen.—Hero continues:

Hero. No, truly, Ursula, she is 'too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards[a] of the rock.
Urs. But are you 'sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So say the Prince, and my new-trothéd lord.
They did entreat me to 'acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him 'wrestle with affection,
And 'never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. 'Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bride?
Hero. O God of Love! I know, he doth 'deserve:
But Nature never framed a 'woman's heart
Of 'prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing[b] what they look on. She 'cannot love,
She is so 'self-endeared. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him 'backward:[c] If 'fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her 'sister:
If 'black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,[d]
Made a foul 'blot; if 'tall, a lance[e] ill-'headed:
If 'low, an aglet[f] very vilely cut:
If 'speaking, why, a vane blown with 'all winds:
If 'silent, why, a dull[g] block moved with 'none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out!
But who dare 'tell her so? If 'I should speak,
She would mock me into 'air: O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death[h] with wit!
No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight 'against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To 'stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an 'ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true 'judgment—

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[a] wild (untamed) hawks. [b] under-valuing. [c] make nonsense of his words. [d] a buffoon [e] a spear. [f] the ornamental point of a tag, usually like a small image, (O. E. agate). [g] an inserted word. [h] alluding to the infamous punishment known as *peine forte et dure*.

Having so swift a 'wit,—as to 'refuse
So 'rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick. . . .
[Aside.] She 's limed,[a] I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [Aside.] If it 'prove so, then loving goes by 'haps:
'Some, Cupid kills with 'arrows, some with 'traps.—
[Ex. Hero and Urs.

After this unexpected revelation, Beatrice comes from her woodbine coverture fairly aimed at, cajoled, and caught in the marital snare.

Beat. What 'fire is in mine ears?[b] Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of 'such.
And, Benedick, love on! I will 'requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou 'dost love, my kindness shall 'incite thee
To bind our loves up in a 'holy band;
For, 'others say—thou dost deserve; and 'I
'Believe it—'better than reportingly. [Exit.

The Scene is now in Leonato's house, where we have before us Don Pedro, Count Claudio, old Leonato, and Signior Benedick—but how changed! He is dressed with unusual care, and stands musingly alone.—Don Pedro says:

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your 'marriage, Count,[c] and then go I toward 'Arragon.

Claud. I'll 'bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay. I will only be bold with 'Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all 'mirth: he hath, twice or thrice, 'cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman[d] dares not shoot at 'him. He hath a heart as sound as a 'bell, and his tongue is the 'clapper,—for, what his heart 'thinks, his tongue 'speaks.[e]

Bene. . . . Gallants, I am 'not as I have been.

Leon. So say 'I: methinks, you are 'sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in 'love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no 'true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants 'money.

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[a] caught as if with bird-lime (O. R. ta'en). [b] The old superstition was, that a tingling in the right ear was ominous of good fortune, or the praise of friends; but, in the left ear, of bad luck and scandal. [c] inserted word. [d] Cupid.
[e] the proverb is, "as the bell clinketh, the fool thinketh."

Bene. . . . I have the toothache. [Sighing.

D. Pedro. Draw it!

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! 'sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a 'humour,[a] or a 'worm?[b]

Bene. Well, every one can[c] master a grief, but he that 'has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he 'is in love. If he be 'not in love, with some 'woman, there is no believing old signs. He 'brushes his hat o' mornings: what should 'that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the 'barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with 'him; and the old ornament[d] of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.[e]

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with 'civet:[f] can you 'smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say,—the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The 'greatest note of it is his melancholy. Conclude, conclude he 'is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves 'him.

D. Pedro. I warrant, one that 'knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and all his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, 'dies for him.

Bene. . . . Yet this[g] is no charm[h] for the 'toothache.—Old Signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you,—which these . . . hobby-horses must not hear. [Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break[i] with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not 'bite one another when they meet. [Exeunt.

So far, the "Much Ado" of the Play has been, by no means, "About Nothing." But while Benedick's friends are watching for what his "toothache" leads to, the "Much Ado" arises which justifies the full dramatic title. There is villainy at the bottom of it: Don Pedro's half-brother, Don John, is the black-souled author of the mischief. He has devised a hideous lie to break-off the marriage of Count Claudio and the Lady Hero; and he has

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[a] a vitiated fluid. [b] there was a common belief that toothache was caused by a little worm (like an eel) gnawing a hole in the tooth. [c] O. R. cannot. [d] his beard. [e] human hair was formerly so employed. [f] a perfume obtained from the civet cat. [g] O. R. it. [h] a magical power or spell. [i] make overtures.

bribed one of his followers—the sneaking villain Borachio—like master like man—to do the dirty work of giving colour to his foul accusation. Borachio persuades Margaret, the Lady Hero's attendant, (with whom he pretends to be in love,) to speak with him at night out of the bride's chamber window, arrayed in her mistress's wedding garments. Don John, in the meantime, informs Don Pedro and Don Claudio that the Lady Hero is in love with Borachio, and brings them into the garden to see this assignation. To secure Borachio, the malicious Don John promises to give him a thousand ducats, if he succeeds in thus frustrating the intended marriage. This plot is now to be brought to light; and the "Much Ado"—as well as the "About Nothing"—will be explained and justified.

We are now to be introduced to some guardians of the public peace—the Night Watchmen of Messina; in order, doubtless, that we may be duly impressed by the fitness of these functionaries for their important municipal duties.

On a Street in Messina, the Master Constable, Dogberry, is addressing his subordinates, the Night Watchmen:

Dogb. Are you 'good men and true?

The garrulous old Verges replies:

Verg. Yea; or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation,[a] body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too 'good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them; being chosen for the 'Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[b] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First,—who think you the most desartless man to be Constable?

One of the Watchmen says:

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir,—or George Seacoal;—for 'they can write and read.

Dogb. . . . Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: To be a 'well-favoured[c] man is the gift of 'fortune; but to write and read comes by 'nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, Master Constable,—

Dogb. 'You 'have: I 'knew it would be your answer. Well, for your 'favour, sir, why, give heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your 'writing and reading, let 'that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit

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[a] for perdition. [b] tell them their duties. [c] featured.

man for the 'Constable of the Watch; therefore bear 'you the lantern. This is your charge:—You shall comprehend all vagrom[a] men; you are to bid 'any man "Stand!" in the Prince's name.[b]

2 *Watch.* How, if a' will 'not stand?

Dogb. Why, then . . . take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the 'rest of the Watch together, and thank heaven you are rid of a knave.

The talkative Verges is eager to give his opinion:

Verg. If he will not 'stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's 'subjects.

Dogb. True; and they are to meddle with none 'but the Prince's subjects.—You shall also make no 'noise in the streets; for, for the 'Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather 'sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how 'sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills[c] be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will 'not?

Dogb. Why, then . . . let them alone till they are 'sober: if they make you not then the 'better answer, you may say,—they are 'not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir?

Dogb. If you meet a 'thief, you may 'suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no 'true man; and, for 'such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we 'know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you 'may; but, I think, "they that touch pitch will be defiled." The most 'peaceable way for you, if you 'do take a thief, is, to let him 'show himself what he is, . . . and 'steal out of your company.

Verges again speaks his approval:

Verg. You have been always called a 'merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a 'dog by my will; much more a 'man, who hath any honesty in him.

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[a] vagrant. [b] Dogberry's "Directions" are all founded on those embodied in a burlesque book called "The Statutes of the Streeks," printed in 1595. [c] weapons with hooked points (used by the old police).

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the Nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the Nurse be 'asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the 'child wake her, with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it 'baes, will never answer a calf when he 'bleats.

Verg. 'T is 'very true.

Dogb. This is the 'end of the charge:—You, Constable, are to present the Prince's own person. If you meet the 'Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues,[a] he 'may stay him:—marry, not without the Prince be 'willing; for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it 'is an offence to stay a man 'against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, 'I think it 'be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah-ah? Well, masters, good night: an[b] there be any matter of 'weight chances, call up 'me. Keep your 'fellows' counsels and your 'own, and good night. Come, neighbour Verges.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. . . . One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior 'Leonato's door; for the wedding being there 'to-morrow, there is a great coil 'to-night. Adieu, be vigitant,[c] I beseech you. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

The worthy Watchmen have an immediate opportunity of exercising their vigilance, for two dissipated-looking fellows approach each other: they are Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. [Drunk.] What Conrade!—Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse,[d] for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

The Watchmen whisper:

Watch. Some 'treason, masters; yet stand close.—

Bora. Know, I have 'earned, of Don John, a thousand ducats. Know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's 'gentlewoman, by the 'name of Hero: she

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[a] for statutes, [b] if. [c] for vigilant. [d] shed.

leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times "good night,"—I tell this tale vilely:—I should 'first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, 'saw, afar off, in the orchard, this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought 'they[a] Margaret was Hero?

Bora. 'Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the Devil my master knew she was 'Margaret. Away went Claudio 'enraged; 'swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the Temple; and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again 'without a husband.

The excited Watchmen, overhearing this criminal confession, advance:

1 *Watch.* We charge you—in the Prince's name,—stand!

2 *Watch.* Call up the 'Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of roguery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Con. Masters, masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us 'obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a 'goodly commodity. Come, we 'll obey 'you. [Exeunt.

The drunken Borachio and his companion are thus apprehended. Then Dogberry and Verges hasten to Signior Leonato, and "inflict their tediousness" upon him at the very time that he is busily occupied in preparing for his daughter's marriage. Leonato inquires:

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a 'busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verges sagaciously adds:

Verg. Yes, in 'truth it is, sir.

Leon. 'What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little 'off the matter: an 'old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as,

[a] O. R. thy.

heaven help, I would 'desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank heaven, I am as honest as any man living,—that is an 'old man, and 'no honester than I.

Dogb. Caparisons are odorous:[a] *palabras*,[b] neighbour Verges.

Leonato impatiently says:

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to 'say so; but we are the poor 'Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a 'king, I could find in my heart to bestow it 'all on your worship: For I hear as good exclamation on your 'worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a 'poor man, I am 'glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know—'what you 'have to 'say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our Watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. . . . A good old man, sir; he 'will be talking! as they say, When the 'age is in, the wit is 'out. Heaven help us! it is a 'world to see![c]—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—Well, an 'two men ride of a horse, 'one must ride 'behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, 'all men are not a like,—alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of 'you.

Dogb. Gifts that 'Heaven gives.

Leon. I must 'leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our Watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examined, before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination 'yourself, and 'bring it me: I am now in 'great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigeance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well. [Exit.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: 'we are now to examination[d] these men.

Verg. And we must do it 'wisely.

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[a] O. R. comparisons are odorous (for odious). [b] few words.
[c] it is wonderful world to see. [d] O. R. examine.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a *non-com* :[a] only get the learned writer to set 'down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [Exeunt.

The "Much ado," which might have been prevented by a timely knowledge of Borachios's story, now rises to a melancholy catastrophe not "About Nothing."—The Scene is the inside of a church; where are assembled the prospective Bride and Bridegroom, (the Lady Hero and Count Claudio,) with all their relatives and friends.—The Bride's father, old Signior Leonato, addresses the officiating Priest:

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the 'plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular 'duties afterwards.

Fri. [To Claud.] You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. . . . No.

Leon. To 'be married to her:—Friar, 'you come to marry her.

Fri. . . . Lady, 'you come hither to be married to this 'Count?

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should 'not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to 'utter it.—Know you any, Count?

Leonato cheerfully interposes:

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claudio bitterly interrupts:

Claud. O, what men 'dare do! what men 'may do! what men 'daily do, not knowing 'what they do![b]
Stand thee by, Friar. [To Leon.] Father, by your leave:
Will you, with free and unconstrainéd soul,
Give me this . . . 'maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as heaven did give her 'me.

Claud. And what have I to give you 'back,—whose worth
May counterpoise this 'rich and 'precious gift?

Don Pedro interposes:

D. Pedro. Nothing; unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you teach[c] me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her home[d] again!
She 's but the 'sign and 'semblance of her honour.—

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[a] a mistake of *non com* (*non compos mentis*—not of sound mind) for *non plus* (no farther — a legal obstacle). [b] five words from the quarto edition, 1600.
[c] O. R. learn. [d] O. R. back.

Behold, how 'like a maid she blushes here:
Her blush is 'guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. 'Not to be married; not to knit my soul,
To an approvéd 'wanton! [To Don Pedro.] Sweet Prince, why speak not 'you?

D. Pedro. What 'should I speak?
'I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to this wanton here.

The distracted father exclaims:

Leon. 'Are these things spoken? or do I but 'dream?

Claudio indignantly advances:

Claud. Let 'me but move 'one question to your daughter:—
What man was he talked with you, yesternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Hero. I talked with 'no man at that hour, my lord.

The Prince addresses Leonato:

D. Pedro. I am sorry 'you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd Count,
Did 'see her, 'hear her, at that hour, last night,
Talk with a 'ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[a] villain,
Confessed they met a thousand times in secret.

Claudio exclaims with passionate emotion:

Claud. O Hero! 'what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy 'outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy 'heart!
But, fare thee well, most 'foul, most 'fair! farewell!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture[a] hang,
To turn 'all beauty into thoughts of 'harm! [Exeunt Claudio and his friends.

The Prince, Claudio, and his friends indignantly leave the Church: Hero swoons: Beatrice hastens to her relief: Benedick follows.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. 'Dead, I think:—Help, uncle!—Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

The heart-broken father ejaculates:

Leon. O Fate, take 'not away thy heavy hand!

[a] free-spoken, licentious.

'Death is the fairest 'cover for her shame
That may be 'wished for.

The Friar kindly speaks:

Fri. Have comfort, lady: . . . wherefore should she not?

Her father replies:

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not 'every earthly thing
Cry 'shame upon her? Grieved I, I had but 'one?[b]
Chid I for 'that at frugal Nature's frame?[c]
Oh! one too much, by 'thee! O, she is fallen
Into a pit of 'ink,—that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again!

Beatrice is suddenly aroused:

Beat. O, on my 'soul my cousin is 'belied!
Leon. Would the two 'Princes lie? and 'Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her! 'let her die!

The Friar again advances as peace-maker:

Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent[d] been so long,
By 'noting of the lady: I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start[e]
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat[f] away those blushes:
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,[g]
If this sweet lady lie[h] not guiltless here,
Under some blighting[i] error. Lady, say—
'What man is he you are accused of?
Hero. 'They know that do accuse me, 'I know none.
If I know aught of any crime like this,[j]
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Refuse me, hate me, 'torture me to death!
Fri. There is some strange misprision[k] in the Princes.
Bene. 'Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if 'their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice[l] of it lives in base Prince John,[j]
Whose spirits 'toil in frame[m] of villainies.
Leon. I know not. If they speak but 'truth of her,
These hands shall 'tear her! if they 'wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it!

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[a] suspicion. [b] but one child. [c] plan, order of events. [d] O. R. onely bene silent. [e] O. R. to start. [f] O. R. bear. [g] O. R. observations. [h] O. R. lye. [i] O. R. biting. [j] substituted words. [k] misconception, mistake. [l] strategem, artifice. [m] contrivance.

Fri. Pause awhile, and 'let my counsel sway you.
Your daughter here the Princes left for 'dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept-in,
And publish it, that she 'is dead indeed;
She 'dying,—as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was 'accused,—
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer; then shall 'Claudio mourn,
And wish that he had not accused her so;—
No, though he thought his accusation 'true.
Let this be so; and doubt not but 'success
Will fashion the 'event, in 'better shape
Than 'I can lay it down in 'likelihood.
Come, lady, 'die to 'live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but 'prolonged: have patience, and endure.

[Exe. Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

All parties consent to this arrangement, and the Lady Hero is led away by her father and the Friar. Benedick and Beatrice remain, looking at each other. The silence is soon broken.

Bene. L—L—Lady Beatrice . . . have you—wept—'all this while?

Beat. Yea; and I will weep a while 'longer.

Bene. 'I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no 'reason; I do it 'freely.

Bene. . . . Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is 'wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would 'right her!

Bene. Is there any way to 'show such friendship?

Beat. A very 'even[a] way, but no such 'friend.

Bene. May a 'man do it?

Beat. It is a man's 'office, but not yours.

Bene. . . . I do love nothing in the world so well as 'you! Is not that 'strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for 'me to say, I loved nothing so well as 'you; but believe me not—and yet I 'lie not:—I 'confess nothing, nor I 'deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my 'sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me!

Beat. Do not 'swear by it, and 'eat it.

Bene. I 'will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make 'him eat it, that says 'I love not 'you.

Beat. Will you not . . . eat your 'word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I 'protest I love thee!

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[a] direct.

Beat. . . . Why then, heaven forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have 'stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, 'I loved 'you.
Bene. And 'do it, with all thy heart! do it! do it![a]
Beat. I love you with so 'much of my heart, that none is 'left to protest.
Bene. Come, bid me do 'anything for thee!
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. . . . Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill 'me to deny it. Farewell.
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am 'gone though I am here.[b]—There is 'no love in you.—Nay, I pray you let me go.
Bene. Beatrice!—
Beat. In faith, I 'will go.
Bene. We 'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with 'me, than fight with mine 'enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine 'enemy?
Beat. Is he not approved, in the height,[c] a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a 'man!—What! bear her in hand[d] until they come to 'take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—'O, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!
Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!
Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—
Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is 'undone.
Bene. Beat—
Beat. Princes and counties![e] A sweet gallánt, surely! O, that 'I were a man for 'his sake! or that I had any 'friend would be a man for 'my sake! I 'cannot be a man with 'wishing, therefore I will die a 'woman with 'grieving.
Bene. Think you, in your 'soul, the Count Claudio hath 'wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I 'have a thought or a soul.

[a] four repeated words. [b] *i. e.*, my mind is elsewhere, though my person is here.
[c] highest degree. [d] keep on good terms with her. [e] noblemen (counts).

Bene. . . . Enough! I am engaged, I will 'challenge him! I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a 'dear account. As you 'hear of me, so 'think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must 'say she is dead; and 'so farewell.

The examination over which the Governor had deputed the Night-watchmen to preside, now takes place in the prison. Dogberry, Verges, and the Sexton, all robed in gowns of office—with the prisoners, Conrade and Borachio at the bar,—are now before us. Dogberry pompously takes his seat in the presidential chair:

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

The Sexton asks Dogberry:

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain: 'We have the 'exhibition[a] to examine.

Sexton. But which are the 'offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before 'me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a 'gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—Master Gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve heaven?

[a][*Con.* Yea sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they 'hope they serve heaven:—and write heaven first; for heaven defend but heaven should go 'before such villains!][b]— Masters, it is 'proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be 'thought so shortly. How 'answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are 'none.

Dogb. . . . A marvellous 'witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come 'you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: 'Sir, I say to you, it is thought you 'are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, 'I say to 'you, we are 'none.

Dogb. . . . Well, stand aside.—'Fore heaven, they are 'both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

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[a] orders (for inhibition).

[b] The words in brackets are not in the folio of 1623, but are from the quarto of 1600.

The Sexton objects.

Sexton. Master Constable, you go not the 'way to examine: you must call forth the 'Watch, that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the 'eftest[a] way.—'Let the Watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, 'accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* 'This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat 'perjury, to call a 'Prince's brother 'villain.

Bora. Master Constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy 'look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say 'else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero 'wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat 'burglary, as ever was committed!

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean to 'disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and 'not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into 'everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is 'more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero 'was in this manner 'ac-cused; in this very manner 'refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly 'died.—Master Constable, let these men be 'bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and 'show him their examination. [Exit Sexton.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned!

Con. Off,[b] coxcomb!

Dogb. Odd 's my life! where 's the Sexton? let him write down—the Prince's officer, 'coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dogb. . . . Dost thou not suspect[c] my 'place? Dost thou not suspect my 'years?—O, that he were here to write me down an 'ass!—but, masters, 'remember that I am an ass! Though it be 'not written down, yet 'forget not that I am an ass!—No, thou villain! thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness.

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[a] for aptest or deftest (quickest). [b] Q. R. Of coxcombe, [c] for respect.

I am a 'wise fellow; and, which is more, an 'officer; and, which is more, a 'householder; and, which is 'more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina: and one that knows the law, go-to;—and a rich fellow enough, go-to;—and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath 'two gowns, and . . . and 'everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ-'down—an 'ass! [Exeunt.

Leonato, still furious at his daughter's public disgrace, (accompanied by his brother Antonio,) challenges young Count Claudio to fight: but, being refused, both depart enraged. At this juncture Benedick enters, meeting Don Pedro and Count Claudio; he addresses the former with ill-concealed emotion:

Bene. . . . Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are come[a] to part almost a 'fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our 'two noses snapped off, with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou?

Bene. In a 'false quarrel there is no true 'valour. . . . 'I came to seek you 'both.

Claud. We have been up-and-down to seek 'thee; for we are high-proof 'melancholy, and would fain have it 'beaten away. Wilt thou use thy 'wit?

Bene. It is in my 'scabbard: Shall I 'draw it?

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou 'sick, or 'angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though Care killed a 'cat,[b] 'thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill 'Care.

Bene. . . . Sir, I shall meet 'your wit in the career,[c] an you charge it against 'me. I pray you, choose 'another subject.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and 'more: I think he be angry 'indeed.

Bene. [To Claudio.] Shall I speak a word in your ear? You are a 'villain.—I jest not.—I will make it good 'how you dare, with 'what you dare, and 'when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your 'cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall 'heavy on you. Let me 'hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will 'meet you,—so I may have good cheer.

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[a] O. R. almost come. [b] the old proverb is Care will kill a cat (even though it has nine lives). [c] in due course.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him: he hath bid me to a calf's head; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's 'naught.

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes 'easily.

D. Pedro. But 'when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible 'Benedick's head?

Claudio adds:

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick, the married man!"

Benedick earnestly but haughtily replies:

Bene. Fare you well, 'boy! You know 'my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break 'jests, as braggarts do their 'blades, which hurt not.—My lord, [to Don Pedro] for your many courtesies I thank you: . . . I must 'discontinue your company. Your brother, Don John, is 'fled from Messina. You have, among you, 'killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall 'meet; and, 'till then, peace be with him. Exit.

At this moment Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch enter, with Conrade and Borachio, their prisoners. Don Pedro expresses his surprise:

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men 'bound! Borachio one! Officers, what 'offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have be-lied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are 'lying 'knaves.

D. Pedro. . . . First, I ask thee, What they have 'done? thirdly, I ask thee, What's their 'offence? sixth and lastly, Why they are 'committed? and, to conclude, What you lay to their 'charge?

Borachio speaks:

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no 'further to mine answer: do 'you 'hear me, and let this Count 'kill me. I have deceived even your very 'eyes: what your 'wisdoms could not discover, these 'shallow 'fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed[a] me

[a] incited.

to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court 'Margaret, in Hero's garments; how you 'disgraced her, when you should 'marry her. The lady is 'dead, upon mine and my master's 'false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a 'villain.

At Borachio's confession, Don Pedro and Count Claudio are horrified:

D. Pedro. But 'did my brother 'set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and 'paid me richly for the practice of it.

Dogberry impatiently and pompously gives his directions:

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time, our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that 'I am an 'ass.

Verg. Here, here 'comes Master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Leonato, Antonio, and the Sexton re-enter. Leonato eagerly asks:

Leon. 'Which is the villain? Let me see his 'eyes,
That, when I note another man 'like him,
I may 'avoid him. Which of these is he?

Borachio comes forward:

Bora. If you would know your 'wronger, look on 'me.

Leon. Art 'thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I 'alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou 'beliest thyself:
Here stand a 'pair of 'honourable men,
A 'third is fled,—that 'had a hand in it.—

Claudio remorsefully says:

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience:
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet 'sinned I not,
But in 'mistaking.

Don Pedro adds:

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I 'would bend under 'any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter 'live,
That were 'impossible; but, I pray you both,

Inform[a] the people in Messina here
How 'innocent she died. Come to my house;
And since you could not be my 'son-in-law,
Be yet my 'nephew. My 'brother hath a daughter,—
Almost the copy of 'my child that 's dead,—
And she alone is heir to 'both of us:
Give 'her the right you should have given her 'cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your 'over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

Dogberry, who has been impatiently waiting his opportunity, now has it:

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is 'not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call 'me 'ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his 'punishment. Pray you, 'examine him upon 'that point.

Leon. . . . I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise heaven for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains. [Giving money.

Dogb. Heaven save the 'foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant 'knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct 'yourself, for the example of others. Heaven keep your worship! I wish your worship well; Heaven restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, Heaven prohibit it!—Come, neighbour. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes to Signior Leonato's garden; where we overhear Benedick, humming most dismally a tune to some lines he has endeavoured to compose, while waiting for the Lady Beatrice.

Bene. [Singing.]

The God of Love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in rhyming;[b] but in 'loving,—Leander[c] the good swimmer, and a whole bookful of these quondam[d] carpet-mongers,—whose names yet run smoothly in

---

[a] O. R. possess. [b] O. R. singing. [c] a youth of Abydos, who nightly swam across the Hellespont at Hero's invitation. [d] former.

the even road of a 'blank verse,—why, 'they were never so truly turned over-and-over, as 'my poor self, in 'love. Marry, I cannot show it in 'rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings! No, I was not born under a 'rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in 'festival terms.[a]—

Beatrice enters.

Sweet Beatrice! wouldst thou 'come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and 'depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay, but 'till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; . . . fare you well 'now:—And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is,—with knowing 'what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Claudio 'undergoes[b] my challenge; and either I must shortly 'hear from him, or I will subscribe him a 'coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me,—for which of my 'bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them 'all-together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any 'good part to intermingle with them. But—for which of my 'good parts did 'you first suffer love for 'me?

Bene. "'Suffer love?"—a good epithet! I 'do "suffer" love, indeed, for I love thee against my 'will.

Beat. In spite of your 'heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for 'my sake, 'I will spite it for 'yours: for I will never 'love that which my friend 'hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo 'peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this 'confession: there 's not 'one wise man among twenty that will praise 'himself.

Bene. An old, an 'old instance, Beatrice,—that lived in the time of 'good neighbours.[c] If a man do not erect, in this age, his 'own tomb 'ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Why, an 'hour in 'clamour,[d] and a quarter in 'rheum:[e] therefore is it most expedient for the wise to be the

[a] high-flown expressions. [b] endures. [c] that is, never; or in the unknown "Good Old Times," when men "did no ill to their neighbours." [d] noisy lamentation. [e] snivelling tears.

trumpet of his 'own virtues,—as 'I am to 'myself.
And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do 'you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve heaven, love 'me, and 'mend. Here comes one in haste.

Ursula runs in.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil[a] at home: It is proved, my Lady Hero hath been 'falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily 'abused;—and Don 'John is the author of all, who is fled and gone.

Beat. Will 'you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy 'heart, die in thy 'lap, and be buried in thy 'eyes; and, moreover, I 'will go with thee to thy uncle.[b] [Exeunt.

The end of course is foreseen. But all of this "Much Ado" is "About Nothing," only to those who know—as 'we do—that Hero is alive. A goodly company is now assembled in Leonato's house. The Friar says:

Fri. Did I not 'tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accused her.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Benedick adds:

Bene. And so am I; being else, by faith, enforced
To call young Claudio to a 'reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither, 'masked:
The Prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.

The ladies at once withdraw, and Leonato gives instructions to Antonio how to play his part:

You know your office, brother:
You must be 'father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Benedick, cautiously looking round that he may not be overheard, rather sheepishly beckons to the Priest:

Bene. Friar, I—'I must entreat your pains, I think.
To 'bind me, or 'undo me; 'one of them.—

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[a] great confusion. [b] O. R. vncles.

Signior Leonato,—truth it is, good signior,—
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my 'daughter lent her: 't is most true.

Bene. And 'I do, with an eye of 'love, requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from 'me,
From Claudio, and the Prince.—But what 's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for 'my will,—my will is, 'your good will
May stand with 'ours, this day to be conjoined
In the estate[a] of honourable 'marriage:—
In which, good Friar, I shall desire 'your help.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you 'yet determined
To-day to marry with my 'brother's daughter?

Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an 'Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here 's the Friar ready.

Antonio goes out, and immediately returns with the masked ladies. Claudio asks:

Claud. 'Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. 'This same is she,—and I do 'give you her.

Claud. Why, then she 's 'mine!—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leonato interposes:

Leon. No, 'that you shall not; till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to 'marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar:
I am your 'husband, if you like of me.

Hero. . . . And when I lived, I was your other 'wife: [Unmasking.
And when you 'loved, 'you were my other 'husband.

Claud. 'Another Hero?

D. Pedro. The 'former Hero! Hero that is 'dead!

Leon. She 'died, my lord, but whiles her slander 'lived.

The Friar speaks:

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify:[b]
When, after-that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you 'largely of fair Hero's 'death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the Chapel let us presently.

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[a] O. R. state. [b] lessen by explanation.

Benedick intervenes, after peering at each lady:

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. 'I answer to that name. [Unmasking.] What is your will?
Bene. . . . Do not you 'love me?
Beat. . . . Why, no; no more than 'reason.
Bene. Why, then, your Uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived: they swore you 'did.
Beat. Do not 'you love 'me?
Bene. . . . Troth, no; no 'more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my Cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are 'much deceived; for they did 'swear you did.
Bene. They swore, that you were almost 'sick for me.
Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh 'dead for 'me.
Bene. 'T is no such matter. Then, you 'do not love me?
Beat. No, truly,—but in friendly 'recompense.

Leonato says to her:

Leon. Come, cousin, I am 'sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio adds:

Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that 'he loves 'her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,—
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to "Beatrice."

Hero comes forward:

Hero. And here 's 'another,
Writ in my 'cousin's hand, stol 'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto "'Benedick."
Bene. A 'miracle! here 's our own 'hands against our 'hearts.—Come, I 'will 'have thee; . . . but, by this light, I take thee for 'pity.
Beat. I would not 'deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great 'persuasion; and partly, to save your 'life,—for I was told you were in a 'consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [Kisses her.

Don Pedro, amidst general laughter, asks:

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, "the married man"?
Bene. I 'll tell thee what, Prince; a 'college of wit-crackers cannot flout me 'out of my humour. Dost thou think 'I care for a satire, or an epigram? No!—if a man will be beaten with 'brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I 'do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to 'any purpose that the

'world can say 'against it; and therefore never 'flout at me for 'what I have said[a] against it; for man is a 'giddy thing,—and this is my 'conclusion.—Claudio, I 'did think to have beaten thee; but, in that[b] thou art like to be my 'kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.—Prince, thou art sad.

D. Pedro. 'I've got the toothache.[c]

Bene. Get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend.

A Messenger enters.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is 'ta'en in flight,
And brought with armèd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till 'to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [Dance. Exeunt.

End of Much Ado About Nothing.

[a] O. R. for I have said. [b] because. [c] inserted line.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The Comedy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been generally accepted as "the most finished specimen of the author's comic powers." Its purport is to show—that virtuous women may laugh at the advances of an objectionable wooer, and punish by mockery, quite as effectually as by carrying him before a magistrate, or indicting him as a trespasser on "conjugal rights."

Then we have an underplot; in which a young lady, with many personal and purse attractions, is surrounded by a corresponding number of lovers. From these, the father selects one—for social considerations of rank and patrimony; the mother selects another—for personal merits according to her standard; and the young lady selects another—for the best of all reasons (involving the principle on which matrimonial partnerships ought to be regulated,)—because she likes him best.

The two stories are so connected that, as the first plot advances, it carries on the second, and both culminate at the same time. In the end, we have lessons to all parties in similar circumstances:—the forgiveness of the bride by her defeated parents; and the determination to make the rake's punishment a topic for laughter by the fireside—the victim himself making one among the laughers.

A tradition exists that Shakespeare wrote this Comedy at the express desire of Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of exhibiting the fat Falstaff "in love," as a contrast to Falstaff "in armour;" but the absence of any allusion to the incidents in which the "greater" Falstaff figures in the Historical Plays, may be held to prove that, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," we have the first draft of this great Shakespearian creation. Besides, the play neither shows, nor pretends to show, Falstaff in love: he is merely a fat, dissipated, pleasant rascal, endeavouring in any way to raise money, but with such humour as to cover his faults by their accompanying absurdities; thus becoming a corpulent butt for the practical jokes of the "Merry Wives."

Stories of jealous husbands and deceitful wives are so numerous that we may easily surmise the sources whence Shakespeare gathered his material; but the incident of the cicisbeo's making a confidant of the husband, is founded on a tale entitled, "The Two Lovers of Pisa," published in Tarleton's "News out of Purgatory," in 1590; but, in that narrative, the husband's jealousy is not without foundation; whereas Shakespeare conveys a moral by his treatment, and conducts the play merrily throughout, and to an amusing end.

This Comedy was probably written in 1598; but its printed form—like "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet"—has two versions; the

first was published—no doubt piratically,—in 1602,[a] and again in 1619.[b] The second, or extended version, was not printed till in the folio collection of 1623. It was then the policy of the Theatres to withhold popular plays from the hands of readers, that the public might be compelled to see them performed. The literary reputation of the Author was less thought of than the immediate profit of the Manager.

This Comedy is remarkable for being one of the earliest to introduce dialectic and individual characteristics. We have "Sir" Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson; (by the way, "Sir" Hugh is not so-called because he is a Knight, but because he has the University degree of Bachelor of Arts—"Sir" being the college translation of "Dominus" and often applied to Priests and Curates:) Dr. Caius, a French physician; a Country Justice of proverbially "shallow" brain, and his "slender" witted kinsman; the great Sir John Falstaff, and his well-matched followers; the jovial Host of the "Garter"; two sober Citizens of Windsor, and their "merry wives": a pair of lovers; a loquacious go-between, who serves any number of masters; and other minor characters—forming a large portrait gallery with practical illustrations.

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are:

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, *a Young Gentleman.*
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*
FORD, PAGE, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
"SIR" HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
HOST *of the Garter Inn.*
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *Followers of Falstaff.*
ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*
SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*
RUGBY, *Servant to Caius.*
MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

The Scene is at or near Windsor, and in Windsor Park.

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[a] The following are copies of the first entries in the Register of the Stationers' Company, dated January 18, 1601 (1602, new style):

"John Busby. Entred for his copie vnder the hand of master Seton A booke called *An excellent and pleasaunt conceited Comedie of Sir* John Ffaulstoff *and the merry wyves of Windsore.*"

This entry is followed by another, being an assignment from John Busby:

"Arthur Johnson. Entred for his Copye by assignement from John Busbye, A booke called *an excellent and pleasaunt conceyted Comedie of Sir* John Ffaulstafe *and the merye wyves of Windsor.*"

[b] The following is the title-page of the First Quarto:

"A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wiues of Windsor, intermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing Humors of Syr Hugh the Welsh Knight, Justice Shallow and his wise Cousin M. Slender: with the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been diuers times acted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaines Seruants both before her Majestie and elsewhere. . . . London, 1602."

A Second Quarto appeared, (1619) before the publication of the Folio, entitled:

*"A most pleasant and excellent Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wiues of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym."

The Comedy opens on a Street in Windsor, before Master Page's house. Justice Shallow is wroth concerning his treatment by Sir John Falstaff: his cousin, Master Abraham Slender, takes his kinsman's part in upholding the family dignity: while "Sir" Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, is endeavouring to pacify their irate worships.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me 'not! I 'will make a Star-Chamber[a] matter of it: If he were 'twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, 'esquire.

Master Slender adds:

Slen. In the county of Gloster, Justice of the Peace, and *coram.*[b]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*[c]

Slen. Aye, and *Ratolorum*[d] too; and a 'gentleman born, Master Parson; who writes himself *Armigero,*[e] in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I 'do; and 'have done, any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his 'successors, gone before him, 'hath done 't; and all his 'ancestors, that come after him, 'may

Parson Evans mildly says:

Eva. 'That is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were 'young again, the 'sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that 'friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, (which is daughter to Master George[f] Page,) which is pretty virginity; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham Slender here,[g] and Mistress Anne Page.

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[a] an old English court, having jurisdiction over misdemeanours, &c., (abolished in the reign of Charles I.) [b] deputy judge. [c] *custui rotulorum*, Keeper of the Records.
[d] an ignorant repetition for rotulorum. [e] one having a coat-of-arms.
[f] O. R. Thomas; (but Mrs. Page elsewhere calls her husband George).
[g] two inserted words.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her 'seven hundred pound?
Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a 'petter penny.
Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.[a]
Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, 'is good gifts.
Shal. Well, let us see honest 'Master Page.
Eva. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.] What, hoa! Pless your house here!—[Master Page comes out.] Here is your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender,—that, peradventures, shall tell you 'another tale, if matters grow to your likings.
Page. I am glad to see your worships well.
Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see 'you. Is Sir John Falstaff here?
Page. Sir, he is 'within; and I would I could do a good office between you.
Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.
Shal. He hath 'wronged me, Master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort 'confess it.
Shal. If it be 'confessed, it is not 'redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He 'hath wronged me.—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is 'wronged.
Page. Here 'comes Sir John.

Sir John Falstaff and his followers, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, enter from the house.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow! . . . You 'll complain of me to the 'King?
Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.
Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?
Shal. Tut, a pin! This shall be 'answered.
Fal. I will answer it 'straight:—I 'have done all this.—That 'is now answered.
Shal. The 'Council[b] shall know this.
Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were not[c] known in coun-'sel;[d] you 'll be 'laughed at.
Eva. *Pauca verba,*[e] Sir John; 'goot worts.
Fal. Good 'worts? good 'cabbage.[f]—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have 'you against me?

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[a] abilities. [b] the town council. [c] inserted word [d] among your friends.
[e] few words. [f] worts and cabbage are nearly synonymous, because all cabbage-plants are called worts.

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my 'head against you; and against your cony-catching[a] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards 'he picked my pocket.][b] [Pointing to Pistol.

Fal. Pistol, 'did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat 'challenge of this latten[c] bilbo.[d]—
Word of 'denial in thy labras[e] here!
Word of denial!—Froth and scum, thou 'liest!

Slender now changes his accusation: he had evidently been too drunk to remember distinctly.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was this fellow, Nym.[f]

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass 'good humours: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face[g] had it, for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an 'ass.

Fal. What say 'you, Scarlet[g] and John? Speak, Bardolph.[f]

Bard. Why, sir, for 'my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Eva. It is his five 'senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,[h] sir, was, as they say, cashiered;[i] and so conclusions passed the careers.[j]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin 'then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk, whilst I live, again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I 'be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of heaven, and not with drunken 'knaves.

Eva. So! that is a 'virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters 'denied, gentlemen; you hear it.—

Mistress Ford comes-in to visit her friends, just as Mistress Page and her daughter Anne enter, with wine for the strangers. Falstaff gallantly salutes the new arrivals.

Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.

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[a] thievish (fleecing their victims), scheming to skin simpletons. [b] This bracketed sentence is introduced from the quarto. [c] a lanky (lathlike) soldier: latten was a kind of lath made of sheet iron. [d] a sword made at Bilboa, in Spain, long noted for its superior manufacture of sword-blades. [e] lips (to thy very face). [f] inserted words. [g] alluding to Bardolph's red nose and John Bull head. [h] drunk. [i] put out of the way. [j] the consequences passed the bounds of propriety (to pass the cariéres, a French military phrase).

Master Page says:

Page. Wife, bid 'these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner:—come, gentlemen, I hope we shall 'drink down all unkindness. [Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.

Slender has had a glimpse of Page's pretty daughter! he exclaims:

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of "Songs and Sonnets"[a] here!

His Servant Simple enters.

How now, Simple? Where have you been? I must wait on 'myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles[b] about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake, upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[c]

Shallow says, confidently, to Slender:

Shal. Come, coz; a word with you, coz: There is, as 't were, a tender,[d] made afar off, by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir; you shall find me 'reasonable: if it 'be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Parson Evans adds:

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will 'description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it. The question is, concerning your marriage to Mistress[e] Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you 'affection the 'oman? Let us command to know 'that of your mouth, or of your lips; for diverse philosophers hold, that the lips is 'parcel[f] of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid? Nay, you must speak 'positable, if you can carry her your desires towards 'her.

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you 'love her? and[g] will you, upon good dowry, 'marry her?

Slen. I 'will marry her, sir, at 'your request; but if there be no great love in the 'beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it, upon better acquaintance. I hope, "Upon

[a] a collection published by the Earl of Surrey in 1567. [b] a popular collection of conundrums. [c] a blunder—All-Hallows is about four weeks 'after Michaelmas. [d] a proposal of marriage. [e] "Mistress" was a title formerly given to all "eligible" young ladies. [f] part. [g] inserted line.

familiarity will grow 'more contempt:"[a] but if 'you say, "Marry her," I 'will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery 'discretion answer; save the fault[b] is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely:—his 'meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin 'meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be 'hanged, la!

Shal. Here 'comes fair Mistress Anne. [Anne Page re-enters.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. 'I will not be absence at the 'grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Evans.

Shallow and the Parson hasten in to dinner, leaving Master Slender with pretty Mistress Anne.

Anne. Will 't please your 'worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No,—I thank you,—forsooth, heartily;—I am 'very well.

Anne. The dinner 'attends you, sir.

Slen. I—I am not a-hungry, . . . I thank you, forsooth.

Anne. I may not go-in 'without your worship; they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you, as much as though I did.

Anne. I 'pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk 'here, I thank you. . . . I—I—bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence[c]—three veneys[d] for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of 'hot meat since. . . . Why do your dogs bark so? be there 'bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there 'are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well. . . . 'You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to 'me now; but 'women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things. . . . M—M—Mistress Anne, yourself shall go 'first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

---

[a] for content: (the proverb is, "Familiarity breeds contempt)." [b] O. R. saue the fall.
[c] a fencing-master. [d] attacks, bouts.

Slen. Truly, I will 'not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.
Anne. I 'pray you, sir.
Slen. . . . I 'll rather be 'unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [Exeunt.

We now follow Falstaff to his lodgings at the "Garter Inn." He is still attended by Nym and Pistol, and Robin his page. He has been cogitating how to make "both ends meet"—either by increasing his income, or lessening his expenditure.

Fal. Which of you know 'Ford, of this town?
Pist. 'I ken[a] the wight: he is of substance good.
Fal. My honest lads, . . . I will tell you what I am about.
Pist. Two yards, and more.
Fal. No 'quips now, Pistol: indeed, I 'am in the waist two yards 'about; but I am now about 'no waste,—I am about 'thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's 'wife. I spy 'entertainment in her; she discourses, she curves,[b] she gives the leer[c] of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar smile;[d] and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's." The report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse—he hath a legion[e] of angels.[f] I have writ me here a letter to 'her: and here another to 'Page's wife, who, even now, gave me good eyes too; 'she bears the purse 'too; she is a region in Guiana,[g] all gold and bounty. I will be cheater[h] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my 'East and 'West Indies, and I will trade to them 'both. Go, [to Nym] bear thou this letter to Mistress 'Page; and 'thou [to Pist.] 'this to Mistress 'Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

But these amiable men object to be employed so unworthily. Falstaff, therefore, sends-off the letters by his page Robin: and, gladly taking advantage of their refusal, turns his rebellious followers about their business.

[To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;[i]
Sail like my 'pinnace[j] to the golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones! go!
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof! seek shelter, pack!

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[a] know. [b] O. R. carves. [c] cunning glance. [d] O. R. stile. [e] O. R. legend. [f] old English gold coins, worth about ten shillings ($2.50) each. [g] in South America. (Sir Walter Raleigh published, in 1596, his extravagant accounts of Guiana and its inhabitants.) [h] escheater—an officer of the Exchequer (O. R. cheaters). [i] safely, (keep a tight hold on them). [j] a small ship in attendance on a larger one.

Falstaff will learn the humour[a] of the age,
'French[b] thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted Page.
[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

When Falstaff has gone, his dismissed followers begin to plot against him.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thee! Say, Nym, wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin, and her star![c]
Pist. With wit, or steel?
Nym. With 'both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to 'Page.
Pist. And I to 'Ford shall eke[d] unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And laugh at him the while.[e] [Exeunt.

The "sighs" of Master Slender have proved the power of the "eyes" of "Sweet Anne Page," besides her "seven hundred pounds" and the "possibilities." He had at least one symptom—which is said to be universal—loss of appetite; Anne's system of treatment took little notice of the original disease, but only of the symptoms; she therefore prescribed a dinner as the fitting remedy. Even the Parson doubts the possibility of accomplishing the match which he had been the first to suggest; so he sends a messenger to Mistress Quickly—who is believed to be much in the good graces of the fair Anne—asking her to "speak a good word" for Master Slender. This worthy lady is house-keeper to the French Doctor Caius, and she is as fond of fees as her master. This case promises well for a palm-tickling bribe, though it is in the meantime but a bird in the 'bush; she has, however, two other birds in hand—Master Fenton and the French Doctor himself!—As her master is from home, she takes the opportunity of having a chat with the Parson's messenger:

Quick. Peter Simple you say your name is?
Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.
Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?
Sim. Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?
Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little 'wee face, with a little 'yellow beard,—a cane-coloured beard.
Quick. O, I 'should remember him: Does he not hold 'up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?
Sym. Yes, indeed, does he.

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[a] O. E. honor of this age. [b] hasty (probably analogous to "French leave.") [c] by the sky and the sun. [d] also. [e] substituted line.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no 'worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

The Doctor's servant, Jack Rugby, runs in:

Rug. Out, alas! Here comes my master!

Quick. O, we shall all be scolded.[a] [Exit Rugby.] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Sings.] *And down, down, adown-a, &c.*

Doctor Caius enters:

Caius. Vat is you 'sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me, in my closet, *un boitier vert*,[b] a box, a 'green-a box;[b] do 'intend vat I speak? a 'green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [Aside.] I am glad he went not in 'himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.[c] [Goes into closet.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! Ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*[d]

Mrs. Quickly returns with the green box:

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Oui, mette-le au mon* pocket; *dépêche*,[e]—quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby? Rugby! John! [Rugby re-enters.

Caius. Ah ha! You are 'John Rugby, and you are 'Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court. Od 's me! *Qu'ai-je oublié?*[f] dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I shall leave behind. [He goes into the closet.

Quick. Ay me! he 'll find the young 'man there, and be mad!

Caius. . . . *O diable!*[g] *diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!*[h] [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby; my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. 'Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an 'honest man.

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[a] O. R. shent. [b] a green box (case of surgical instruments). [c] mad with jealousy. [d] By my faith, it is very hot. I am going to the court on an important business. [e] yes, put it in my pocket; make haste. [f] What have I forgotten? [g] the devil. [h] thief.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is 'no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the 'truth of it: he came of an 'errand, to 'me, from Parson Hugh.

Simple stammers out his explanation:

Sim. Ay, forsooth, t—t—to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a 'your tongue! Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To d—desire this honest gentlewoman,—your maid,—to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page—for my master,—in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I 'll ne'er put 'my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez*[a] me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [He goes out to write.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: Man, I 'll do[b] your master what good I can; and the very Yea and the No is, the French doctor, 'my master,—I may 'call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'T is a 'great charge, to come under 'one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall 'find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear—I would have no 'words of it)—my master 'himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

The Doctor, having finished writing, now returns:

Caius. You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a 'shallenge! I will cut his troat in de Park; and I vill teach a scurvy jackanape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here! [Simple runs off.] Do not you tell-a me, Madam Quickly,[c] dat 'I shall have Anne Page for 'myself?—By gar, I vill 'kill de Jack[d] priest!—By gar, I vill 'myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves 'you, and all shall be well.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court vit me.—By gar, if I

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[a] give. [b] O. R. Ile doe yoe. [c] two inserted words. [d] a term of contempt.

have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An 'fool's-head[a] of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for 'that: never a woman in Windsor knows 'more of Anne's mind than 'I do; nor can 'do more than I do with her.

A knock at the door is heard:

Quick. Who 's there? Come in, I pray you.

The new-comer is 'another of Mistress Anne Page's lovers—Master Fenton; for whom also Dame Quickly's influence has been bespoken and paid for.

Fent. How now, good woman? how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to 'ask.

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she 'is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your 'friend, I can tell you that, by the way.

Fent. Shall I do any 'good, thinkest thou? Shall I not 'lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she 'loves 'you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, ha! ha! ha! thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest,[b] an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an 'hour's talk of that wart: ha! ha! ha!—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy[c] and musing: but for 'you—well, go to!

Fent. Well, I shall see her 'to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have 'thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her 'before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship 'more of the wart the next time we have confidence,—and of 'other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste 'now. [Exit.

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him 'not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [Exit.

Some other "bird in the bush," no doubt; and she hurries off to the salt-box.

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[a] O. E. An-fooles head. [b] protest. [c] melancholy.

Before Pistol and Nym have given their information, we proceed to Page's house—where we see Mistress Page reading Sir John Falstaff's letter—which his page Robin had delivered.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my 'beauty, and am I 'now a subject for them? Let me see.

[Reads.] "*Ask me no reason 'why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his 'physician,*[a] *he admits him not for his 'counsellor. You are not 'young—no more am I; go-to then, there 's 'sympathy: you are 'merry—so am I; ha, ha! then, there 's 'more sympathy: you love 'sack,*[b] *and so do I; would you desire 'better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a 'soldier can suffice,) that I 'love 'thee. I will not say, 'Pity me,—'t is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, 'Love me. By me,*

Thine own true Knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod[c] of Jewry is this?—O wicked, 'wicked world!—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with 'age, to show himself a 'young gallant! What unweighed behaviour hath this 'Flemish[d] drunkard picked out of my conversation, that he 'dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been 'thrice in my company.—How shall I be 'revenged on him? for revenged I 'will be, as sure as ——

Mistress Ford enters.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust 'me, I was coming to 'you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe 'that; I have to show to the 'contrary.

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[a] O. R. precisian. [b] a Spanish wine now called sherry, "*vin de Xéres*."
[c] Herod, King of Judea, was frequently introduced in the Scripture Mysteries and old Moralities, as a swaggering roysterer.
[d] The men of Holland were noted for their "deeds of drink."

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you 'do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I 'do then; yet, I say, I 'could show you to the contrary. . . . O Mistress Page, give me some 'counsel.

Mrs. Page. What 's the 'matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for 'one 'trifling respect, I 'could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. 'Hang the 'trifle, woman; take the 'honour. 'What is it?—'dispense with trifles;—what 'is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to—perdition—for an 'eternal moment or so, I could be 'knighted!

Mrs. Page. What? 'Sir Alice Ford!

Mrs. Ford. We burn 'daylight:[a]—here, read, read;—perceive 'how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of 'fat men, as long as I have an eye to make 'difference of men's liking. What tempest, I trow, threw this 'whale, with so many tuns of oil in him, ashore at 'Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were, to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of love have melted him in his own grease.

Mistress Page reads Mistress Ford's letter, and then takes out her own:

Mrs. Page. Letter 'for letter!—but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-'brother of 'thy letter: but let 'thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine 'never shall. I warrant, he hath a 'thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, and these are of the 'second edition.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very 'same; the very hand, the very 'words! What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. Let 's be 'revenged on him:—let 's appoint him a 'meeting; give him a 'show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act 'any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness[b] of our honesty. O, if my husband 'saw this letter! it would give 'eternal food to his jealousy.

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[a] *i. e.*, We are wasting our time—like those who burn lamps by day.

[b] scrupulousness.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he 'comes; and 'my good man too: 'he 's as far 'from jealousy, as I am from giving him 'cause; and that, I hope, is an 'unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman!

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They go out.

Master Page comes in with the informer Nym at his elbow;—and Master Ford soon follows, in earnest conversation with Pistol. The revelations of these discarded rogues are differently received. Master Page says:

Page. Pooh![a] I will not believe such a Cataian,[b] though the Priest o' the town commended him for a 'true man. [Exit Page.

Master Ford is not so confident; he mutters:

Ford. Hm![a] 'T was a good sensible fellow: Well! well! well! A man may be 'too confident. 'I cannot be thus satisfied. Though 'Page be a 'secure 'fool, yet I cannot put off 'my opinion so easily, . . . She 'was in his company, at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. . . . Well, I will look 'further into 't; and I have a 'disguise, to 'sound Falstaff. If I find her 'honest, I lose not my labour; if she be 'otherwise,—'t is labour well bestowed! [Exit.

The jealous Ford, brooding over the "possibilities" of his wife s action, resolves to visit Falstaff himself. He first cautiously endeavours to bribe mine Host of the Garter with "a pottle of burnt sack," if he can secure an interview with the fat Knight. "Tell him," adds Ford, "my name is Brook[c]—only for a jest." The jolly landlord consents, promising both "egress and regress."

While Ford is preparing his disguise, Falstaff receives a visit from Dr. Caius's housekeeper, Mistress Quickly—who had been employed by Mistress Page and Mistress Ford—to aid in their scheme of punishment.

Before her entrance, Sir John is overheard scolding his begging follower Pistol:

Fal. I will not lend thee a 'penny!

Pist. Why, then the 'world's mine oyster,
Which I with 'sword will open.
I will retort the sum in equipage.[d]

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[a] inserted word. [b] a China-man (from Cathay, the old name of China).
[c] in the first folio (1623) Brooke is printed Broome.
[d] line from the quarto of 1619 (*i. e.*, I will repay the money by my services.)

Fal. Not a penny! I have been content, sir, you should lay my 'countenance to pawn: I have grated[a] upon my good friends for 'three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow,[b] Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy[c] of baboons. I am almost ruined for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were 'good soldiers, and 'tall[d] fellows; and, when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,[e] I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it 'not.

Pist. Didst thou not 'share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason! think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul 'gratis? At a word, hang no more about 'me; I am no 'gibbet for you:—go!—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your 'honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of 'my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes,—leaving the fear of Heaven on the 'left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity,—am fain to 'shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet 'you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain[f] looks, your red-lattice[g] phrases, and your bull-baiting[h] oaths, under the shelter of 'your honour! You will 'not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

The possible reconciliation is interrupted by the entrance of Robin, Falstaff's little Page.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach. [Exit Robin.

Hence, rogue, avaunt! Go steal, and hang![i] [Exit Pistol.

Mistress Quickly enters:

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife. What with me?

Quick. . . . There is one Mistress Ford, sir,—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little 'nearer this ways.

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[a] annoyed (as by rasping.) [b] companion; one who draws (or steals) with you. [c] pair (Gemini, the twins). [d] brave (distinguished). [e] the fan was then usually made of ostrich feathers, and the handle of gold, silver, or carved ivory—therefore worth stealing. [f] like a wild cat's, savage and stealthy. [g] tavern (houses of refreshment had usually red shutters). [h] O. R. bold-beating. [i] inserted line.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears: Well: Mistress Ford—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a 'good creature. Law! law! your worship 's a wanton!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and long of it. You have brought her into such a 'canaries,[a] as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the Court lay[b] at Windsor, could never have brought her to 'such a canary.[a] Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly,—all musk,—and so rushling,[c] I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest,—that would have won 'any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of 'her!

Fal. But what says she to 'me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.[d]

Quick. Marry, she hath 'received your letter; for the which she thanks you a 'thousand times; and she gives you to notify,—that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven:—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have 'another messenger to your worship. Mistress 'Page hath 'her hearty commendations to you 'too;—and 'she bade me tell your worship, that 'her husband is 'seldom from home; but she hopes there 'will come a time. I never knew a woman so 'dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth!

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no 'other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this,—Has Ford's wife,—and Page's wife,—acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest 'indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a 'trick indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little

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[a] quandary. [b] resided. [c] rustling. [d] Mercury was the messenger of the gods.

Robin, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page. You 'must send her your Page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but 'do so, then: and, look you, he may come and-go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword,[a] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything;—for 't is not good that 'children should know any wickedness: 'old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them 'both. There 's my purse; I am 'yet thy debtor. [Exit Quick.

As the fat Knight is bowing out his loquacious visitor, Bardolph enters with a cup of sack.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook[b] below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. 'Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bard.] 'Such Brooks[c] are welcome to me, that o'erflow such 'liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford, 'and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to: *Via*![d]

Ford enters disguised, to sound Sir John.

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?

Ford. . . . Sir, I am a gentleman that hath spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire 'more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for 'yours; not to 'charge[e] you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a 'lender than 'you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, If 'money go before, 'all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will 'on.

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[a] a watchword (a word of no meaning, to be used as a sign).
[b] O. R. Master Broome. [c] Broomes. [d] a cant joyous exclamation.
[e] to be an expense to you.

Ford. Troth, and I have a 'bag of money here troubles me: if you will 'help to bear it, Sir John, take all,—or half,—for 'easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may 'deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir?

Ford. . . . I have long 'loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed 'much on her; followed her with a 'doting observance; but, whatsoever I have 'merited (either in my mind, or in my means) 'meed, I am sure, I have received none,—unless 'experience be a jewel; 'that I 'have purchased, at an 'infinite rate!

Fal. Have you received no 'promise of . . . satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never!

Fal. Have you 'importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never! never! never![a]

Fal. Of what 'quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon 'another man's ground; so that I have 'lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. . . . To what 'purpose have you unfolded this to 'me?

Ford. When I have told you 'that, I have told you 'all. 'Some say, that, though she appear honest to 'me, yet, in other places, she 'enlargeth her mirth so far, that . . . there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, 'here is the 'heart of my purpose:—You are a gentleman—of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[b] authentic[c] in your place and person, generally 'allowed[d] for your many 'war-like, 'court-like, and 'learned preparations,—

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. 'Believe it, for you 'know it.—'There is money; spend it, spend it; spend 'more! spend 'all I have! only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay . . . an 'amiable siege[e] to the honesty of this Ford's wife: 'use your art of wooing; win her to 'consent to you: if 'any man may, 'you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of 'your affec-

[a] two inserted words. [b] admitted into high society. [c] showing authority.
[d] acknowledged, approved. [e] merely a courteous or gallant attack.

tion, that 'I should win what 'you would 'enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her 'honour, that the folly of 'my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be 'looked against. Now, could I come to her with any . . . detection . . . in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend 'themselves; I could drive her 'then from all her wards.[a] What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. . . . Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, succeed.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you 'shall.

Ford. Want no 'money, Sir John; you shall want none!

Fal. Want no Mistress 'Ford, Master Brook; 'you shall want none. . . . I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for, at that time, the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be 'forth. Come you to me at 'night; you shall 'hear how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. . . . Do you 'know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him 'poor; they say, the jealous knave hath 'masses of money; for the which his wife seems to 'me well-favoured. I will use 'her as the 'key of the rogue's coffer; and there 's 'my harvest home!

Ford. . . . I would you 'knew Ford, sir, that—you might 'avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang, like a meteor, o'er his head. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will 'predominate over the peasant, and 'thou shalt win his 'wife.—Ford' s a knave, and I will 'aggravate his style;[b] thou, Master Brook, shalt 'know him for a knave!—Come to me 'soon at night. [Exit.

[a] defence. [b] increase the number of his nick-names.

Ford. What a foul Epicurean[a] rascal is this!—my heart is ready to 'crack with impatience.—Who says, this is 'improvident jealousy? my wife hath 'sent to him—the 'hour is fixed—the match is 'made! Would any man have thought this?—See the curse of having a 'false woman! my peace shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable 'terms—and by him that 'does me this wrong! 'Page is an 'ass, a 'secure ass! 'he will 'trust his wife! 'he will 'not be jealous! . . . I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ[b] bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with 'herself! 'then she plots, 'then she ruminates, 'then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they 'may effect, they will break their hearts but they 'will effect. Heaven be praised for 'my jealousy!—'Eleven o'clock the hour: I will 'prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will 'about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too 'late. Fie, fie, fie! [Exit.

While Master Ford proceeds to act as a detective at home, Master Page has gone—with the Host of the "Garter," Justice Shallow, and Master Slender—to see the result of the strange duel between the French Doctor Caius, and the Welsh Parson Sir Hugh Evans, who had quarrelled about Slender's rival pretensions to woo the pretty Mistress Anne Page. The fight is to be with swords; and "all Windsor" is to be assembled to see the duel; but the merry Host of the Garter (anxious to 'prevent the encounter) had named different places to each combatant.

We are now in 'one of these places—in Windsor Park; where the Doctor, and his servant John Rugby, are waiting for the clerical adversary. The Doctor is in a towering flame of valour:

Caius. Jack Rugby! Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is 'past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh 'promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is 'dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship 'would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de 'herring is no dead so as I vill kill 'him.

---

[a] like Epicurus, (born 341 B. C.,) a famous Greek philosopher who taught that "pleasure should be man's chief pursuit." [b] brandy (whiskey).

Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you 'how I vill kill him. So! so![a]

Rug. Oo![a] Forbear! here 's company.

The Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page enter.

Caius. Vat be 'all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

The Host replies:

Host. To 'see thee fight; to see thee 'foin[b], to see thee 'traverse;[c] to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto,[d] thy stock,[e] thy reverse,[f] thy distance[g], thy montánt.[h] Is he 'dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! [To Dr. Caius.] What says my Æsculapius?[i] my Galen?[j] my heart of elder?[k] ha! is he 'dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de 'coward Jack-priest of de 'varld; he is not show his face. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Justice Shallow says:

Shal. Ah![a] He is the 'wiser man, master doctor: 'he is the curer of 'souls, and 'you a curer of 'bodies; if you should 'fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have 'yourself been a great fighter, though 'now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins,[l] Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a 'sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our 'youth in us; we are the 'sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be 'found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you 'home. 'I am sworn of the 'peace; 'you have showed yourself a wise 'physician, and Sir 'Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient 'churchman. You must go with 'me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice:—a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tougue, is valour, bully.

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[a] inserted word. [b] thrust (in fencing). [c] oppose. [d] a direct stroke. [e] (stoccata) a brisk attack. [f] a back-handed stroke. [g] space between combatants. [h] an upright blow or thrust. [i] the legendary god of medicine [j] a celebrated Greek physician (died A. D. 218). [k] perhaps of oak—the elder has no heart. [l] by my little body.

Caius. By gar, then 'I have as much mock-vater as de 'Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw 'thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he . . . will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he 'shall clapper-de-claw me. By gar, me vill 'kill de Welshman; for he speak, for a 'jack-an-ape, to Anne Page.

Host. 'Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through 'Frogmore;[a] I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting, and 'thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?[b] Said I 'well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; 'vell said!

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

With the vain hope of meeting Mistress Anne, the pacified Frenchman is now led to Frogmore; where the Welsh parson, and Master Slender's servant Peter Simple, have been long waiting for the duel with the Doctor—believing, as informed by the jolly Host, that 'this is the appointed place of meeting. The belligerent Parson is reading and singing, to while away the time:

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of 'cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have 'deceived me.—How 'melancholies I am!—I will knog his medicals about his knave's costard,[c] when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul! [Reads and sings.

> [d] To shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious pirds sing madrigals;
> There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies.
> To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to 'cry.

Simple runs in:

Sim. Yonder he is coming; this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. What 'weapons is he?

Sim. 'No weapons, sir. There comes 'my master Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

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[a] a field near Windsor. [b] *i. e.*, Was I not right? (O. R. cried game). [c] heart.
[d] part of an old song, "Live with me and be my love"—the twentieth canzonet of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," (1599,) (also claimed by Christopher Marlowe, 1564–1593).

The Parson, to conceal his emotion, again begins reading, as Page, Shallow, and Slender enter.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Ha! reading?[a] Keep a gamester from the 'dice, and a good student from his 'book, and it is wonderful! What! the 'Sword and the 'Word? do you study them 'both, Master Parson?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a 'good office, Master Parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw. I think you know him;—Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. . . . I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates[b] and Galen,[c]—and he is a knave besides; a 'cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Enter the Host, Caius, and Jack Rugby. Sir Hugh nervously draws his sword:

Page. Nay, good master Parson, keep-in your weapon.

Host. Disarm them, and let them 'question: let them keep their 'limbs whole, and hack our 'English.

The Doctor pompously addresses the Parson:

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore will you not 'meet-a me? By gar, you are de coward! de Jack dog! John ape!

Eva. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in 'friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[Aloud.] I will knog your knave's cogscomb [for missing your meetings and appointments.][d] [They seemingly prepare to fight.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine Host *de Jarterre*,—have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, 'this is the place appointed. I 'll 'be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

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[a] two inserted words. [b] Hippocrates was anciently considered the Father of Medicine. [c] a celebrated Greek physician, belonging to our second century.
[d] these words within brackets are from the quarto of 1602.

The Host, delighted that by his simple trick of naming 'two places for the duel, he has prevented it, steps between the would-be combatants:

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, 'soul-curer and 'body-curer. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I 'politic? am I 'subtle? am I a 'Machiavel?[a] Shall I lose my 'doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the lotions.[b] Shall I lose my 'parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; 'he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—[To Caius.] Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—[To Eva.] Give me 'thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you 'both; I have directed you to 'wrong places: your 'hearts are mighty, your 'skins are 'whole;—and let burnt sack be the 'issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads[c] of peace; follow! follow! follow! [Ex. Shal., Slen., Page and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de *'sot* of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.[d]—I desire you that we may be 'friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be 'revenge on this same scall,[e] scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promised to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive 'me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt

And the combatants go home embracing each other.

Both the parties to the expected combat, as well as the lookers-on, get back to Windsor; and Ford, meeting them, invites them all to his house: not urged by hospitality, but with the expectation that they might be witnesses of Falstaff's villainy.

In the meantime the Two Merry Wives are, in their own way, making preparations to deal with their amorous visitor. They desire the Servants to have a large basket ready to carry some soiled clothes to the laundry on the bank of the Thames. Just as these arrangements are made, Falstaff, with Robin, (whose services have been secured by bribery,) comes in by the back door. Mistress Page conceals herself. But no sooner has the Knight been received by Mistress Ford, than little Robin is heard calling:

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here 's Mis-

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[a] Niccolo Machiavelli was born in Florence, 1465—died 1527. His chief work, known as "The Prince," was privately written for the instruction and guidance of the young Medici princes; his name has long been considered a synonym for political craft and princely treachery. [b] O. R. motions. [c] O. R. lad. [d] flouting-stock. [e] (scald) paltry.

tress Page at the door, and would needs speak with you presently.

The disconcerted Falstaff is at once alarmed:

Fal. She shall not see 'me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. 'Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman.

[Falstaff hides himself.

Mistress Page enters.

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You 're shamed! you 're overthrown! you 're undone for 'ever!

Mrs. Ford. . . . What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. 'What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house! You are undone!

Mrs. Ford. [Aside.] Speak louder.[a] . . . 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to 'search for such a one: I come before to 'tell you. If you know yourself 'clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you 'have a friend here, convey him 'out!

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—Th-th-there 'is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his 'peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband 's 'here, at hand! Bethink you of 'some conveyance: 'in the house you cannot hide him.—O! how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any 'reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking.[b]

Mrs. Ford. [Crying.] He 's too 'big to go in there! What shall I do?

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[a] two restored words. [b] washing.

Falstaff runs in:

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't!
I 'll in, I 'll in—Follow your friend's counsel:—I 'll in.

Mistress Page exclaims:

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? . . . Are these 'your letters, knight?

Fal. I love 'thee [and none 'but thee;[a]] help me away; let me creep in here; I 'll never—

The sentence is finished among the dirty clothes.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin. The Servants enter.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly:—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly! come! [Exeunt Servants with basket.

The men "know what they are about." As they are carrying out their burden, Master Ford and his friends come in. The washing-basket is allowed to pass; and a search commences, in which every room and cupboard, all nooks and crannies—"up stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—are fully examined. The "Merry Wives" now indulge their humour thoroughly:

Mrs. Ford. Ha! ha! ha! I know not which pleases me better, that my 'husband is deceived, or Sir 'John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking[b] was he in, when your husband asked—what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some 'special suspicion of 'Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so 'gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to 'try that; and we will yet have 'more tricks with Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish[c] carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him? and 'excuse his throwing into the water? and give him 'another hope, to betray him to another 'punishment?

Mrs. Page. We 'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock—to have amends! [Exeunt.

This new plot is about to be carried out, and Mrs. Quickly easily succeeds in persuading the amorous Knight to undertake this second appointment for the following morning.

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[a] four words in brackets, not in the folio, but restored from the quarto, 1602.
[b] fright. [c] O. R. foolishion.

We turn aside for a few minutes to watch the wooing of the two suitors of "Sweet Anne Page." The first, Master Fenton, has evidently gained the favour of the young lady:

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy 'father's love;
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by 'his wealth;
Besides, these 'other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible
I should love 'thee, but as a 'property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true?

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the 'first motive that I wooed thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealéd bags;
And 't is the very riches of 'thyself
That 'now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
'Yet seek my father's love;
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither. [They retire.

Their whispered conversation is soon interrupted by the approach of Justice Shallow, with the other wooer—the unconsciously ignorant Master Abraham Slender. He has not courage to speak for himself, till Justice Shallow urges him. The young maid diffidently approaches:

Anne. [Aside.] This is my 'father's choice!
O, what a 'world of vile ill-favoured faults
Look 'handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz! O boy, thou hadst a 'father!

Slen. . . . I 'had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. . . . Mistress Anne, my cousin 'loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do! as well as I love 'any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a 'gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will! come-cut-and-longtail,[a] 'under the degree of a ''squire.

[a] whatever may happen, of whatever kind—whether long-tail (like a yeoman's dog,) or short-tail (like a peasant's.)

Shal. He will make you a hundred-and-fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for 'himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She 'calls you, coz: I 'll leave you. [Exit.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. . . . What is your will?

Slen. My will? od 's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a 'sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with 'me?

Slen. Truly, for mine 'own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be 'my luck, so; if not, Happy man be his dole![a] 'They can tell you how things go, better than 'I can: you may ask your father; there he is · let 's go to him.—O, sweet Mistress Anne![b] [Exeunt.

Meantime, Ford again assumes his disguise to wait on Falstaff. The thirsty old sinner is ruminating on the upshot of his love-adventure:

Fal. Have I lived to be carried in a 'basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such 'another trick, I 'll have my 'brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a 'dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted[c] me into the river—with as little remorse as they would have drowned blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in 'sinking; if the bottom were ever so low,[d] I should 'down. I had been 'drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow;—a death that I abhor! for the water 'swells a man; and, oh![e] what a thing should I have been, when I had been 'swelled! I should have been a 'mountain of 'mummy. Master Brook sent me word to stay within: I like his 'money well.—O, here he comes.

Ford enters, still disguised:

Ford. Well, Sir John![f] How sped you, sir?

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[a] may happiness befall him. [b] a substituted line. [c] threw me adroitly.
[d] substituted words. [e] inserted word. [f] three inserted words.

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she . . . change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto[a] her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter: and, at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper; and, forsooth, to search his 'house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were 'there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And 'did he search for you,—and could not 'find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives 'intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her 'invention, and Ford's wife's 'direction,[b] they conveyed me into a 'buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yes, Master Brook, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril!

Ford. And how 'long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil, for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves—his hinds—were called forth by their mistress to carry me, in the 'name of foul clothes, to Datchet Lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them, once or twice, What they had in their basket? I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have 'searched it; but Fate, ordaining he 'should be deceived, held his hand. Well; on went 'he for a search, and away went 'I for foul clothes. But mark the 'sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of 'three several deaths! first, an intolerable fright; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,[c] in the circumference of a 'peck,[d] hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped-in, like a strong distillation, with stinking

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[a] creature with horns. [b] O. E. distraction.
[c] a sword, so-called from Bilboa, in Spain, noted for the manufacture of swords.
[d] a small measure (the fourth part of a bushel).

clothes that fretted in their own grease: Think of that,—a man of 'my size,[a]—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a 'miracle to escape suffocation! And, in the height of this bath,—when I was more than half-stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish,—to be thrown into the Thames, and 'cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of 'that,—'hissing hot!—think of that, Master Brook!

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that, for 'my sake, you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate? you 'll undertake her no 'more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into 'Etna,[b] as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is 'this morning gone a-birding.[c] . . . I have received from her 'another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is 'past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then 'address me[d] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be as I told you; you shall 'have her, Master Brook! Master Brook! you shall have her! [Exit.

Ford. Hum,—ha! Is this a vision? is this a dream? do I 'sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. . . . This 't is to be 'married: this 't is to have linen—and buck-baskets!—Well, I will 'now take the rascal; he is at my 'house: he cannot 'scape me; 't is 'impossible he should: he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search 'impossible places. Though what I 'am I cannot 'avoid, yet to 'be what I would 'not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to 'make me[e] mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be 'horn-mad! [Exit.

Falstaff hastens to keep this new appointment at Mistress Ford's house; and Mistress Page, again interrupting the interview, drives the Knight to concealment in a closet.

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[a] O. E. kidney. [b] a volcano in Sicily. [c] killing birds by means of hawks or guns.
[d] prepare myself for. [e] O. E. to make one mad.

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[a] again: he so takes-on[b] yonder with 'my husband, that any madness I ever 'yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to 'this his distemper he is in 'now. I am 'glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of 'him?

Mrs. Page. Of none 'but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is 'now here; and hath drawn 'him, and the rest of their company, from their sport, to make 'another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the knight is 'not here; 'now he shall see his own 'foolery.

Mrs. Ford. . . . I am undone! the knight 'is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a 'dead man.

A groan is heard.

What a woman are you!—'Away with him! away with him! Better shame than 'murder.

Mrs. Ford. 'Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket 'again?

Falstaff runs from his hiding-place:

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the 'basket! May I not go 'out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door, with 'pistols, that 'none shall issue out; otherwise you 'might slip away ere he came.

Fal. . . . What shall I do?—I 'll creep-up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the 'kiln-hole.[c]

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[d] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them 'by his note: there is 'no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go 'out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you 'die, Sir John. Unless you go out 'disguised,—

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[a] lunacies (O. E. olde lines). [b] makes such a fuss.
[c] a chimney of a lime-kiln—a place for burning lime. [d] a note or memorandum.

Mrs. Ford. 'How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no 'woman's gown big enough for 'him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and 'so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise 'something! 'any extremity rather than a 'mischief!

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford,[a] has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him! she 's as big as 'he is; and there 's her thrummed[b] hat, and her muffler too.—'Run up, Sir John. Quick, quick! 'we 'll come dress you straight: put-on the gown the while.

Falstaff hurries away.

Mrs. Ford. O, I would, my husband would meet him in 'this shape: he cannot 'abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she 's a 'witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to 'beat her. But 'is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll 'try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket 'again,—to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here 'presently: let 's 'go dress him, 'like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men, what they shall 'do with the basket. Go up, I 'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.[c] [Exit.

Mrs. Ford. Here, John! Robert![d] [Servants enter.] Go, sirs, take the basket 'again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [Exeunt.

Master Ford, Master Page, Justice Shallow, Doctor Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans enter. Ford speaks:

Ford. Ay, but if it prove 'true, Master Page, have you any way then to 'un-fool me again?—Ha! Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here![d]—O you rascals! there 's

[a] a town in Middlesex, near Windsor. [b] made of worsted ends.
[c] O. E. misuse enough. [d] three inserted words.

a knot, a gang,[a] a pack, a conspiracy against me!—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!—Behold what honest 'clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Master Page expostulates:

Page. Why, this passes![b] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be 'pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is 'lunatics! this is 'mad as a mad dog.

Mistress Ford returns:

Ford. Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the 'honest woman! the 'modest wife! the 'virtuous creature, that hath the jealous 'fool to her husband!—I suspect without 'cause, mistress, do I?—Come forth, sirrah! [Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. 'Empty the basket, I say!—Master Page, as I am a man, there 'was one, conveyed out of my house, 'yesterday, 'in 'this 'basket: why may not he be there 'again? 'In my house I am 'sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out 'all the linen!

Mrs. Ford. If you find a 'man there, he shall die a 'flea's death.

The basket is emptied, and each article is examined:

Ford. . . . Well, he 's 'not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your 'brain.

Ford. Help to search my 'house this one time: if I 'find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow 'walnut for his wife's leman."[c] Satisfy me once 'more! once more search 'with me!

Mistress Ford calls:

Mrs. Ford. What ho! Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! 'What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean,[d] an old cozening quean! Have I not 'forbid her my house? She comes of errands,

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[a] O. R. ging. [b] goes beyond all bounds. [c] lover. [d] a worthless woman.

does she? We are 'simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of 'fortune-telling.—Come down, you witch! you hag, you! come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not 'strike[a] the old woman.

Falstaff comes down in woman's clothes, led by Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. 'I 'll prat her!—Out of my door, you witch! you hag![b] you baggage! you pole-cat! you ronyon![c] out! out! I 'll conjure you! I 'll fortune-tell you! [Exit Falstaff

The well-drubbed Falstaff runs away with more than feminine haste.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have 'killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he 'will do it.—'T is a 'goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

The Parson says:

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman 'is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a 'great peard under her[d] muffler.

Ford. Will you 'follow, gentlemen? I 'beseech you, follow: see but the 'issue of my jealousy. If I cry out[e] thus upon 'no trail,' never trust me when I open 'again. [Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow and Evans.

The gentlemen go out to continue the search, leaving the "Merry Wives" to laugh over the situation.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, most 'un-pitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel 'hallowed; it hath done 'meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any 'further revenge? Shall we 'tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of 'your husband's brains. If 'they can

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[a] O. R. let him strike. [b] O. R. ragge. [c] a fat bulky woman.
[d] O. R. his (witches were supposed to have beards).
[e] make a noise (yelp like a hound.) [f] the mark or scent left by game.

find, in their hearts, the poor un-virtuous fat knight shall be any 'further afflicted, we two will still be the 'ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant, they 'll have him 'publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period[a] to the jest should he 'not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the 'forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. Ha! ha! ha!

When the search is over, the Merry Wives clear up the mystery, explaining the whole affair. The Parson says:

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

The result is—that Ford's jealousy is finally cured, and he has the manliness to confess his error.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with 'cold[b]
Than 'thee with 'wantonness.

Master Page says:

Page. 'T is well, 't is well;
But let our plot go 'forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us 'public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and 'disgrace him for it.

Mistress Ford adds:

Mrs. Ford. Devise but 'how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to 'bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
(Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,)
Doth, all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak,[c] with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees,[d] and takes[e] the cattle.

Page. But what of this!

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,—
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
[Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.][f]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll 'come.
What shall be 'done with him? what is your 'plot?

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[a] end. [b] O. R. gold. [c] Herne's oak tree, in Windsor Forest, was long propped up, but it was blown down in 1863, and a young oak was planted in its place.
[d] O. R. tree. [e] strikes as with a sudden disease.
[f] This bracketed line is not in the folio (1623), but is restored from the quarto (1602)

Mrs. Page. 'That, likewise, have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins,[a] ouphes,[b] and fairies, green and white.
When[c] Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let the supposéd Fairies pinch him sound,
And 'burn him with their tapers. The 'truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, 'dis-horn the spirit,
And 'mock him home to Windsor.

Eva. Let us 'about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries. [Exeunt.

The new plot is soon arranged, and Mistress Quickly is again to be employed. Falstaff promises to go this third time; for he says, "there 's divinity in 'odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death." Master Ford unexpectedly enters:

Fal. How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known 'to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's Oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her 'yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I 'went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old 'man; but I came 'from her, Master Brook, like a poor old 'woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he 'beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of 'man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath[d] with a 'weaver's 'beam;[e] because I know also, life is a 'shuttle. I am in haste; go along with with me; I 'll tell you 'all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be 'beaten, till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into 'your hand.—Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow! [Exeunt.

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[a] creatures covered with spikes (like hedgehogs). [b] elves, hob-goblins. [c] O. R as.
[d] the famous giant of Gath, slain by David.
[e] the wooden cylinder on which the web is rolled.

The merry go-between, Mistress Quickly, now entices Falstaff, in assuming the disguise of Herne, the spectral huntsman of Windsor Forest, to put on a pair of 'horns, and to meet his enchanting lady-love at the enchanted Oak, at midnight's enchanted hour—when any interruption from jealous Ford seems impossible. The various families, for various reasons, join in the plot.

The opportunity presented by these fairy disguises seems a happy one for 'all the lovers of Mistress Anne Page. Her father has arranged with Master Slender to run off with the fairy in *white*, who will answer "Budget!" when he says "Mum!" 'Madame Page, to defeat the plan, changes her daughter's dress to *green*, in favour of Doctor Caius, who is the matron's candidate. But Mistress Anne herself arranges with the lover of her 'own choice, Master Fenton, to defeat 'both schemes, by an elopement to the church—where the Vicar is to be ready in his robes to tie the true-lover's knot.... Hush! old Windsor's clock hath struck "Twelve."

"'T is now the witching time of night." Sir John, equipped like Herne the Hunter, perambulates about the ancient Oak. There the "Merry Wives" both join him with a show of tenderness. But suddenly a frightful noise is heard, and a light shines in the adjoining ground. The Merry Wives scream and run away! Falstaff is too heavy for quick locomotion: so, at sight of the goblin troupe, he falls flat on his face.

Fal. They 're 'fairies! He that 'speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch: no man their work must 'eye.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, as a Satyr; another person as Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, (attended by others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads,) says to her Attendants:

Anne. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You elfish[a] heirs of fixéd Destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.[b]—
About, about!
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew 'good luck, ouphes,[c] on every sacred room,
That it may stand, till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is 'fit;
Worthy the owner,[d] and the owner it.
Away! disperse! But, till 't is 'one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the Oak
Of Herne the Hunter, let us not forget.

The disguised Parson Hugh adds:

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

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[a] O. E. orphan (? ouphan). [b] special employment.
[c] elves, goblins. [d] Queen Elizabeth.

But, stay! . . . I smell a 'man, of 'middle-earth![a]

Fal. Uh! Heavens defend me from that 'Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

The Fairy Queen at once decrees:

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be 'chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to 'no pain; but if he 'start,
It is the flesh of a 'corrupted heart.

They burn him with their tapers, and Falstaff roars with pain.

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.[b]

CHORUS.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

Now is the lovers' opportunity!—Master Slender, Dr. Caius, and Master Fenton—each steals away, out, in a different direction, with a Fairy dressed to answer the pre-arranged signals. Then the others of the party throw off their disguises, and the amazed Falstaff pulls off his buck's head. In the midst of general laughter, Mistress Page asks:

Mrs. Page. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor Wives?

Mistress Ford adds:

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, . . . we have had 'ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my 'love again,—but I will always count you my 'deer.

Fal. . . . I do begin to perceive that I am made an 'ass! And these are 'not Fairies? I was three or four times in the 'thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received 'belief, (in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,) that they 'were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent,[c] when 't is upon 'ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve heaven, and leave your desires, and Fairies will 'not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy Hugh.

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[a] Spirits were over-earth, aerial; fairies dwelt under earth: and men, of middle earth, between both. [b] measure in music.
[c] an object of derision. Jack-a-Lent was a stuffed figure, (intended to represent Judas Iscariot), publicly burned as an object of "Lenten entertainment."

Eva. And leave 'you your jealousies too, I pray you, Master Ford.[a]

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,—till 'thou art able to woo her in 'good English.

Mistress Page returns to the charge:

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust 'Virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, that ever we could have made 'you our delight? Ha! ha! ha!

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding?[b] a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A 'puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, 'withered?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as 'Satan?

Page. And as poor as 'Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his 'wife?

Eva. And given to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglin,[c] and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. . . . Well, I am your 'theme: you have the start of me; I am not able to answer the 'Welsh flannel; use me as you 'will.

Master Ford says:

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have 'cozened of 'money! I think to 'repay that money will be a biting affliction!

[*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: 'Forgive that sum, and so we 'll 'all be friends.

Ford. Well, here 's my hand: all is forgiven at last.][d]

Master Page is the only comforter:

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset[e] to-night at 'my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my 'wife, that now laughs at 'thee. Tell her, Master 'Slender hath married her daughter.

Mistress Page mutters:

Mrs. Page. [Aside.] Doctors 'doubt that: if Anne Page be 'my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor 'Caius' wife.

Master Slender comes in crying:

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

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[a] two inserted words. [b] a pudding made up of many messes. [c] a Welsh beverage usually made of honey and whisky. [d] these three lines in brackets are restored from the quarto of 1602. [e] milk curdled with wine.

Slen. Despatched!—I 'll make the best in Glostershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else. I came yonder, at Eton[a], to marry Mistress Anne Page,—and she 's a great lubberly 'boy! a 'post-master's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the 'wrong!

Slen. What need you tell me 'that? 'I think so, when I took a boy for a 'girl!

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her 'garments?

Slen. I went to 'her in white,[b] and cried, "Mum," and she cried, "Budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was 'not Anne, but a post-master's 'boy. [Exit crying.

Mistress Page says to her vexed husband:

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I 'knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into 'green; and indeed, she is now with the 'Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Doctor Caius hurries in, in a state of great agitation:

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*,[c] by gar, a boy! it is 'not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened!

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take 'her-in-'green?[d]

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy! by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [Exit.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the 'right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

And with him comes the missing fairy, the fair Anne. They confess their lovers' stratagem, and ask for pardon. Master Page says:

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be 'eschewed, must be 'embraced.

Fal. When 'night-dogs run, 'all sorts of deer are chased.

Mistress Page yields to her maternal feelings:

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

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[a] a town in Buckingham-shire, on the Thames, opposite Windsor. [b] O. R. green.
[c] a country bumpkin; (a peasant.) [d] O. R. white.

Master Ford consents:

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word:
For he has 'got the heart of Mistress Ford.[a]

Mrs. Page adds:

Mrs. Page. We leave a proof, by all that we may do,
Wives can be "merry," and be "honest" too.[b] [Exeunt.

End of The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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[a] adapted line. [b] two lines adapted and transposed from Act. 4, Scene ii

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The delightful pastoral Comedy of "As You Like It" must have been written in 1599, or 1600; for it is not mentioned in Meres' list of 1598: it was irregularly entered, however, at Stationers' Hall, in 1600,[a] but was not printed till its appearance in the folio of 1623

The original story is found in the old poem "The Tale of Gamelyn," belonging to the era of Chaucer; but Shakespeare is chiefly indebted to the novel of "Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacye," (1590,) written by Thomas North[b] on his voyage to the Canary Islands, and published about ten years before the Comedy. The Novelist is followed by the Dramatist with remarkable fidelity; but the stilted style and hyperbolical sentiment, which were the early characteristics of Euphuism, are entirely discarded. It may be remarked that, in the Novel, there is no trace of Jacquez, Audrey, or Touchstone.

The Scene is at the Court of one of the petty Dukes of France, and partly in the Forest of Arden, in French Flanders; but there was no "desert inaccessible" there, under the shade of whose melancholy boughs a ducal party might live in happy seclusion; where a palm-tree might flourish, or a lioness starve. The Poet's Forest of Arden has a name indeed, but no local habitation—no geographical settlement; but it is the summer residence of his finest thoughts, philosophic humours, and merry fancies; while, to the dramatic tourist, it presents perennial scenes of mental pleasure.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUEZ,[c] } *Lords attending on the Banished Duke.*
CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*
OLIVER DE BOIS, JACQUES DE BOIS, ORLANDO DE BOIS, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ADAM,[d] DENNIS, } *Servants to Oliver*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the Banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

[a] This entry is in the form of a *caveat*, or injunction to the printers; it appears thus: "Aug. 4. (?1600).
As you like it, a book
Henry the Fift, a book
Every Man in his Humour, a book
Comedy of Much ado about Nothing } to be staied."
But this stay (or caveat) was speedily withdrawn; for, ten days afterwards, (Aug. 14,) "Henry the Fift" was duly entered, and shortly after published; on Aug. 23, "Much ado about Nothing" was allowed to be printed; "Every Man in his Humour" in 1601; while "As you Like it" did not appear in print till 1623.

[b] The author says of his pedantic and conceited story: "Here they may read that Virtue is the King of Labours, Opinion the Mistress of Fools; that Unity is the Pride of Nature, and Contention the Overthrow of Families."

[c] O. R. Jaques (pronounced as a dissyllable, Ja'-quēz). [d] Old Adam is one of the few characters in which Shakespeare is known to have appeared as an actor.

The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court; then in the Forest of Arden.[a]

The Comedy opens with a conversation between young Orlando and old Adam,—a faithful servant of the family, still retained by the elder brother, Oliver.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon 'this fashion:—my father bequeathed me, by will,[b] but a poor[c] thousand crowns; and, (as thou say'st,) 'charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me 'well: and there 'begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at 'school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit:[d] for 'my part, he keeps 'me rustically at 'home; or, to speak more properly, stays[e] me here at home 'unkept;[f] for, call you that 'keeping, for a gentleman of 'my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an 'ox? Besides this 'nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the 'something that 'Nature gave me his countenance[g] seems to take 'from me: he lets me feed with his 'hinds, bars me the place of a 'brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[h] my 'gentility 'with my education. 'This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and I will no longer endure it; though, 'yet, I know no wise remedy how to 'avoid it.

Adam. Yonder 'comes my master, your brother. [Oliver enters.

Oli. Now, sir! what make[i] you 'here?

Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What 'mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping 'you to mar that which Heaven made—a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be 'better employed! and 'be nought[j] awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your 'hogs, and eat husks with them? What 'prodigal's portion[k] have 'I spent, that I should come to such 'penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before 'whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he[l] I am before knows 'me. I know, you are my 'eldest 'brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood,[m] 'you should so know 'me.

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[a] The forest of Arden (Ardennes) is in French Flanders, near Charlemont.
[b] O. R. upon this fashion bequeathed me by will. [c] poore a. [d] that is, report speaks in the highest terms of his proficiency. [e] O. R. staies. [f] unprovided for. [g] good favour, encouraging approval. [h] undermines. [i] do. [j] naughty (worthless, like a cipher). [k] allowance for support (O. R. prodigall portion.) [l] O. R. him. [m] family relationship.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, 'you are too young[a] in 'this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on 'me, villein?[b]

Orl. . . . I am 'no villein: I am the 'youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois. Wert thou 'not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this 'other had pulled-out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on 'thyself. [Old Adam comes forward.]

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient! for your 'father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say!

Orl. I will 'not, till I please; you 'shall hear me. My father 'charged you, in his will, to give me 'good education: you have trained me like a 'peasant, obscuring, and hiding from me, all 'gentleman-like qualities; and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises[c] as may 'become a gentleman; or give me the poor allottery[d] my father left me by testament; with that, I will go 'buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what will thou do 'then?[e] beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: you shall have some 'part of your will. I pray you, leave me. [To Old Adam.] Get you 'with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is "old 'dog" my reward? . . . Heaven be with my 'old master! 'he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Oli. Is it even 'so? begin you to 'grow[f] upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis! [Dennis enters.] Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and 'importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is. [Charles enters.]

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what 's the news at the new Court?

Cha. There 's 'no news at the Court, sir, but the 'old news: that is, the 'Old Duke is banished by his younger brother the 'New Duke.

Oli. What! . . . you wrestle to-morrow before the New Duke?

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[a] inexperienced. [b] serf, dependent, (O. R. villaine.) [c] employments.
[d] allowance ("a poor thousand crowns"). [e] inserted word. [f] encroach.

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I am given to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come-in disguised against me, to try a fall: 'To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my 'credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Therefore, out of my 'love to you, I came hither to 'acquaint you withal, that you might 'stay him from his intendment.[a]

Oli. Charles, I 'thank thee for thy love to me. I had 'myself notice of my brother's purpose, and laboured to 'dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, he is an envious emulator of 'every man's good parts,—a secret and villainous contriver against 'me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his 'neck as his finger; for, I assure thee (and almost with 'tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

Cha. I am heartily 'glad I came hither to you. 'If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his 'payment! if ever he go alone again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, Heaven keep your worship! [Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I 'stir this gamester.[b] I hope I shall see an 'end of him; for my soul (yet I know not why) hates nothing more than him;[c] yet he 's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of 'all sorts[d] enchantingly beloved; and indeed, so much in the heart of the 'world,[e] —and, especially of my 'own people who best know him,—that 'I am altogether misprized.[f] But this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I 'kindle[g] the boy thither,—which 'now I 'll go about. [Exit.

We are to be duly introduced to the beautiful Rosalind and her fair cousin Celia. Rosalind, it will be remembered, is the daughter of the rightful Duke, who is living in exile; while his brother Frederick, the reigning Duke, (Celia's father,) retains his niece at the Court as a companion to his daughter. Celia says:

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be 'merry!

Ros. Dear Celia, I 'show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I[h] were 'merrier? Unless you

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[a] intention. [b] fighting fellow (game-cock). [c] O. R. he. [d] classes of people. [e] so much liked in society. [f] undervalued. [g] incite, urge. [h] inserted word.

could teach me to forget a banished 'father, you must not learn me how to 'remember any extraordinary 'pleasure.

Cel. You know, my father hatn no child but I; and, truly, when he dies, 'thou shalt be his heir: for what 'he hath taken away from thy father 'perforce, 'I will render thee again in 'affection: by mine 'honour I will; and when I 'break that oath, let me turn 'monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my 'dear Rose, 'be 'merry!

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise 'sports. Let me see:—What think you of falling in 'love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do,—to make 'sport withal: but love no man in good 'earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than, with safety of a pure blush, thou may'st, in honour, come-off again.

Ros. 'What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. . . . Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel;[a] that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed 'equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits 'are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth 'most mistake, in her gifts to 'women.

Cel. 'T is true; for those that she makes 'fair, she scarce makes 'honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very 'ill-favouredly.—

Here Touchstone, the Duke's jester, enters.

How now, wit? whither wander you.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were 'you made the 'messenger?

Touch. No, by mine 'honour; but I was 'bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned 'you that oath, Fool?

Touch. Of a certain Knight,—that swore, "by his honour," they were 'good pancakes, and swore, "by his honour," the 'mustard was 'naught: now, 'I 'll stand to it, the 'pancakes were naught, and the mustard was 'good: And yet was not the Knight 'forsworn.

Cel. How 'prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Touch. . . . Stand you both forth now: Stroke you chins, and swear, by your 'beards, that I am a 'knave.

[a] The goddess Fortune was represented by a blind woman holding a wheel, as a token of her inconstancy.

Cel. By our beards, (if we 'had them,) thou art.

Touch. By my 'knavery, ('if I had it,) 'then I 'were. But, if you swear by that that is 'not, you are not forsworn: no more was this Knight, swearing "by his honour,"—for he never had 'any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever h[e] saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Amid a flourish of trumpets, Duke Frederick and his Lords, with Orlando, Charles, and Attendants, enter to witness the wrestling match.

Duke F. How now, daughter? and cousin? Are you crept hither to 'see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little 'delight in it, I can tell you; there is such 'odds in the men.[a] In pity of the 'challenge s youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Rosalind and Celia alternately address Orlando:

Ros. Young man, have 'you challenged Charles the Wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the 'general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your 'years. We pray you, for your 'own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give-over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be 'misprized: we will make it 'our suit to the Duke—that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard[b] thoughts; wherein I confess me 'much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies 'anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go 'with me to my trial; wherein, if I be 'foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if 'killed, but one dead that is 'willing to be so. I shall do my 'friends no wrong—for I have 'none to lament me; the 'world no injury—for in it I have 'nothing: only, 'in the world, I fill-up a place which may be 'better supplied, when I have made it empty.

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[a] O. R. man. [b] unfavourable, harsh.

Charles the Wrestler advances:

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother-earth?

The Duke says:

Duke F. You shall try but 'one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace; you shall not entreat him to a 'second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a 'first.

Orl. You mean to mock me 'after: you should not have mocked me 'before: but come your ways!

Charles and Orlando wrestle. Charles is thrown, and carried out. The Duke admiringly addresses the victor:

Duke F. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. . . . I would, thou hadst been son to some man 'else!—
The 'world esteemed thy father 'honourable,
Though 'I did find him still[a] mine enemy.
But fare thee well, thou art a 'gallant youth:—
I would thou 'dst told me of 'another father.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and his Train.

Orl. I am more proud to 'be Sir Rowland's son,
His 'youngest son;—and would not change 'that calling,[b]
To be adopted 'heir to Frederick.

Rosalind says to Celia;

Ros. 'My father 'loved Sir Rowland as his soul.
Had I, before, known this young man his 'son,
I should have given him 'tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go 'thank him, and 'encourage him.—
Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in 'love
But justly, as here you have 'exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [giving a chain from her neck.
Wear this chain[c] for 'me; one out of suits with Fortune,[d]
That 'could give more, but that her hand lacks 'means. . . .
Shall we go, coz?

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[a] constantly. [b] name, title. [c] inserted word.
[d] not wearing the liveries of Lady Fortune.

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. . . . Can I not say, I 'thank you? My 'better parts
Are all thrown-down; and that which here stands-up
Is but a quintain[a]—a mere lifeless 'block!

Rosalind lingers—as desirous of more conversation:

Ros. . . . He calls us back. My 'pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll 'ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, . . . and overthrown
'More than your enemies.

Celia archly asks:

Cel. Will 'you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you.— . . . Fare you well. [Exeunt Ros. and Celia.

Orl. 'What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot 'speak to her, yet she 'urged conference.
O poor Orlando! 'thou art overthrown.
Or Charles,—or something weaker,—'masters thee.
Thus must I, from the 'smoke, into the 'smother;
From tyrant 'Duke, unto a tyrant 'brother.—
But . . . heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

From what has occurred, we are not taken by surprise to find that Rosalind's interest in the young wrestler has deepened, from a warm feeling of 'admiration, to a warmer one of 'love. The young ladies are now conversing in the Palace gardens:

Cel. Why, cousin? why, Rosalind?—Cupid have mercy!—
Not a word?
Ros. . . . Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
'curs; throw some of them at 'me. . . . Is all this for
your 'father?
Ros. No; some of it is for my father's 'child![b]—O, how full
of 'briars is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but 'burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holi-
day foolery: if we walk not in the 'trodden paths, our
very 'petticoats will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my 'coat: these burs are in my
'heart.
Cel. Hem[c] them away.
Ros. I would try—if I could cry "hem," and have "'him."[d]

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[a] a figure like a man set up for tilters to run at; if not hit centrally, it would revolve and hit the assailant with its outstretched arms. [b] O. R. childes father. [c] cough. [d] the old proverb is "Cry hem and have him."

Cel. Come, come; 'wre 'tle with thy affections!
Ros. O, they take the part of a 'better wrestler than myself!
Cel. . . . Is it possible, on such a 'sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?
Ros. The Duke 'my father loved 'his father dearly.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that 'you should love his 'son dearly?[b] By this kind of chase,[a] 'I should 'hate him, for 'my father 'hated his father dearly;[b] yet I hate not Orlando.
Ros. No, 'faith, hate him 'not, for 'my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not 'deserve well?
Ros. Let 'me love him for 'that; and do 'you love him, because 'I do.—Look, here comes the 'Duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger!

Duke Frederick, with Lords, enters, and addresses Rosalind:

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your fastest[c] haste,
And get you from our Court.
Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public Court as twenty miles,
Thou 'diest for it!
Ros. . . . I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the 'knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
If that I do not 'dream, or be not 'frantic,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a 'thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.
Duke F. Thus do 'all traitors!
If their purgation[d] did consist in 'words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your 'mistrust can not make me a 'traitor.
Tell me whereon the 'likelihood depends?
Duke F. Thou art thy father's 'daughter; there 's enough
Ros. So 'was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness 'banished him.
'Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we 'did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to 'me? my father was 'no traitor.

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[a] extremely. [b] by following this kind of argument. [c] O. R. safest.
[d] absolution from an evil charge.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my 'poverty is treacherous.

Celia intercedes for her cousin:

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear 'me speak.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her 'smoothness,
Her very 'silence, and her 'patience,
Speak to the people,—and they pity her.
Thou art a 'fool: she robs thee of thy 'name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is 'gone. Then, open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her. She is 'banished!
Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on 'me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You 'are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you 'outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you 'die! [Exeunt Duke and Train.
Cel. O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go?
I charge thee, be not thou 'more grieved than I.
For, by this heaven,—now at our sorrows pale,—
Say what thou canst, I 'll go 'along with thee.
Ros. Why, 'whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle, in the Forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas! what danger will it be to 'us!
'Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than 'gold.
Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and 'mean attire;
The like do 'you: 'so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me, all points, like a 'man?
A gallant curtle-axe[a] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, (in my 'heart
Lie there what hidden 'woman's fear there will,)
We 'll have a swashing[b] and a martial 'outside,—
As many other 'mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with 'their semblances.[c]
Cel. What shall I 'call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. . . . . I 'll have no worse a name than 'Jove's own Page,
And therefore look you call me 'Ganymede.[d]—
But what will 'you be called?

[a] a short broad sword like a cutlass. [b] swaggering. [c] valorous pretences.
[d] the name of Jupiter's (Jove's) cup-bearer.

Cel. . . . Something that hath a reference to 'my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.[a]
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essayed to steal
The clownish 'Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a 'comfort to our travel?
Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with 'me:
Leave me 'alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together: . . .
Now go we in content
To 'liberty,—and 'not to banishment! [Exeunt.

We turn to the victim of Duke Frederick's usurpation—the Rightful Duke, Rosalind's father. He, with a party of lords attached to him in his fallen fortune, is leading a Hunter's life, inhabiting a cave in the Forest of Arden. Happy and contented in their sequestered condition, the Duke thus addresses his sylvan companions:

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old Custom made 'this life more sweet
Than that of 'painted 'pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious 'Court?
'Here feel we but[b] the penalty of 'Adam,—
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
For,[c] when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I 'shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
"'This is no 'flattery: 'these are counsellors
That 'feelingly persuade me what I 'am."
Sweet are the uses of 'Adversity;
Which,—like the toad, ugly and venomous,—
Wears yet a precious jewel in his 'head;[d]
And this 'our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds 'tongues in 'trees, 'books in the running 'brooks,
'Sermons in 'stones,—and 'good in 'everything!
I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your 'Grace,
That can translate the 'stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet, it irks[e] me,—the poor dappled fools
(Being 'native burghers of this desert city,)
Should, in their own confines, with forkéd[f] heads
Have their round haunches gored.

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[a] a female peregrine (a stranger or alien). [b] O. R. not. [c] O. R. which.
[d] a vulgar error (now disproved) was, that the toad had, in its head, a stone of great medicinal power. [e] troubles, vexes. [f] spears with barbed heads.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy 'Jaquez grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears 'you do more usurp
Than doth your 'brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him,—as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps-out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place, a poor sequestered 'stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to 'bursting; and the big round tears[a]
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool—
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaquez—
Stood, on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
'Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what 'said Jaquez?
Did he not . . . moralize[b] this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a 'thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in[c] the needless[d] stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "'thou mak'st a testament,[e]
(As 'wordlings do,) giving thy sum of 'more
To that which had too much."[f] Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;[g]
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux[h] of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaquez,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the 'fashion! Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken 'bankrupt there?"
Thus, most invectively, he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, Court,
Yea, and of this 'our life; swearing, that 'we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants; and what 's worse,—
To 'fright the animals, and to 'kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

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[a] the stag, when pursued or hurt, is said to weep copiously. [b] draw a moral or application from. [c] O. R. into. [d] not needing any supply. [e] a will. [f] O. R. too must. [g] O. R. friend. [h] flow.

Duke S. And did you 'leave him in this contemplation?
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord; weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. 'Show me the place.
I love to cope[a] him in these 'sullen fits,
For then he 's 'full of 'matter.[b]
2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him 'straight. [Exeunt.

They go in quest of their moody, melancholy companion.

While Jaquez waywardly keeps out of the way, musing on the vanities of men—feeling that

"Their customs and their businesses
Are no concern at all of 'his,"

we turn aside, for a short time, to follow the fortunes of Orlando. His success in the wrestling-match was an unexpected blow to the villainous hopes of his brother Oliver, who now contemplates another plot against the youth's 'life. But Old Adam hastens to inform his friend:

Adam. What, my young master?—O my 'gentle master!
O my 'sweet master, O you 'memory[c]
Of 'old Sir Rowland! why, what make you 'here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Know you not, master, to 'some kind of men
Their 'graces serve them but as 'enemies?
No more do 'yours: your 'virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy 'traitors to you!
Orl. Why, what 's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within 'these doors: beneath[d] this roof
The 'enemy of all your graces lives.
Your angry brother means, this very night,
To 'burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. 'This house is but a 'butchery;
Abhor it! fear it! do not enter it!
Orl. Why, 'whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not 'here.
Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and 'beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A 'thievish living on the common road?
'This I must do, or know not 'what to do;
Yet this I will 'not do, do how I can.

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[a] encounter him in argument (to oppose). [b] interesting topics.
[c] (memorial) living image. [d] O. R. within.

I rather will 'subjéct me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[a] and bloody brother.

Adam. But 'do not so! . . . I have five hundred crowns,
(The thrifty hire I saved under your father;)
Which I did store—to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:[b]
Take that:—and He that doth the 'ravens[c] feed,
Yea, providently caters for the 'sparrow,
Be comfort to my 'age! Here is the gold;
All this I 'give you. Let me be your 'servant:
Though I 'look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious[d] liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, 'woo
The means of weakness and debility;
'Therefore my age is as a 'lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.[e] 'Let me go 'with you!
I 'll do the service of a 'younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the 'antique world,
When service sweat for 'duty, not for 'meed!
'Thou art not for the fashion of 'these times,
Where none will sweat but for 'promotion;
And 'having that, do choke their service up
Even 'with the having:[f] it is not so with 'thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a 'rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a 'blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But 'come thy ways; we 'll 'go along together;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low 'content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From 'seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but 'now live here no more.
'At seventeen years, 'many their fortunes seek;
But, at 'fourscore, it is too late a week:[g]
Yet Fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well,—and not my master's 'debtor. [Exeunt.

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[a] blood (relationship) turned from its natural channel. [b] thrown out of the way.
[c] See Job 38, xli. [d] exciting, inflammatory. [e] congenial.
[f] possession (getting promotion). [g] too late a time of life.

The usurping Duke Frederick is furious at the flight of his daughter Celia with the banished Rosalind; and hearing, at the same time, of Orlando's departure, and thinking that the youth may have accompanied his daughter and his niece, he directs Oliver to search for the fugitives, and makes him responsible for their return.

Rosalind and Celia easily persuade Touchstone to accompany them; and here—in the Forest of Arden—we have the banished Lady Rosalind disguised as a young man, by the name of Ganymede; and the Princess Celia as a shepherdess, assuming the name of Aliena. Rosalind says:

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary[a] are my spirits!

Touchstone replies:

Touch. I care not for my 'spirits, if my 'legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my 'man's apparel, and to cry like a 'woman: But I must comfort the 'weaker vessel; as doublet-and-hose 'ought to show itself courageous to 'petticoat: therefore, 'courage, good Aliena.—Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am 'I in Arden! the more 'fool I! When I was at 'home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

At this moment, two denizens of the Forest appear: the one Corin, an aged shepherd; and the other Silvius, a young and unhappy one. Rosalind listens to their conversation, and hears that the youth is in love with a rustic nymph called Phebe, who scorns his proffered affection. Silvius says to the old Shepherd:

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do 'love her!
Cor. I partly guess; for 'I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou 'canst not guess;
Though, in thy 'youth, thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But if 'thy love were ever like to 'mine,
(As, sure, I think did 'never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn-to by thy fantasy?[b]
Cor. Into a 'thousand,—that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the 'slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved: Or if thou hast not sat,
Wearying[c] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

[a] O. R. merry. [b] fancy, imagination. [c] O. R. wearing.

Thou hast not loved: Or broke from company,
Abruptly,—as my passion now makes 'me,—
Thou hast not loved.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.

These simple words move Rosalind to think of Orlando:

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of 'thy wound,
I have, by hard adventure, found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when 'I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone-cutter,[a] and bid him "Take that!" for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[b] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peaspod[c] instead of her; from it[d] I took two pods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake!" We, that are 'true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal[e] in 'nature, so is all nature in love mortal[f] in 'folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st 'wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine 'own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any 'food;
I faint almost to 'death.

Touch. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he 's not 'thy kinsman:
Peace, I say:—Good even to you, 'friend.

Cor. And to 'you, gentle sir, and to you 'all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, Shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can, in this desert-place, 'buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And 'faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her;
And wish, (for 'her sake more than for mine own,)
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to 'another man,
And do not 'shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of 'churlish disposition,
And little recks[g] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of 'hospitality:

---

[a] O. R. stone. [b] a small bat used in washing clothes. [c] O. R. cod.
[d] O. R. whom. (The superstitious belief was—if a lover stealthily plucked a peas-pod, containing the magic number (nine) of peas, it was an omen of success.
[e] subject to death. [f] most abundant (a quibble on *mort*, a great quantity,)
[g] cares.

Besides, his cot, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on 'sale; and at our sheep-cot now,
(By reason of his absence,) there is nothing
That 'you will feed on; but what 'is, come see,
And, in 'my voice,[a] most 'welcome shall you be.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy 'thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,—
And thou shalt have to pay for it of 'us.

Cel. And we will 'mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be 'sold:
Go 'with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful 'feeder be,
And buy it, with your gold, right-suddenly. [Exeunt.

By this purchase, Rosalind and Celia, with their faithful follower Touchstone, find food and shelter, till they are under the more ample protection of Rosalind's father.

In another part of the Forest, we find Jaquez and his musical friend Amiens, soothing themselves with a song:

Ami. [Sings.]
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[b] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall we see
No enemy—
But winter and rough weather!

Jaquez says:

Jaq. More, more; I p'rythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaquez.

Jaq. I thank it. I can suck 'melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. [I have neither the 'scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the 'musician's, which is fantastical; nor the 'courtier's, which is proud; nor the 'soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the 'lawyer's, which is politic; nor the 'lady's, which is nice; nor the 'lover's, which is 'all these; but it is a melancholy of mine 'own,—compounded of many 'simples,[c] extracted from many 'objects, and, indeed, the 'sundry contemplation of my 'travels; which, by 'often rumination,

[a] vote (expression of opinion). [b] modulate (O. E. turne).
[c] common medicinal plants.

wraps me in the most 'humorous sadness.][a] More, I 'p'rythee, more!

Ami. My voice is ragged;[b] I know I cannot 'please you.

Jaq. I do not 'desire you to please me; I do desire you to 'sing. Come, more; another . . . stanza:—call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaquez.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their 'names; they owe me nothing. 'Will you sing?

Ami. More at 'your request than to please 'myself. Well, I 'll 'end the song.—The Duke hath been all this day to look for you.

Jaq. And 'I have been all this day to avoid him. Come, warble, come.

Ami. [Sings.]

'Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,[c]
'Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall 'he see
No enemy—
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. . . . I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the "first-born of Egypt."[d]

Ami. And 'I 'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.

Orlando and his faithful follower old Adam have also made their way to Arden; but their wanderings in the secluded recesses of the Forest have quite worn out the old man.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I 'die for food! Here lie I down, and measure-out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater 'heart in thee? 'Live a little; 'comfort a little; 'cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth Forest yield anything savage,[e] I will either be food for 'it, or bring it for food to 'thee. Thy 'conceit[f] is nearer death than thy 'powers. For 'my sake be comforted;[g] hold Death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not 'something to eat, I will give thee 'leave

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[a] The passage within brackets is transposed from Act 4, Scene i.
[b] harsh, broken. [c] to lead a country life (in the open air). [d] a proverbial expression for all high-born people. [e] wild game of any kind. [f] fancy.
[g] O. R. comfortable.

to die: but if thou diest 'before I come, thou art 'a mocker of my labour. . . . Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I 'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some 'shelter, and thou shalt not die for 'lack of a dinner,—if there live 'anything in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam! [Exeunt.

The Duke and his party have returned from their unsuccessful quest for Jaquez, and now they are about to sit down to their huntsmen's repast.

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a 'beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a 'man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even 'now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a 'song.

Duke S. If 'he, compact of jars,[a] grow 'musical,
We shall have shortly 'discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach. [Jaquez enters.

Duke S. Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must 'woo your company?
What! you look 'merrily!

No wonder: he has, in his wanderings, encountered Touchstone!

Jaq. A Fool, a Fool!—I met a Fool i' the Forest,
A 'motley Fool;—a miserable varlet![b]—
As I do live by food, I met a Fool;
Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good 'set terms,—and yet a 'motley[c] 'Fool.
"Good morrow, Fool," quoth I:—"No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not 'fool, till Heaven hath sent me 'fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,[d]
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is 'ten o'clock!
Thus may we 'see," quoth he, "'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago, since it was 'nine,
And after one hour more, 't will be 'eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,—
And . . thereby hangs a tale."[e] When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,

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[a] made up of discordant opinions. [b] O. E. world.
[a] party-coloured (motley) dress was always worn by the Fool.
[d] pocket. [e] important results follow.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,[a]
That 'fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O 'noble Fool!
A 'worthy Fool! Motley 's the 'only wear.

As they sit to begin their repast, Orlando rushes-in with his sword drawn:

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!

The Duke, surprised at this rude interruption, asks:

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy 'distress?
Or else a rude 'despiser of good manners,
That, in civility, thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touched my vein[b] at 'first; the thorny point
Of bare 'distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I 'inland[c] bred,
And know 'some nurture.[d] But forbear, I say!
'He dies that 'touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered!
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your 'force move us to gentleness.
Orl. . . . I almost 'die for food, and let me have it!
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and 'welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so 'gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that 'all things had been 'savage here;
And therefore put I on the 'countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;—
If ever you have looked on 'better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 't is to 'pity, and 'be pitied,—
'Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In tho which hope I blush, and 'hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we 'have seen better days;
And have, with holy bell, been knolled to church;
And sat at good men's 'feasts; and wiped our eyes

[a] a crowing cock. [b] natural disposition. [c] as opposed to rustically.
[d] good breeding (careful education).

Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore, sit you down 'in gentleness;
And take upon 'command[a] what help we have,
That, to your wanting, may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but 'forbear your food a little while—
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my 'fawn,
And give 'it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till 'he be first sufficed,—
Oppressed with 'two weak evils,[b] age and hunger,—
I will not touch a 'bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste[c] till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be 'bless'd for your good comfort! [Exit.

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all-'alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents 'more woeful pageants, than the scene
Wherein 'we play.[d]

Jaquez, always "full of matter," at once takes up this cue:

Jaq. All the 'world 's a stage,
And all the men,—and women,—merely 'players!
They have their "exits," and their "entrances;"
And one man, in his time, plays 'many parts;
His Acts being—Seven Ages. At first, the Infant,—
Mewling, and puking, in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining School-boy,—with his satchel,
And shining morning face,—creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to 'school. And then, the Lover,—
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a Soldier,—
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;[e]
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice,—
In fair round belly with good capon lined;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances;[f]
And so 'he plays his part. The Sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slippered 'Pantaloon;[g]
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;

[a] on your own command (at your pleasure). [b] misfortunes causing weakness.
[c] eat, use up. [d] O. E. we play in. [e] any shaggy beast (the leopard).
[f] i. e., wise old sayings and living examples. [g] a fantastic character in old Italian comedy (*pantalone*), a thin old man in slippers.

His 'youthful hose (well saved), a world too wide
For his 'shrunk shank; and his big 'manly voice,
Turning again toward 'childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. 'Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is—'second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans[a] teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans everything!

Orlando re-enters, leading-in Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you, most for 'him.
Duke S. Welcome; fall-to: I will not trouble you
As 'yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. [Sings.]

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
'Thou art not so unkind[b]
As man's 'ingratitude;
Thy 'tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not 'seen,[c]
Although thy 'breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits 'forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[d]
'Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembering[e] not.

During the song, the Duke, having questioned Orlando, again most heartily welcomes him:

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir 'Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
Be 'truly welcome hither.—Good old man,
'Thou art right welcome as thy 'master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me 'all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

In consequence of the still unexplained disappearance of Orlando, his brother Oliver falls more deeply under the displeasure of the angry Duke: he is dismissed from the Court; his estates are confiscated; and he is commanded to bring his brother, dead or alive, within twelve months, or never set foot in the territory again.

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[a] without. [b] unnatural. [c] not recognizable by the eye.
[d] change in form (as by freezing). [e] O. R. remembered.

Orlando has not learned by absence to forget the beauty whose applauding smiles had stimulated, and whose rich gift had rewarded, his bravery. He wanders through the wilds of Arden sighing for "Rosalind," hanging up sonnets in her praise, and carving her name on every tree.—Stay, here he comes—reading one of his poetic effusions:

Orl. [Reads.] Hang there, my verse, in 'witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night,[a] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that 'my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my 'books,
And in heir barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see 'thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando: carve, on 'every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[b] she. [Exit.

Let us leave Orlando to his pretty poetical pastime, and turn to Touchstone,—who omits no opportunity of displaying his courtly graces before the simple rustics of the Forest. He is sauntering this way, in conversation with old Corin:

Cor. And how like you this 'shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of 'itself, it is a 'good life; but in respect that it is a 'shepherd's life, it is 'naught. In respect that it is 'solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is 'private, it is a very 'vile life. Now, in respect it is in the 'fields, it pleaseth me well; but, in respect it is not in the 'Court, it is tedious. As it is a 'spare life, look you, it fits my 'humour well; but as there is no more 'plenty in it, it goes much against my 'stomach. Hath any "philosophy" in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without 'three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the 'night is lack of the 'sun.

Touch. Such a one is a 'natural[c] philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art in a parlous[d] state, shepherd.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

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[a] the Moon—poetically known by the *three* names of Diana, Cynthia, and Prosperine.
[b] inexpressible (beyond description).
[c] a quibble on *natural*, skilled in nature—and *natural* foolish. [d] perilous.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st 'good manners, then thy manners must be 'wicked; and wickedness is 'sin, and sin is 'perdition.[a]

Cor. Sir, I am a true 'labourer: I 'earn 'that I eat, 'get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm;[b] and the 'greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.—Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Rosalind enters, reading one of Orlando's compositions:

Ros.

From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalīnd.
Her worth, being mounted on the wīnd,
Through all the 'world bears Rosalīnd.

All the pictures fairest līned[c]
Are but black to Rosalīnd.
Let no face be kept in mīnd
But the face[d] of Rosalīnd.

Touchstone says:

Touch. 'I 'll rhyme you so, eight years together, (dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted): it is the right 'butter-women's rank[e] to market. For a taste:[f]—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to 'cart with Rosalind.

This is the very false 'gallop of verses: why do 'you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. Peace! Here comes my 'sister, reading: stand aside.

[*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an 'honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.][g] [Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

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[a] O. R. damnation. [b] hard condition of life. [c] delineated. [d] O. R. fair.
[e] rhythmical canter (trot). [f] specimen, example. [g] speech within brackets transposed.

Celia enters, reading a paper.

Cel. Why should this desert 'silent[a] be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil[b] sayings show.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I "Rosalinda" write;——

Rosalind impatiently interrupts her cousin:

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily[c] of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how 'thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? Trow[d] you, 'who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a 'man?

Cel. And a 'chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am 'caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my 'disposition? I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak 'apace! I would thou couldst 'stammer; that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle—either too much at once, or none at all. What 'manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. It is young 'Orlando, that tripped-up the wrestler's heels—and 'your 'heart, both in an instant! I' faith, coz, 't is he!

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[e] What makes he here? Did he ask for 'me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in 'one 'word.

Cel. You must borrow me 'Gargantua's[f] mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of 'this age's size. I found him under a tree,—like a dropped acorn.

---

[a] O. R. Why should this desert be? [b] civilized, (belonging to good society).
[c] sermon. [d] know you. [e] *i. e.*, how was he dressed? [f] a Spanish giant (created by Rabelais to satirize the devouring ambition of King Henry of Navarre), whose mouth was so large that he swallowed five pilgrims, staves and all, as a salad.

Ros. It may well be called 'Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.[a]

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished[b] like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes—to kill my heart.[c] Do you not know I am a 'woman? when I think, I must 'speak.

Cel. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

Orlando and Jaquez saunter in, as Rosalind and Celia retire. Jaquez says:

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief[d] have been myself 'alone.

Orl. And so had 'I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank 'you too for your society.

Jaq. Good day to you:[e]—let 's meet . . . as 'little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be 'better strangers.

Jaq. . . . I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray 'you, mar no more of my verses with 'reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. . . . Rosalind is your love's name? I do not 'like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing 'you, when she was christened.

Jaq. . . . What 'stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers.—Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the 'world, and 'all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no 'breather in the world but 'myself,—against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The 'worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best 'virtue:—I am 'weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was 'seeking for a 'Fool when I found 'you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: 'look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine 'own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. . . . I 'll tarry no longer with you! Farewell, good Signior Love.

---

[a] O. R. when it droppes forth fruite. [b] equipped. [c] O. R. hart.
[d] willingly. [e] O. R. God buy you.

Orl. I am glad of your 'departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. Ha! ha! ha! [Exit Jacques.

Rosalind, very desirous to speak with Orlando without being recognized by him, now comes forward, assuming the "loud" manners of a country groom.

Ros. [Aside to Celia.] I will speak to him like a saucy 'lackey,[a] and under that habit play the 'knave with him. [To Orl.] Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: What would you?

Ros. I pray you, . . . what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You 'should ask me, what time o' 'day: there' s no 'clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true 'lover in the Forest; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the 'swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in 'diverse paces with diverse 'persons. I 'll tell you, who Time 'ambles withal,—who Time 'trots withal,—who Time gallops withal,—and who he stands 'still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he 'trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the 'contract of her marriage and the day it is 'solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight,[b] Time's pace is so hard[c] that it seems the length of seven years!

Orl. Who 'ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain.

Orl. Who doth he 'gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too 'soon there!

Orl. Who stays it 'still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not 'how Time moves.

Orl. . . . Where 'dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the Forest,—like fringe upon a petticoat.

---

[a] valet, footboy. [b] seven nights (a week). [c] distressful, painful.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so 'removed[a] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of 'many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine 'taught me to speak; who was in his youth an 'inland[b] man; one that knew courtship[c] too well, for there he fell in 'love. I have heard him read many 'lectures against it; and I thank Heaven 'I am not a woman,—to be touched with so 'many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the 'principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none 'principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every 'one fault seeming 'monstrous—till its 'fellow-fault came to 'match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are 'sick. . . . There is a man haunts the Forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, 'deifying the name of *Rosalind.* If I could 'meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel; for he seems to have the 'quotidian[d] of love upon him.

Orl. 'I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, 'tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon 'you: he taught me how to 'know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, 'you are not prisoner.

Orl. 'What were his marks?

Ros. A 'lean cheek, which 'you have not; a 'blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an 'unquestionable[e] spirit, which you have not; a beard 'neglected, which 'you have not. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and 'everything about you demonstrating . . . a 'careless 'desolation! But 'you are no such man: you are rather point-device[f] in your accoutrements;[g]—as loving 'your-self than seeming the lover of any 'other.

Orl. Fair youth, I 'would I could make thee 'believe I love.

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[a] remote. [b] town-bred (as opposed to rustic). [c] the manners of the Court (love-making). [d] daily attack. [e] not inclined to ask questions. [f] finically neat. [g] dress, equipments.

Ros. 'Me believe it? you may as soon make 'her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to 'do, than to 'confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, 'are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein "Rosalind" is so admired?

Orl. I 'swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I 'am that he—that 'unfortunate he!

Ros. But are you so much in love as your 'rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor 'reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a 'madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as 'madmen do: and the reason why they are 'not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, the 'whippers are in love 'too. Yet 'I profess curing it by 'counsel.

Orl. Did you 'ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner:—He was to imagine 'me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish[a] youth, grieve; be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical; apish, shallow, inconstant; full of tears, full of smiles; for 'every passion something, and for 'no passion truly anything, (as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour:) would now 'like him, now 'loathe him; then 'entertain[b] him, then 'forswear him; now 'weep for him, then 'spit at him;—that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of 'love, to a loving[c] humour of 'madness;—which was, to forswear the full stream of the 'world, and to live in a 'nook merely monastic. And thus I cured 'him; and, in this way, will I take upon me to wash 'your liver[d] as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one 'spot of love in 't.

Orl. I 'would not be cured, youth!

Ros. I would 'cure you,—if you would but call 'me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot,[e] and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will! 'Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll 'show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest 'you live. Will you go?

---

[a] changeable (like the moon). [b] receive his attentions. [c] O. R. living.
[d] the liver was popularly supposed to be the seat of love. [e] O. R. Coat.

Orl With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me 'Rosalind.—Come, sister, will 'you go? [Exeunt.

Let us leave the happy Rosalind to her pretty little pastime devised to beguile the days of her banishment · and again turn to Touchstone, whom we now find making love (after his own fashion) to a homely wench who follows the occupation of feeding goats. Audrey is her name; but Touchstone soon finds that there is a rustic rival named William, who must be got out of the way.

Touch. Come apace,[a] good Audrey: 'I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And now, Audrey? am I 'the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?
Aud. Your feature? Law warrant us! what 's feature?[b]
Touch. . . . I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[c] poet, honest Ovid,[d] was among the 'Goths. When a man's 'verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man 'more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.[e]—Truly, I would the gods had made thee 'poetical.
Aud. I do not know what 'p-p-po-etical[f] is. Is it honest, in deed and word? Is it a 'true thing?
Touch. No, truly; for the 'truest poetry is the most 'feigning.
Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made 'me p-p-po-etical?
Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art 'honest.
Aud. Would you not 'have me honest?
Touch. No, truly; unless thou wert 'hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to 'beauty, is to have 'honey a sauce to 'sugar.
Aud. Well, I am not 'fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me 'honest.
Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a 'foul slut, were to put 'good meat into an 'un-clean dish.
Aud. I am not a 'slut, though I thank the gods I am 'foul.[g]
Touch. Well, praised 'be the gods for thy 'foulness: 'slut-

[a] quickly. [b] O. R. what features? [c] goatish (*caper*, a goat), licentious. [d] a celebrated poet, author of "The Art of Love," etc He was, for some goatish offences, banished by the Emperor Augustus, and died "among the Goths," on the shores of the Euxine, (Black Sea), A. D. 15, at the age of 60. [e] *i. e.*, like an extravagant charge for a poor entertainment in poor premises. [f] O. R. poetical.
[g] dark-complexioned (not fair).

tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be,
I will 'marry thee.
Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!
Touch. Amen. [Exeunt.

The happy couple at one proceed to be married; but the village Vicar, "Sir"[a] Oliver Martext, refuses to perform the ceremony, unless there is some one to "give the bride away." Jaquez offers his services; but advises Touchstone to be married in 'church, and not "under a bush like a beggar." So, to Sir Oliver's great indignation, the wedding, and its fees, are postponed to another purse and another parson.

Ganymede now remains at home, on the watch for a visit from Orlando. The merry Celia laughs at her love-lorn cousin's disappointment. While they are conversing, old Corin enters:

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love:
If you will see a pageant[b] truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true 'love
And the red glow of scorn and proud 'disdain,
Go hence a little; and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, 'let us remove:
The 'sight of lovers 'feedeth those in love.—
'Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
'I 'll prove a 'busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

Rosalind and Celia follow Corin to another part of the Forest, where they can overhear Silvius and Phebe:

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not 'scorn me; 'do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me 'not; but say not so
In 'bitterness. The common 'executioner,
(Whose heart the accustomed sight' of death makes hard,)
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs 'pardon: Will you 'sterner be,
Than he that dies and lives by 'bloody drops?
Phe. I would not be thy 'executioner:
Thou tell'st me, there is 'murder in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable:
'Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes 'can wound, now let them 'kill thee!

---

[a] as elsewhere stated, "Sir" is a mere collegiate distinction.
[b] public show, usually presented on the streets or in the fields.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be 'near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall 'you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But, 'till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, 'when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy 'mocks, pity me not;
As 'till that tim I shall not pity 'thee.

Rosalind comes forward:

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and rail,[a] at once,[b]
Over the 'wretched? What though you have no 'beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
'Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be 'therefore proud and pitiless? . . .
Why, what means this? Why do you look on 'me?
I see no more in 'you, than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work[c]—Od 's my little life!
I think she means to tangle 'my eyes too!
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
'That can entame 'my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?[d]
You are a thousand times a properer 'man,
Than she a 'woman:
'T is not her 'glass, but 'you, that flatters her.—
But, mistress, know 'yourself: down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you, friendly, in your ear,—
Sell when you 'can: you are not for 'all markets.
Cry the man 'mercy; love him; 'take his offer:
Foul is 'most foul, being proved[e] to be a 'scoffer.—
So, take her to thee, Shepherd.—Fare you well. [Exeunt.

The coquettish Phebe still rejects her humble lover Silvius, because she has fallen 'desperately in love with the handsome forester Ganymede; but, assuming indifference, she now prevails on Silvius to be the bearer of a letter—expressing, as she declares, her indignation; but, in reality, declaring her 'love, and soliciting its reciprocation.

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[a] O. R. all. [b] at the same time. [c] common or slop-work. [d] sighs and tears. [e] O. R. foule.

At last Orlando visits the disguised Rosalind in her forest abode. Let us hear how they proceed :

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear . . . Rosalind!

Ros. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? 'You a lover?—An you serve me such 'another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair . . . Rosalind, I come within an 'hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an 'hour's promise, in 'love? He that will divide a 'minute into a 'thousand parts, and break but a 'part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it 'may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the 'shoulder, but I 'll warrant him 'heart-whole. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no 'more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a 'snail. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his 'house on his head;—a better jointure, I think, than 'you can make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me; for 'now I am in a 'holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you 'say to me now, an I were your very 'very Rosalind?

Orl. I would 'kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak 'first; and, when you were gravelled[a] for lack of matter, you 'might take occasion to kiss. Very good 'orators, when they are out,[b] they will 'spit; and for 'lovers lacking matter, the 'cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be 'denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to 'entreaty,—and there begins 'new matter. Am not 'I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to 'say you are,—because I would be 'talking of her!

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine 'own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith; die by 'attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old; and, in all this time, there was not any man died in his own person,—*videlicet*,[c] in a 'love-cause. Men 'have died from time to time, and worms have 'eaten them; but not for 'love.

Orl. I would not have my 'right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might 'kill me.

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[a] embarrassed, stuck in the mud (or gravel).
[b] at a loss for words.
[c] that is to say, (viz.)

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a 'fly. But come; now I 'will be your Rosalind in a more coming-'on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will 'grant it.

Orl. Then, 'love me, Rosalind!

Ros. Yes, 'faith will I; Fridays,[a] and Saturdays,[b] and 'all.

Orl. And wilt thou 'have me?

Ros. Ay, and 'twenty such.

Orl. . . . What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not 'good?

Orl. I 'hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too 'much of a good thing? Now tell me, how long you would have her, 'after you have married her?

Orl. For ever and a day!

Ros. Say "a 'day," 'without the "ever." No, no, Orlando: men are 'April when they 'woo, 'December when they 'wed: maids are 'May when they are maids,—but the sky changes when they are 'wives. I will be more 'jealous of thee, than a Barbary pigeon over his hen; more 'clamorous, than a parrot against rain; more 'new-fangled, than an ape; more 'giddy in my desires, than a monkey: I will 'weep, for nothing—like Diana[c] in the fountain; and I will do 'that, when you are disposed to be 'merry; I will 'laugh, like a 'hyena,[d] and 'that, when thou art inclined to 'sleep.

Orl. But will my 'Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, 'she will do as 'I do.

Orl. O, but she is 'wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the 'wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make fast the 'doors[e] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the 'casement; shut that, and 't will out at the 'key-hole; stop that, and 't will fly, with the smoke, out of the 'chimney. You shall never take her without her 'answer, unless you take her without her 'tongue!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I 'cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: By 'two o'clock I will be with thee again.

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[a] on fast days. [b] on feast days.

[c] the "Weeping Diana" was a frequent ornament of water-fountains: one was re-embellished in London (at the Cross in West-Cheap) where, according to Stowe, (1599) was set up "an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breast" [d] O. R. hyen. (The hyena is noted for its peculiar laugh and grin.) [e] O. R. Makethe doores.

Ros. Beware my censure, and 'keep your promise.
Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert 'indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.
Ros. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [Exit Orlando.]—[To Celia.] O, coz, coz, coz! my pretty little coz! that thou didst know how many 'fathom deep I am in love! I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the 'sight of Orlando. I 'll go find a shadow,[a] and 'sigh till he come.
Cel. And I 'll 'sleep. [Exeunt.

But there are 'other sighers. This midday *siesta* is soon interrupted by the approach of Phebe's sighing shepherd, Silvius, with a poetical epistle from her sighing self to the already sighing Ganymede: the unwitting go-between enters:

Sil. My errand is to 'you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [Giving letter.
I know not the contents; but, as I 'guess,
It bears an 'angry tenor. Pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless 'messenger.
Ros. [After reading.] Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear 'this, bear 'all.—
Will you 'hear the letter?
Sil. So please you; for I never heard it 'yet,—
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Ros. She Phebes 'me. Mark how the tyrant writes:—

[Reads.] "*Art thou 'god to 'shepherd turned,*
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"—

Can a woman rail 'thus?
Sil. . . . Call you this 'railing?

Ros. "*Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's 'heart?"

Did you ever 'hear such railing?—

"*If the scorn of your bright eyne*[b]
Have power to raise such love in 'mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in 'mild aspect?[c]
Whiles you 'chid me, I did 'love;
How then might your 'prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little 'knows this love in me:

[a] a shady spot. [b] eyes. [c] by assuming a gentle appearance.

And by him seal-up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[a]
Will the faithful offer 'take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else, by him my love 'deny,
And 'then I 'll study—how to 'die."

Sil. . . . Call you this 'chiding?

Celia kindly says to Silvius:

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you 'pity him? no; he deserves 'no pity.—[To Sil.] Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an 'instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way, and say this to her:—That, if she love me, I charge her to love 'thee; if she will not, 'I will never have her, unless 'thou entreat for her.—If you be a 'true lover, hence, and 'not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit Silvius.

The two hours, appointed by Orlando, have passed without his return. But, at this time, a Stranger enters, (having been sometime seeking for Rosalind's cottage,) and delivers an explanatory message:

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones.
Orlando doth commend him to you 'both;
And, to that youth he calls his 'Rosalind,
He sends . . . this bloody napkin. When last he parted,
He left a promise—to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the Forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eyes aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak,—whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,—
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Which, with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing 'Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And, with indented[b] glides, did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A 'lioness,[c] with udders all drawn dry,

[a] nature, disposition. [b] marked by irregularities.
[c] a "poetical" frequenter of a Flemish forest.

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of 'that beast
To prey on nothing that doth 'seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his 'brother—his 'elder brother!

Cel. O, I have heard him 'speak of that same brother;
And he did render[a] him the most 'unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he 'might so do;
For well I know he 'was unnatural.

Ros. But, to 'Orlando.—Did he 'leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and 'purposed so;
But kindness, (nobler ever than revenge,)
And nature, (stronger than his just occasion,[b])
Made him give 'battle to the lioness,
That quickly fell 'before him: in which hurtling,'
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. . . . Are 'you his brother?

Ros. Was it 'you he rescued?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to 'kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 'it is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I 'was,—since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I 'am.

Ros. . . . But for the 'bloody napkin?

Oli. By-and-by.[d]
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,[e]
He led me instantly unto his Cave,
There stripped himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had 'bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, 'in fainting, upon "Rosalind!"
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at 'heart,
He 'sent me hither,—that you might 'excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his[f] blood, unto the shepherd-youth
That he in 'sport doth call his Rosalind.

Rosalind, in her turn, faints, but is soon restored by the kindly Celia:

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[a] describe, represent [b] justifiable opportunity. [c] scuffle.
[d] immediately. [e] softened, washed away. [f] O. R. died in this blood.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!
Oli. 'Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is 'more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers. Be of 'good cheer, youth.—You a 'man? You lack a man's 'heart.
Ros. . . . I 'do so, . . . I 'confess it. . . . I pray you, tell your brother how well I 'counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—
Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a 'man!
Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a 'woman by right. But, I pray you, commend my 'counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [Exeunt.

The two ladies at once proceed to visit Orlando; and Celia, for some unexplained reason, asks Oliver to accompany them; and Oliver, for the same unexplained reason, willingly consents. What can the reason be?—O, he must be sure that Orlando 'gets an answer to his message.

We now find ourselves in another part of the Forest; and see Touchstone, with his Audrey, in search of "a good priest" to join them in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Touch. We shall find a 'time, Audrey: 'patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. 'Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.*
Touch. A most 'wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. . . . But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the Forest lays 'claim to you.
Aud. Ay? I 'know who 't is: he hath 'no interest in me in the world. Here 'comes the man you mean.
Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a 'clown.

William, Audrey's jilted lover, enters:

Will. . . . Good even, Audrey.
Aud. Give ye good even, William.
Will. And good even to 'you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. . . . How old are you, friend?
Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.
Touch. A 'ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A 'fair name. Wast 'born i' the Forest here?

* the advice given by Jaquez to Touchstone.

Will. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.

Touch. "Thank heaven";—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. "So-so" is good, 'very good, very 'excellent good;—and yet it is 'not; it is 'but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The 'fool doth 'think he is wise, but the wise man 'knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher,[a] when he had a desire to eat a grape, would . . . open his lips, when he put it into his mouth; meaning, thereby, that grapes were 'made to eat, and lips to open. 'You do love this maid?

Will. . . . I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learnéd?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of 'me:—To have, is to 'have; for, it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by 'filling the one, doth empty the 'other; for all your writers do consent,[b] that '*ipse* is 'he: now, 'you are 'not *ipse*, for 'I am he!

Will. . . . Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is, in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman:—which together is, 'abandon the 'society of this 'female! Or, clown, thou 'perishest; or, to thy better understanding, 'diest! or (to wit,[c]) I 'kill thee! make thee away! translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage! I will deal in 'poison with thee! or in 'bastinado![d] or in 'steel![e] I will bandy[f] with thee in 'faction! I will o'errun thee with 'policy! I will 'k-k-kill thee a hundred-and-fifty ways! therefore tremble, and depart!

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. . . . Heaven rest you merry, sir. [He runs away.

Old Corin hastily hobbles in:

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

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[a] Diogenes (perhaps). [b] concur, agree. [c] to explain. [d] a cudgel. [e] a sword or dagger. [f] contend (beat to and fro).

We left Rosalind, still maintaining her disguise, on her way to visit her wounded lover. Meanwhile, Orlando's brother, Oliver, has, at first sight, fallen in love with Aliena (the Princess Celia) and proposes to remain in the Forest as a Shepherd, giving up his estate to the wronged Orlando: Celia, also at first sight, has fallen in love with Oliver; and Orlando, desirous to hasten these unexpected arrangements, proposes that the marriage shall take place on the following day.—Oliver hastens to prepare Celia, while Rosalind finds more pleasing employment in "chatting" with her lover.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando! How it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my 'arm.

Ros. I thought thy 'heart had been wounded, with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it 'is, but with the eyes of a 'lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I 'counterfeited to swoon,[a] when he showed me your handkerchief?[b]

Orl. Ay, and 'greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are.[c]—Nay, 't is 'true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical[d] brag of—"I came, saw, and 'over-came:" for your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they 'looked; no sooner looked, but they 'loved; no sooner loved, but they 'sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the 'reason; no sooner 'knew the reason, but they sought the 'remedy: and, in these degrees,[e] have they made a pair of stairs to 'marriage! They are in the very 'wrath of love, and they 'will together: 'clubs' cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married 'to-morrow; and I will bid the 'Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through 'another man's eyes! By so much the more, shall 'I, to-morrow, be at the height of heart-'heaviness, by 'how much I shall think my 'brother happy—in 'having what he wishes for!

Ros. Why then, to-morrow 'I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by 'thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle 'talking. Know of 'me, then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I can do 'strange things. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your 'gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry 'her.

[a] O. R. sound. [b] O. R. handkercher. [c] *i. e.*, I understand to what you refer. [d] boastful (like Terence's "Thraso.") [e] steps, advances. [f] officers armed with clubs.

Orl. Speak'st thou in 'sober meanings?

Ros. By my 'life, I do! which I tender dearly, though I say I am a 'magician. Therefore, put you on your best array; bid[a] your friends; for if you 'will be married to-morrow, you 'shall; and to 'Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of 'mine, and a lover of 'hers.

Silvius and Phebe enter:

Phe. [To Ros.] Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To 'show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I 'care not if I have: it is my 'study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he 'worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what ''t is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;[b]
All humbleness, all patience, . . . and 'im-patience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I—for Phebe!

Phe. And so am I—for Ganymede!

Orl. And so am I—for Rosalind!

Ros. And so am I—for no 'woman. Pray you, no more of this: 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—Silvius, I will 'help you, if I can:—Phebe, I would 'love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together.—Phebe, I will marry 'you, if ever I marry 'woman,—and I 'll be married to-morrow:—Orlando, I will 'satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and 'you shall be married to-morrow:—Silvius, I will 'content you, (if what 'pleases you contents you,) and 'you shall be married to-morrow.—Orlando, as you love 'Rosalind. meet:—Silvius, as you love 'Phebe, meet: and as I love 'no woman, 'I 'll meet.—So fare you well: I have left you commands.

The delighted trio all promise:

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

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[a] invite. [b] O. R. observance.

And Orlando adds most joyously:

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.

The anxiously expected "morrow' has now come, and the Banished Duke and his friends are assembled from their more secluded part of the Forest. Jaquez is of course there, for such an occasion is "full of matter."

The anxious Orlando is also there, as well as the pretty Princess Celia with her pleased penitent Oliver. The Banished Duke (who has already spoken to his disguised daughter without recognizing her,) says to the perplexed lover:

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy[a]
Can 'do all this that he hath promiséd?

Orl. I 'sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear—they 'hope, and 'know they fear.

The sighing Silvius and the simpering Phebe now enter smilingly arm in arm; and the merry-moody Jaquez cannot restrain his joy, when he sees Touchstone, and the not-unwilling Audrey, join the other matrimonial billers and cooers:

Jaq. There is, sure, another 'Flood toward, and these couples are coming to the 'Ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,—which in 'all tongues are called 'fools.

Touchstone and Audrey enter.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you 'all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the 'motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forest: he hath been a 'courtier, he 'swears.

Touch. If any man 'doubt that, let him put me to my 'purgation.[b] I have trod a measure,[c]—I have flattered a lady;—I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy;—I have undone 'three tailors;—I have had 'four quarrels, and 'like to have fought 'one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?[d]

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the Seventh Cause.

Jaq. 'How seventh cause? How did you find the quarrel on the 'seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—As thus, Sir:—I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard: he sent me word, If I said his beard was not cut 'well, 'he was in the mind it 'was: this is called the Retort

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[a] Ganymede. [b] clearance from false accusation. [c] a stately dance.
[d] prevented (arranged).

Courteous. If I sent him word again, It was not 'well cut; he would send me word, he cut it to please 'himself; this is called the Quip Modest. If again It was 'not well cut, he disabled[a] my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, It was not well cut; he would answer, I spake not 'true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'It 'was 'not 'well cut; he would say, I 'lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how 'oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor 'he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we . . . measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in 'order, now, the 'degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in 'print, by the 'book; as you have books for 'good manners: I 'will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct!—All these you may 'avoid, 'but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an "*if*." I knew when 'seven 'Justices could not take-up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*—as "'*If you said so, then* 'I *said* 'so!" "*O ho! did you so?*"[b] and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your "*if*" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "*if*."

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's good at 'anything, and yet a Fool.

Duke S. He uses his 'folly like a 'stalking-horse;[c] and, under the presentation of 'that, he shoots his 'wit.

A beautiful Masque (Rosalind having represented herself as an enchantress) is now brought forward; and Celia and her cousin, having laid aside their disguised costumes, are led in by Hymen, and presented to the astonished Duke and the enraptured Orlando: Rosalind first addresses her father:

Ros. To you [to Duke S.] I give myself, for I am yours.
To 'you [to Orl.] I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my 'daughter!

[a] disparaged, impeached. [b] four inserted words. [c] a stalking-horse is a wooden or imitation horse, behind which sportsmen conceal themselves to shoot their game.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my 'Rosalind!
Ros. I 'll have 'no father, if you be not he:— [To Duke S.
I 'll have no 'husband, if 'you be not he:— [To Orl.
Nor ne'er wed 'woman, if 'you be not she. [To Phebe.
Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me:
Even 'daughter welcome in no 'less degree.

'All the lovers are now made happy. Oliver receives the hand of the Princess Celia; and Phebe prudently puts-up with Silvius; while Touchstone hopes for the best with his own Audrey. To crown their mutual congratulations, young Jacques de Bois—the brother of Oliver and Orlando—here enters, with important intelligence of Frederick the Usurping Duke:

Jacq. de B. Let 'me have audience for a word or two.
I am the 'second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this Forest,
Addressed[a] a mighty power,—intent[b] to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the 'skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,[c]
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his 'enterprise, and from the 'world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands 'restored to them again,
That were with him exiled. This to be 'true
I do engage my 'life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly[d] to thy brothers' wedding:
Meantime, 'forget this new-fall'n[e] 'dignity,
And fall into our rustic 'revelry.—
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaquez gravely advances:

Jaq. Sir, [to Jacq. de B.] by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a 'religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court? . . .
To 'him will I: out of these convertites
There is much "matter" to be heard and learned.—
You [to Duke S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:—
You [to Orl.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[a] prepared. [b] O. R. purposely. [c] monk. [d] bringest fair offerings (good news). [e] newly bestowed.

You [to oli.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [to sil.] to a long and well-deservéd life:
And 'you [to Touch.] 'to 'wrangling; for thy 'loving voyage
Is but for 'two[a] months victualled.—So, to your pleasures:
'I am for other than for 'dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaquez, stay.

Jaq. To see no 'pastime, I:—what you would have,
I 'll stay to know at your abandoned Cave. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will 'begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll 'end,—in true delights.

The play concludes with a rustic dance; and then the happy Rosalind comes forward to speak the

EPILOGUE:

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the 'lady the 'epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the 'lord the 'prologue. If it be true, that "*Good wine needs no bush*,"[b] 't is true, that a good play needs no 'epilogue: Yet to good wine they do 'use good bushes; and good plays prove the 'better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am 'I in then,—that am neither a good 'epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good 'play? I am not 'furnished[c] like a beggar, therefore to 'beg will not become me: my way is, to 'conjure[d] you; and I 'll begin with the 'women. I 'charge you, O 'women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please 'them:[e] and I charge 'you, O 'men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you 'hate them), that the play may please. If I were a 'woman,[f] I would 'kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and I am sure, as many as 'have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsey, bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

End of As You Like It.

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[a] The "modern" honey-moon is shorter—lasting only one month. [b] It was the custom to hang an ivy bush, or a bundle of twigs, outside an inn, as a sign that entertainment was provided there. [c] dressed. [d] in her character as a magician. [e] O. R. you. [f] until the Restoration female parts were performed by boys or young men.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

The Comedy of "Twelfth-Night, or What You Will,"[a] is known to have been performed in the Middle Temple, London, at the Christmas festivities of 1602;[b] but its first appearance in print was in the folio of 1623.

The main plot is founded on one of the stories in Belleforest's[c] "Histoires Tragiques," (1572,) and he, on his part, borrowed from the Italian novelist Bandello;[d] but as there is a similar story ("Apolonius and Silla") in Barnaby Riche's amusing "Collections,"[e] it is possible that Shakespeare read both, and followed neither. So much for the serious portion: the comic scenes of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Malvolio, and the Clown, have no place in any of the original stories. Shakespeare appears, after selecting a slight plot, to have followed the recipe of Bandello:—"Item, a twin brother and sister; item, the sister in love, and becoming a Page in the service of him she loved; item, the Page sent as a messenger to the lady whom her master loved; item, the lady falling in love with the Page; item, the lady meeting with the twin brother; item, all parties happily married":—for such, indeed, are the ingredients of this merry "old Christmas night" symposium. To speak commercially—the Comedy is like our coinage; it consists mainly of paper currency, which merely "promises," but is intrinsically valueless; gold, a little alloyed; silver, deteriorated by a nondescript "white metal" or spurious silver; and a large admixture of vulgar copper; but all fresh from the Master of the Mint, and acceptable as a legal "dramatic" tender.

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[a] This Comedy was not entered in the "Stationers' Register;" but, on "Aug. 6, 1607," there is the following: "Thos. Thorpe.] A Comedy called What You Will"—This play, having the second or sub-title of Shakespeare's, was written by John Marston, and printed for T. Thorpe in 1607.

[b] In the "British Museum," there is a MS8. autograph Diary (from 1601 to 1603) written by John Manningham (then a Student of the Middle Temple) which distinctly mentions this Comedy's being performed at the Readers' Feast, on February 2d, 1602, new style—"At our feast wee had a play called *Twelve Night or What You Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmis* in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*.[f] A good practise in it to make the steward beleeve his lady widdowes was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre, as from his lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, & prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

[c] F. de Belleforest, a French semi-historical writer, born 1530, died 1583.

[d] Matteo Bandello, a French writer of fiction, died 1561.

[e] In 1581, Barnaby Riche published an amusing Collection of Tales—entitled "Riche his Farewell to the Militarie Profession," in which the story of "Apolonius and Silla" is reproduced.

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[f] (or Ingannati,) Italian plays probably known to Shakespeare, as they bear some resemblance to the serious parts of his Comedy.

[g] This is a mistake: Olivia is not a widow, but is mourning for the death of her brother.

The Characters in this Condensation are:

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*[a]
SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *his "Chum."*
MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, CLOWN, } *Servants to Olivia.*
OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *Sister to Sebastian.*
MARIA, *Olivia's Waiting-Woman.*
Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

Scene—A City in Illyria;[a] and the Sea-coast near it.

Sebastian, and his sister Viola, are twins and orphans—who were so much alike that, but for their dress, they could not be distinguished. While making a sea-voyage together, they are shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria.

The captain of the ship, and a few of the escaped sailors, bring the fair Viola safely ashore. Endued not only with warm sisterly affection, but with romantic love—for, although the dramatist only hints at the fact, yet the older narrative makes it known—she has already given her affections (but without his solicitation) to a foreign nobleman; and, strange to say, she is now cast on his territory—a brotherless, helpless orphan; who may, in her need, be justified in resorting to many expedients, which, perhaps, under more happy circumstances, would not be approved.

Viola now stands before us[b] on the sea-shore—a shipwrecked maiden; but carefully attended by the captain of the ship, and by a couple of the sailors. She anxiously inquires:

Vio. What 'country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should 'I do in 'Illyria?
My brother—he is in 'Elysium![c]
Perchance, he is 'not drowned:—what think 'you, sailors?
Cap. It is per chance[d] that you yourself were 'saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! And so, per-chance,[d] may 'he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to 'comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
(When you, and that[e] poor number 'saved with you,
Hung on our drifting[f] boat,) I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—

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[a] a country in the south of Europe, along the western shore of the Adriatic.
[b] In this Condensation, Scenes i and ii are transposed.
[c] the region assigned to happy souls after death; paradise.
[d] play on *chance* and *perchance* (perhaps).
[e] O. R. those poor number.
[f] O. R. driuing.

Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that lived[a] upon the sea;
Where, (like Arion[b] on the dolphin's back,)
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A 'noble Duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What 'is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino? . . . I have heard my 'father name him;
He was a 'bachelor then.

Cap. And so is 'now, or 'was so very late;
For, but a month ago, I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur that he sought
The love of fair 'Olivia.

Vio. What is she?

Cap. A virtuous maid,—the daughter of a Count
That died some twelvemonth since; 'then leaving her
In the protection of his son, (her brother,)
Who shortly 'also died; for whose dear loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company[c]
And sight of 'men.

Vio. O, that I 'served that lady!

Cap. That were hard to compass;[d]
Because she will admit no 'kind of suit,—
No, not the 'Duke's.

Vio. . . . There is a fair 'behaviour in thee, Captain;
And I believe, thou hast a 'mind that suits
With this thy fair and 'outward character.
I pray thee,—and I 'll pay thee bounteously,—
'Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise, as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this 'Duke:[e]
Thou shalt present me as a 'Page to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in 'many sorts of music,
That will allow[f] me very 'worth his service.
What 'else may hap,[g] to 'time I will commit;
Only shape 'thou thy 'silence to 'my 'wit. [Exeunt.

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[a] floated safely. [b] a famous poet (of Lesbos,) who, being thrown into the sea, was saved by a dolphin (O. R. Orion). [c] O. R. the sight and company.
[d] to bring about, to obtain. [e] *i. e.*, since I cannot enter the Lady's service, I 'll aim at the Duke's. [f] concede (enable me to be considered). [g] happen.

The Duke Orsino has made a long and unsuccessful suit to the Countess Olivia—a lady hitherto very fond of love-making, but who now, since the recent death of her brother, would admit no stranger to her house—not even the Duke himself. The heart-stricken Orsino therefore neglects the duties of his high station, and passes his once busy time in sloth, or in listening to effeminate love-songs.

We now find him in his Palace, attended by Curio, with a band of favourite musicians.

Duke. If music be the food of 'love, play on;
Give me 'excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken—and so 'die!
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:[a]
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South[b]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,—
'Stealing and 'giving odour!—Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet 'now as it was before.
O Spirit of Love, how quick[c] and fresh art thou!
So 'full of shapes[d] is 'Fancy,
That it 'alone is 'high-fantastical.[e]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest[f] that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see 'Olivia first,
That instant was 'I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,[g]
E'er since pursue me.—[Valentine enters.] How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be 'admitted,
But from her 'handmaid do return this answer:—
The element[h] itself, till seven years hence,[i]
Shall not behold her face at 'ample view;
But, like a cloistress,[j] she will veiléd walk,
And water, once a day, her chamber round
With eye-offending brine:[k] all this, to season[l]
A 'brother's dead love,—which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a 'brother,
'How will she love, when the rich golden shaft[m]

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[a] cadence. [b] O. R. sound. [c] full of life. [d] imaginative forms.
[e] reaches the height of imaginative power. [f] a punning reference of *hart* to *heart*.
[g] alluding to the story of Actæon, who was torn to pieces by his own hounds.
[h] the sky. [i] O. R. till seven yeares heate. [j] nun. [k] salt tears inflaming her eyes.
[l] keep fresh, preserve. [m] Cupid's golden arrow.

Hath killed the flock[a] of all affections 'else.—
Away, before me, to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie 'rich[b], when canopied with 'bowers.
[Exeunt.

We enter now the Lady Olivia's residence, which, though at present a house of mourning, is usually the mansion of mirth. On the plea that a lady's house must be protected by a gentleman, the wealthy but grief-stricken beauty has, with this object, endured the presence of her dissipated uncle, Sir Toby Belch; who is with difficulty restrained from excessive disorder by Maria, the merry-hearted waiting-maid. The roystering manners of this jovial knight are contrasted with the maundering imbecility of his friend and visitor, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek—a would-be wooer of the fair Lady Olivia.

But hush! Here come Sir Toby and the merry Maria:

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother 'thus? I am sure, Care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you 'must come-in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, 'let her except, 'before excepted.[c]

Mar. Ay, but you 'must confine yourself within the modest limits of 'order.

Sir To. Confine? I 'll 'con-fine myself no finer than I 'am. These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these 'boots too;—an they be 'not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish 'Knight that you brought-in here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as 'tall[d] a man as any 's in 'Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats[e] a year!

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have 'but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very 'fool, and a 'prodigal. Besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great 'quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to 'allay the gust[f] he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought, among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a 'grave. They add, moreover, he 's 'drunk, nightly, in 'your company.

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[a] large number. [b] under costly coverings (luxuriously). [c] drunken nonsense words. [d] sturdy, fine. [e] a coin issued by a Duke: in gold worth about 9s. ($2.25); in silver, nearly 4s. ($1.00). [f] enjoyment, taste.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my 'niece! I 'll drink to 'her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. Here 'comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

[Ague-cheek enters.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir Andrew, seeing a pretty girl before him, at once turns to her:

[To Maria.] Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost;[a] Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. . . . What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is 'Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress 'Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost" is, front her, woo her, assail her!

Sir And. . . . . Is 'that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen. [Going.

Sir To. . . . . An thou let her 'part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again.—Fair lady, do you think you have 'fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not 'you by the hand. [Maria runs away.

Sir Toby heartily enjoys the banter of the merry chambermaid, and the discomfiture of his friend:

Sir To. O Knight, 'thou lack'st a cup of canary.[b] When did I see thee 'so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw 'canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes, I have no more wit than an 'ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef,—and I believe that does 'harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. . . . . An I thought 'that, I 'd forswear it.—I 'll ride 'home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do, or 'not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the 'tongues,[c] that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the 'Arts!

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[a] approach her, address her. [b] strong sweet wine brought from the Canary islands. [c] languages.

Sir To. 'Then hadst thou had an excellent head of 'hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have 'mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by 'nature.[a]

Sir And. But it 'becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs, like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be 'seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of 'me. The Duke[b] himself, here hard-by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll 'none o' the Duke;[b] she 'll not match 'above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her 'swear it. Tut, there 's 'life[c] in 't, man!

Sir And. . . . . I 'll stay a month 'longer. . . . . I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou 'good at these kick-shaws,[d] knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,—under the degree of my 'betters.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a 'galliard,[e] knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a 'caper.[f]

Sir To. And I can cut the 'mutton[f] to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick,[g] simply as strong as any man in Illyria. [Dances fantastically.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things 'hid? wherefore have these gifts a 'curtain before them? why dost thou not go to 'church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?[h] My very 'walk should be a 'jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to 'hide virtues in?

Sir And. Shall we set-'about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do 'else? were we not born under Taurus?[i]

Sir And. Taurus? that sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me 'see thee caper. [Sir Andrew dances.] Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent. [Exeunt.

The shipwrecked Captain, having transformed the fair Viola into a dashing young Page, has had her presented to the Duke, under the assumed name of Cesario. As the Duke is much pleased with the new Attendant, we are not surprised to overhear the following conversation:

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[a] O. R. coole my nature. [b] O. R. the Count. [c] and therefore hope: the proverb says: "While there 's life, there 's hope." [d] trifles: a corruption of *quelques choses*. [e] a gay courtly dance. [f] a reference to mutton and caper-sauce. [g] a backward caper in dancing. [h] a running dance. [i] the Constellation Taurus—the second sign of the Zodiac. The old belief was that all parts of the body were subject to starry influences: Chaucer tells us that "Taurus governed the anckle and throte."

Duke. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but 'all; I have unclasped
To thee the book, even of my secret 'soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;[a]
Be not 'denied access; stand at her doors,
And tell them,[b]—there thy fixéd foot shall 'grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,—
If she be 'so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is 'spoke,[c] she 'never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and 'leap all civil bounds,[d]
Rather than make 'unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I 'do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of 'my 'love;
She will attend it better in thy 'youth,
Than in a nuncio[e] of more 'grave aspéct.
Vio. 'I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, 'believe it;
For 'they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a 'man: 'Diana's[f] lip
Is not more smooth and rubious;[g] thy small 'pipe[h]
Is as the 'maiden's organ, shrill in[i] sound,
I know, thy constellation[j] is right apt
For this affair:—Go:—prosper 'well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy 'lord,
To call 'his fortunes 'thine.
Vio. I 'll do my 'best
To woo your lady:—[aside] yet, a 'barful[k] strife!
Whoe'er I 'woo, 'myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

Before asking you again to accompany us to Lady Olivia's "merry" house of mourning, we desire to make you acquainted with a few more of its inmates. You already know the bibulous, impecunious Sir Toby Belch—the half-besotted wealthy jackass, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek—and the merry mocking-bird Maria.

The next in order is my lady's Steward, Malvolio; big with ignorance and vanity—the paragon of coxcombs—full of inordinate self-esteem, ill concealed by a grave drapery of modesty.—Then we have Fabian, my lady's "own man," a fellow of most enormous "hall-kitchen" consequence—and ever redolent with perfumed grease: the emptiness of his head being compensated by the massiveness of his hair.—Then there is the Clown, or Fool, retained to rouse household merriment by his humour, or to shelter some shrewd fellow in his idleness.

The Clown has been absent, and Maria is calling him to order:

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[a] go to her residence. [b] her attendants. [c] reported. [d] restraints. [e] a messenger. [f] the goddess of purity. [g] red (like a ruby). [h] treble voice. [i] O. R. and. [j] position of the heavenly bodies, as shown by the Astrolabe, at the time of a person's birth. [k] full of bars or difficulties.

Mar. Nay, either tell mé where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a 'bristle may enter, in way of thy 'excuse. My lady will 'hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. 'Let her hang me: Many a good hanging prevents a bad 'marriage.

Mar. Here 'comes my lady: make your excuse 'wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Clo. Wit, an 't be 'thy will, put me into 'good fooling! Those wits that 'think they have thee, do very oft prove 'fools; and I, that am sure I 'lack thee, may pass for a 'wise man: for what says Quinapalus?[a] "Better a 'witty 'fool, than a 'foolish 'wit."

The Lady Olivia enters, attended by Malvolio her steward, and other servants. The Clown says:

Bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the 'lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a 'dry Fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna,[b] that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the 'dry Fool drink, then is the Fool 'not dry; bid the 'dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he can'not, let the 'botcher[c] mend him: Anything that 's 'mended is but 'patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with 'sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with 'virtue.—The lady bade take away the 'Fool; therefore, I say again, take 'her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away 'you.

Clo. Misprision[d] in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum:*[e] that 's as much to say as, I wear not motley[f] in my 'brain. Good madonna, give me leave to 'prove you a fool.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. . . . Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good Fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in 'hell, madonna.

Oli. I 'know, his soul is in 'heaven, Fool.

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[a] nonsense name. [b] my lady. [c] a patcher of old clothes. [d] a mistake in law.
[e] the cowl does not make the monk. [f] the dress of a Fool.

Clo. . . . The 'more fool you,[a] madonna, to 'mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the Fool, gentlemen.

The amused Lady Olivia turns to her silent but oracular Steward:

Oli. What think 'you of this Fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and 'shall do, 'till the pangs of death 'shake him: infirmity, that decays the 'wise, doth ever make the better 'fool.

Clo. Heaven send 'you, sir, a 'speedy infirmity, for the better increasing 'your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no 'fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that 'you are no 'fool.

Oli. How say you to 'that, Malvolio?

Mal. . . . I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a 'barren rascal: I saw him put down, the other day, with an 'ordinary Fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard 'already; unless you laugh, and 'minister occasion to him, he is 'gagged. I protest, 'I take[b] these 'wise men, that crow[c] so at these 'set kind of fools, no better than the fools' 'zanies.[d]

Oli. O, you are sick of 'self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a 'distempered[e] appetite. There is no slander in an 'allowed[f] Fool, though he do nothing but 'rail; nor no railing in a known 'discreet man, though he do nothing but 'reprove.

Clo. Now, 'Mercury[g] endue thee with lying,[h] for thou speakest 'well of fools! [Maria re-enters.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a 'fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people[i] hold him in 'delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch 'him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but 'madman:[j] fie on him! [Exit Mara.] Go 'you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the 'Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.

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[a] inserted word. [b] consider. [c] laugh exultingly. [d] short sticks or dolls, ornamented with caps and bells, usually carried by Fools. [e] diseased, depraved. [f] acknowledged, licensed. [g] the god of all dishonesty. [h] give thee 'the gift of lying (O. R. leasing). [i] attendants. [j] *i. e.*, he always talks insanely.

While Malvolio is interviewing the unknown visitor, the Lady Olivia, still thinking of her uncle's repeated infirmity, inquires:

Oli. What 's a drunken man 'like, Fool?

Clo. Like a 'drowned man, a 'fool, and a 'madman: 'one draught above heat[a] makes him a 'fool; the second 'mads him; and a third 'drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Crowner,[b] and let him sit o' my coz; for 'he 's in the 'third degree of drink—he 's drowned: Go, look after him.

Clo. He is but 'mad yet, madonna; and the Fool shall look to the 'madman. [Exit.

Malvolio returns.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow 'swears he will speak with 'you. I told him you were 'sick; he takes on him[c] to 'understand so much, and therefore 'comes to speak with you: I told him you were 'asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that 'too, and 'therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against 'any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall 'not speak with me.

Mal. He 'has[d] been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door, like a sheriff's post,[e] and be the supporter to a bench, 'but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. . . . What 'kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of 'man kind.

Oli. What 'manner of man?

Mal. Of very 'ill manner; he 'll speak with 'you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a 'man, nor young enough for a 'boy; as a 'squash is, before 't is a peascod, or a 'codling,[f] when 't is almost an apple. He is very 'well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. 'Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit Malvolio as Maria re-enters.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

The Duke's handsome Page—the disguised Viola—enters; assuming a manly air, and using courtier-like language:

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[a] the proper degree (or quantity). [b] coroner. [c] declares, professes. [d] O. R. H'as.
[e] The Sheriff's office-door had before it a post to which proclamations and public notices were affixed. [f] an unripe apple (which must be coddled or cooked).

Vio. The honourable 'lady of the house,—'which is she?

Oli. Speak to 'me; I shall answer 'for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if 'this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast 'away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well-'penned, I have taken great pains to 'con[a] it.

Oli. Whence 'came you, sir?

Vio. . . . . I can say little more than I have 'studied, and 'that question 's 'out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you 'be the Lady of the house.

Oli. If I do not 'usurp myself, I 'am.

Vio. Most certain, if you 'are she, you 'do usurp yourself; for what is yours to 'bestow is not yours to 'reserve. But this is 'from my commission: I will 'on with my speech in your praise, and 'then show you the 'heart[b] of my message.

Oli. Come to what is 'important in 't: I forgive you the 'praise.

Vio. Alas! I took 'great pains to study 'it,—and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be 'feigned: I pray you, keep it in. . . . I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and 'allowed your approach, rather to 'wonder at you than to 'hear you. If you be 'mad,[c] be gone; if you have 'reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon[d] with 'me, to make one[e] in so skipping[f] a dialogue. Tell me your 'mind.[g]

Vio. I am . . . a 'messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some 'hideous matter to deliver, when the 'courtesy of it is so fearful. 'Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns 'your ear. I bring no overture of 'war, no taxation of 'homage: I hold the 'olive[h] in my hand; my 'words are as full of 'peace as 'matter.

Oli. Yet you 'began rudely. What 'are you? what 'would you?

Vio. The 'rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my 'entertainment. What I 'am, and what I 'would, are secret: to 'your ears, 'divinity; to any 'other's, 'profanation.

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[a] commit it to memory. [b] the vital part. [c] O. R. If you be not mad.
[d] the full moon was believed to excite lunatics. [e] to take part. [f] wild, versatile.
[g] wish (what you think). [h] an olive branch was an emblem of peace.

Oli. Give us the place 'alone: we will 'hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] . . . Now, sir, what is your 'text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A 'comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where 'lies your text?

Vio. In 'Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his 'bosom! In what 'chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method,—in the 'first, of his 'heart.

Oli. O, I have 'read it: it is 'heresy.—Have you no 'more to say?

Vio. . . . Good madam! let me see your 'face?

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to 'negotiate with my face? You are now 'out of your text: . . . but we 'will draw the curtain, and 'show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I 'was, as this presents:[a] is 't not 'well done?

The flattered mourner forgets her vow, by coyly unveiling to the handsome Page.

Vio. 'Excellently done,—if heaven did 'all.

Oli. 'T is 'ingrain,[b] sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty, truly blent,[c]—whose red and white
'Nature's own sweet cunning hand laid on. . . .
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the 'grave,
And leave the world no 'copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give-out diverse schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried:—as, Item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin,—and so forth. . . . Were you 'sent hither to 'appraise[d] me?

Vio. I see you what you are,—you are too 'proud;
But if you were the 'Devil, you are 'fair.—
My lord and master 'loves you! O, such love
Could be but 'recompensed,—though you were crowned
The 'nonpareil[e] of beauty!

Oli. 'How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations meek,[f] with fertile tears,
With groans that 'thunder love, with sighs of fire.[g]

Oli. . . . Your lord does 'know my mind; I 'cannot love him:
He might have ta'en[h] his answer long ago.

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[a] O. R. such a one I was this present. [b] the same natural colour throughout.
[c] blended. [d] set a value on (O. R. praise). [e] the unequalled one.
[f] inserted word. [g] a lover's hyperbole. [h] O. R. took.

Vio. If 'I did love you in my 'master's flame,[a]
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no 'sense:
I 'would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would 'you?
Vio. Make me a willow-cabin at your 'gate,
And call upon my soul 'within the house;
Write loyal cantos[b] of contemnéd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate[c] hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Olivia!" O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you 'should 'pity me.
Oli. . . . 'You might do 'much! . . . What is your 'parentage?
Vio. Above my 'fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am—a gentleman.
Oli. . . . Get you to your lord:
I cannot love 'him: Let him send no more—
Unless, perchance, 'you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:—
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. [Offering her purse.
Vio. I am no 'fee'd post,[d] lady; 'keep your purse:
My 'master, not 'myself, lacks recompense.
Love make 'his heart of flint, that 'you shall love.
Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

The Lady Olivia, now alone, confesses to herself the heart-swaying influence of the handsome messenger:

Oil. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my 'fortunes, yet my state is 'well:
I am a 'gentleman."—I 'll be 'sworn thou art;
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep-in at mine eyes.—Well, 'let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio! [Malvolio re-enters.
Run after that same peevish messenger,
Orsino's[e] man: . . . he left this 'ring behind him.
Desire him, not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes! I am 'not for 'him:—
. . . If that the 'youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him 'reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio. [Mal. Exit.

[a] heat of affection. [b] stanzas (O. R. cantons). [c] re-echoing. [d] no hired messenger.
[e] O. R. the county's.

. . . I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine 'eye too great a flatterer for my 'mind.
Fate, show 'thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;[a]
What is 'decreed, 'must be,—and be 'this so! [Exit.

Malvolio has no difficulty in overtaking the handsome Page:

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia? She 'returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away 'yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will 'none of him. And one thing more,—that you be never so hardy to come 'again in his affairs,—unless it be to 'report your lord's taking of this. 'Receive it so. [Giving a ring.

Vio. She took no[b] ring of 'me;—I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly 'threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so 'returned: if it be worth stooping for, [throwing it down] there it lies in your eye;[c] if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Viola, in amazement, takes up the ring:

Vio. I left 'no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my 'outside have not charmed her! . . .
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, as methought,[d] her 'eyes had lost her 'tongue,[e]
For she did speak in starts—distractedly.
She loves 'me, sure! the 'cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
"None of my 'lord's ring?" why, he 'sent her none.
'I am 'the 'man!—If it be so,—as 't is,—
Poor lady, she were better love a 'dream!
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness!
How will this 'fadge?[f] My 'master loves her dearly; . . .
And I, poor monster,[g] fond as much on 'him,
As[h] she, mistaken, seems to dote on 'me.
What will 'become of this? As I am 'man,
My state is desperate for my 'master's love;
As I am 'woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor 'Olivia breathe!
O Time, 'thou must untangle this, not 'I:
It is too 'hard a knot for 'me to untie. [Exit.

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[a] own; *i. e.*, we are not our own masters. [b] O. R. the. [c] view. [d] O. R. that methought. [e] taken away her power of speech. [f] suit, fit. [g] a creature of peculiar appearance: (a woman like a man.) [h] O. R. and.

The Scene changes to a Room in the Lady Olivia's house. The exhortations of Maria have had no effect on Sir Toby Belch; so that the Lady Olivia instructs her Steward, Malvolio, to speak more roundly to her bibacious uncle and his silly companion. The two Knights are again before us, noisily enjoying their carouse:

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: 'not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up 'betimes; and thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know 'not: but I know, to be up late 'is to be up late.

Sir To. A 'false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfilled can. To be up 'after midnight, and to go to bed 'then, is 'early: so that, to go to 'bed after midnight is to go to bed 'betimes. Does not our life[a] consist of the 'four elements?[b]

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but 'I think, it rather consists of . . . eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar: let 'us therefore eat 'and drink. —Maria, I say!—a stoop[c] of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i' faith. [The Clown enters.

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a song.[d] Shall we make the welkin 'dance indeed?[e] Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch,[f] that will draw 'three souls[g] out of one weaver?[h] shall we do 'that?

Sir And. An you 'love me, let 's do 't: I am 'dog at a catch, and let our catch be, *Hold thy peace, thou knave!* Begin, Fool!

Clo. I shall never 'begin, if I hold my 'peace.[i]

They all proceed to sing and shout most uproariously. In the midst of the noisy revelry, Maria enters:

Mar. What a caterwauling[j] do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out-of-doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a 'Cataian;[k] 'we are 'politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsey,[l] and *Three merry men be 'we.*[m] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally,[n] lady! [Sings.

"There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"[o]

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[a] O. R. liues. [b] these are earth, water, fire, and air. [c] a drinking-cup [d] O. R. catch [e] make the sky appear to be wheeling round. [f] a song in which the parts are caught up by different singers. [g] Weavers and spinners were often remarkable for their musical ability [h] Every man, it was believed, had three souls—the vegetative, the animal, and the rational. [i] In the old catch, not printed in the original, each of the singers has to call the other knave. The words, and the musical notes, are to be found in a book called "Deuteromelia," printed in 1609. [j] yelling like cats. [k] a vague term of reproach. [l] a sedate fool (an old song, so named, is found in Durfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy." [m] fragment of an old song in George Peele's "Old Wives Tale," 1595. [n] an old exclamation equivalent to "nonsense." [o] line from the old ballad of "Susanna," 1562.

Clo. Beshrew me,[a] the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be 'disposed, and so do 'I too: 'he does it with a better 'grace, but 'I do it more 'natural.

Sir To.

[Sings.] "O, the twelfth day of December,"—[b]

Malvolio enters in his night-gown and cap:

Mal. My masters, . . . are you 'mad? or 'what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at 'this time of night? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We 'did keep 'time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up![c]

Mal. Sir Toby, . . . I must be 'round[d] with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her 'kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your 'disorders. If you can separate 'yourself and your 'misdemeanours, you are 'welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very 'willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [Sings.] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.[e]

Sir, ye lie! Art any more than a 'steward? Dost thou think, because 'thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[f] Go, sir!—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, . . . if 'you prized my lady's favour at anything more than 'contempt, you would not give 'means for this uncivil rule:[g] 'she shall know of it, by this hand! [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.[h]

All join in loud laughter at Malvolio's gravity.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to 'drink when a man 's a-'hungry, to 'challenge him the field, and then to 'break promise with him,—and make a 'fool of him.

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[a] bad luck to me. [b] Instead of this line—seeing that some noisy, rollicking song is required—the Editor introduced the following dithyrambic:

"Which is the properest day to drink—
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Which is the properest day to drink—
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day to drink;
It never was meant for *one* day!"

[c] go, hang yourself! [d] outspoken. [e] from "Corydon's Farewell to Phillis" (see Percy's Reliques). [f] festive supplies for holidays and saints' days. [g] unmannerly behaviour. [h] like a stupid ass.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll 'write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of 'mouth.

But merry Maria proposes a better plan:

Mar. Sweet Sir 'Toby, be patient for to-night. For Monsieur Malvolio, let 'me alone with him: to gull him into a nay-word,[a] and make him a common recreation! I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of 'love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly 'personated: I can write very 'like my lady, your niece; on a 'forgotten matter we can hardly make 'distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! . . . I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in 'my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my 'niece, and that she 's in 'love with him?

Sir And. O! 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport 'royal, I warrant you. I will plant[b] you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall 'find the letter: observe his 'construction of it. For this night, to bed, and 'dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit Maria.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a 'good wench!

Sir To. She 's a beagle,[c] true-bred,—and one that adores 'me! what o' that?

Sir And. 'I was adored once too.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn[d] some sack; 't is too late to go to bed 'now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a Room in the Duke's palace. The Duke is present, his Page (Cesario) in attendance.

Duke. Come hither, boy: [to Vio.] If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember 'me;
For such as 'I am, 'all true lovers are.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, 'thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour[e] that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A 'little, by your favour.

Duke. What 'kind of woman is 't?

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[a] a by-word, a term of reproach. [b] station, appoint a place for. [c] a small hound (for hunting hares). [d] warm or mull. [e] countenance.

Vio. . . . Of 'your complexion.
Duke. She is not 'worth thee, then.—What 'years, i' faith?
Vio. About 'your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, too old!
Still, let thy love be 'younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;[a]
For women are as 'roses,—whose fair flower,
Being once 'displayed, doth 'fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: 'alas, that they are so,—
To 'die, even when they to 'perfection grow!
Duke. Once more, Cesario,[b]
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my 'love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty 'lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as 'giddily[c] as Fortune;
But 't is that miracle, and queen of gems,[d]
That 'nature pranks[e] her in, attracts 'my soul.
Vio. But if she 'cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I' cannot be 'so answered.
Vio. 'Sooth, but you 'must.
Say, that some 'lady,—as, perhaps, there is,—
Hath for 'your love as great a pang of heart
As 'you have for 'Olivia: you 'cannot love her;
You tell her so; must 'she not, then, be answered?
Duke. There is no 'woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give 'my heart. Make no compare[g]
Between 'that love a woman can bear 'me,
And 'that I owe 'Olivia!
Vio. Ay, but I know. . .
Duke. 'What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well 'what love women to men may owe:
In faith, 'they are as true of heart as 'we. . . .
My father had a daughter 'loved a man,—
As it might be, perhaps, (were I a woman,)
'I should your 'lordship.
Duke. And what 's 'her history?
Vio. . . . A blank, my lord. She never 'told her love,
But let 'Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in 'thought;
And, with a green-and-yellow melancholy,

[a] cannot retain its inclination [b] three inserted words. [c] heedlessly.
[d] her beauty. [e] adorns her with. [f] O. R. it. [g] comparison

She sat—like Patience, on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love 'indeed?
We men may 'say more, 'swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than 'will; for still we prove
Much in our 'vows, but little in our 'love.

Duke. But 'died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. 'I am all the 'daughters of my father's house,
And all the 'brothers too;—and yet . . . I know not.—
Sir, 'shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, 'that 's the theme.
To her in 'haste! give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[a] [Exeunt.

In following thus far the fortunes of the ship-wrecked Viola, we must now revert to the story of her twin-brother Sebastian. He, also saved, has found an asylum in the same city where his sister lives; and where, from their close resemblance, (she, will be remembered, wearing, as a Page, his very garments,) strange mischances occur, which are ultimately to benefit both. Believing his sister to be drowned, the unhappy brother also determines to seek his fortunes at the Court of the Duke Orsino. But, while loitering in the city, he has also found a friend—in Antonio, another sea-captain, who freely gives his purse to the young stranger, telling him that he would wait at the Inn, while Sebastian goes to visit the town alone; for Antonio fears to accompany him, because his life is in danger; as, in a recent sea-fight, he had wounded a nephew of the powerful Duke Orsino.

In the morning, we take our place with Maria, Fabian, and the mirth expectant knights, in the Lady Olivia's garden. Maria says:

Mar. Get ye all three into the summer-house:[b] Malvolio 's 'coming, down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know this letter will make a contemplative 'idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thou there [throws down a letter]; for here comes the 'trout, that must be caught with 'tickling.[c] [Exit.

Malvolio slowly paces along:

Mal. 'T is but 'fortune; 'all is fortune! Maria once 'told me she did affect[d] 'me: and I have heard herself come thus near—that, 'should she fancy, it should be one of 'my complexion. Besides, she uses 'me, with a more

---

[a] denial. [b] O. R. box-tree. [c] the trout, it is said, loves to be tickled, and is then easily taken. [d] she had a liking for me.

exalted respect than any one 'else that follows her. What should I think on 't?—

Sir Toby and his companions listen attentively, and make frequent remarks on what they hear, while Malvolio expands his progressive imaginations:

(*Sir To.* Here 's an overweening rogue!)

(*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare 'turkey-cock of him.)

Mal. To be 'Count Malvolio!—

(*Fab.* O, peace! now he 's 'deeply in; look, how imagination blows him![a]—)

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my chair of state,[b]—

(*Sir To.* O, for a stone bow,[c] to hit him in the eye!—)

Mal. 'Calling my officers about me, in my branched[d] velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,[e] where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

(*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!)

Mal. And then, after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know 'my place, as I would 'they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby—

(*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!)

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make-out for him. 'I frown the while; and, perchance, wind-up my watch,[f] or play with some[g] rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to 'me—

(*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?)

Mal. I extend my hand to him, thus; . . . quenching my familiar 'smile with an austere regard[h] of 'control,—

(*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?)

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this 'prerogative of speech,—you must amend your drunkenness:—besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

(*Sir And.* That 's 'me, I warrant you.)

Mal. "One Sir Andrew,"—

Sir And. I 'knew 't was I; for many 'do call me fool.)

Mal. [Taking up the letter.] Ha! What employment[i] have we here? By

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[a] puffs him up. [b] O. R. in my state. [c] a bow for shooting stones.
[d] ornamented with patterns of leaves and flowers. [e] couch, sofa. [f] watches, in those days, were cumbrous and expensive. [g] O. R. with my some rich jewell.
[h] look. [i] for implement (or What 's going on here?)

my life, this is my 'lady's hand! [Reads.] "*To the unknown beloved,—this, and my good wishes:*" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.— [Opens the letter.

[Reads.] *Jove knows I love;*
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know.

"No man must know!"—If this should be 'thee, Malvolio?

[Reads.] *I may 'command, where I 'adore;*
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,[a]
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—

"I may 'command, where I adore." Why, she may command 'me: I serve her; she is my 'lady. Why, this is evident to any formal[b] capacity. There is no obstruction in 'this:—and the 'end,—what should that 'alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in 'me,—*M, O, A, I?*—*M*,—Malvolio:—*M*,—why, that 'begins my name,—but there is no consonancy in the 'sequel;[c] 'that suffers under probation:[d] *A* 'should follow, but *O* does.—

(*Fab.* And "Oh!" shall end, I hope.)

Mal. M, O, A, I?—Every one of these letters is 'in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[Reads.] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars,*[e] *I am above thee; but be not 'afraid of greatness: some are 'born great,—some 'achieve greatness,—and some have greatness 'thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough,*[g] *and appear fresh. Be opposite*[h] *with a 'kinsman, 'surly with 'servants: 'She thus 'advises thee, . . . that 'sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy 'yellow stockings,*[i] *and wished to see thee 'ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,*[j] *if thou 'desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still—the fellow of servants, and not worthy*

[a] an allusion to the story of Tarquin and Lucrecia. [b] in good form, reasonable [c] no agreement with what follows. [d] examination. [e] planetary influences (fortunes) [f] O. R. become. [g] livery, appearance (as the serpent casts off its (slough) old skin). [h] contradictory, of an opposite opinion. [i] yellow stockings were then fashionable with young men; they still are worn by the Blue-coat boys of Christ's Hospital, London. [j] thou art a made man: (thy fortune is made.)

to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain[a] discover not more! this is open! I 'will be proud! I will read 'politic authors! I will baffle Sir Toby! I will wash off 'gross acquaintance! I will be, point-de-vice,[b] the very man! I do not 'now fool myself, to let 'imagination jade[c] me; for every 'reason excites to this,—that my lady 'loves me! She 'did commend my yellow stockings of late; she 'did praise my leg being cross-gartered: Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a 'postscript. [Reads.] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy 'smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore, in 'my presence, still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—
Jove, I thank thee!—I 'will smile; I will do 'everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

The listeners merrily advance, and burst into a general laugh:

Sir To. I could 'marry this wench for this device,—and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest!

Fab. Here 'comes my noble gull-catcher.

Maria runs in.

Mar. If you will see the 'fruits of the sport, mark his 'first approach before my lady: he will come to her in 'yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she 'abhors; and 'cross-gartered, a fashion she 'detests; and he will 'smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to 'her disposition,—being addicted to a 'melancholy as she is,—that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar,[d] thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. Ha! ha! ha! [Exeunt.

The handsome Page—the lady Viola—now, on the Duke's behalf, makes a 'second visit to the Lady Olivia, and finds no difficulty in gaining admission. Seeing him approach through the garden, she hastens to meet him there.

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[a] an open country prospect. [b] to the utmost nicety. [c] urge.
[d] Tartarus, the fabled abode of the wicked in hell.

Vio. Most excellent-accomplished lady, the heavens rain 'odours on you!
Oli. Give me your hand, sir. What is your 'name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. 'My servant, sir? 'T was never 'merry world
Since lowly 'feigning was called 'compliment.—
You 're servant to the Count 'Orsino, youth?
Vio. And he is 'yours, and 'his must 'needs be yours:
Your 'servant's servant is 'your servant, madam.
Oli. . . . For 'him, I think not on him: for his 'thoughts,
Would they were 'blanks, rather than filled with 'me!
Vio. Madam, I come to 'whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of 'him:
But, . . . would you undertake 'another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit 'that,
Than music from the spheres! . . . I did send,
After the 'last enchantment you did here,[a]
A 'ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
'Myself, my 'servant, and, I fear me, 'you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,[b]
To 'force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew 'none of yours. To one of your receiving[c]
Enough is 'shown; a cypress,[d] not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So, let me hear 'you speak.
Vio. . . . I pity you!
Oli. That 's a 'degree to 'love!
Vio. No, not a 'step;[e] for 't is a vulgar proof,[f]
That very oft we pity 'enemies.
Oli. Why then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the 'poor are to be 'proud!
If one 'must be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the 'lion than the 'wolf! [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the 'waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth; . . . I will not have you; . . .
And yet, when wit and youth are come to 'harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a 'proper man: . . .
'There lies your way,—due 'West.
Vio. Then Westward-ho![g]

[a] O. R. heare. [b] remain. [c] capacity, understanding. [d] a tree growing over a grave.
[e] O. R grise. [f] an every-day observation.
[g] a cry of boatmen on the Thames when looking for passengers.

Grace, and good disposition, tend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing,[a] madam, to my 'lord by me?
Oli. Stay! . . . Pr'ythee, tell me—what thou 'think'st of me?
Vio. That you do think, you 'are not what you are.
Oli. 'If I think so, I think the same of 'you.
Vio. Then think you 'right: . . . I 'am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would 'have you be!
Vio. Would it be 'better, madam, than I 'am,
I wish it 'might; for 'now I am . . . your Fool!
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! . . .
Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I 'love thee so, that, maugre[b] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion 'hide.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
'I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—
And that no 'woman has; nor never none
Shall 'mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam:—never more
Will I my 'master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come 'again! for 'thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now 'abhors, to 'like, his love. [Exeunt.

No sooner has Viola left the Lady Olivia, than a new difficulty arises. Sir Andrew becomes jealous of the young Page, and complains to his associates, Sir Toby and Fabian:

Sir And. No, 'faith! I 'll not stay a 'jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom? give thy 'reason.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's 'serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon 'me; I 'saw 't, i' the orchard.
Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of 'valour. 'Challenge me the Count's youth, to 'fight with him; 'hurt him, in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report[c] of 'valour.
Sir And. Will either of you bear me a 'challenge to him?
Sir To. Go, write it in a 'martial[d] hand; be curst,[e] and brief; it is no matter how 'witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of 'ink;

[a] say or send nothing. [b] (*malgré*) in spite of. [c] reputation.
[d] bold, like a soldier. [e] crabbed, snappish.

if thou "Thou'st"[a] him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper—although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[b] in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be 'gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a 'goose-pen, no matter: about it!

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at thy *cubiculo*.[c] Go. [Exit Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew goes away to write his challenge, as Maria enters, full of mirth and mischief.

Mar. If you desire the spleen,[d] and will laugh yourselves into stitches,[e] follow me. Yond' gull[f] Malvolio is turned 'heathen, a very renegado;[g] for there is no 'Christian, (that means to be saved by believing 'rightly,) can ever believe such 'impossible passages of grossness.[h] He 's in yellow stockings!

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously! He does obey every 'point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. You have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear 'hurling things at him. I know, my lady will 'strike him: if she do, he 'll 'smile, and take 't for a great 'favour!

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

The unhappy Lady Olivia is still impatiently lingering in the garden, anxiously waiting the return of the handsome Page:

Oli. I have sent after him: If he says he 'll[i] come,
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is 'bought, more oft than begged or borrowed.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Go 'call him hither.

Maria returns—with Malvolio, cross-gartered, and fantastically bowing and smiling.

. . . How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady! Ho! ho! [He smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a 'sad occasion.

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[a] insert the familiar *thou* and *thee* (tutoyer). [b] The great bed of Ware, a market town in Hertfordshire, was twelve feet square, and able to accommodate forty sleepers. bed-chamber. [d] a convulsion of laughter. [e] side stitches (pains).
[f] a deceived person, a simpleton. [g] an apostate (O. R. renegatho).
[h] gross imposition. [i] O. R. he sayes hee'l come.

Mal. Sad, lady! I 'could be sad. This 'does make some 'obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;[a] but what of that? If it please the eye of 'One, it is with 'me as the very true sonnet is, "Please 'one, and please 'all."[b]

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not 'black in my 'mind, though 'yellow in my 'legs.... It 'did come to his hands, and commands 'shall be executed: I think we do 'know the sweet Roman hand!

Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so? and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria speaks consolingly to him:

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At 'your request? Yes! 'nightingales answer 'daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'t was well writ! "Some are 'born great,—some 'achieve greatness,—and some have greatness 'thrust upon them. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,—and wished to 'see thee cross-gartered. Go to, thou art 'made, if thou desirest to be so: If not, let me see thee a servant 'still."

Oli. Why, this is very 'midsummer[c] 'madness! [Fabian enters.

Fab. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could 'hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I 'll 'come to him. [Exit Fabian.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people[d] have a 'special care of him. [Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now?[e] no worse man than Sir 'Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear 'stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. I have 'limed[f] her! And when she went away now, "Let this 'fellow[g] be looked to:" "Fellow!"[h] not 'Malvolio, nor after my 'degree, but "Fellow!"

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[a] The fops, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, wore bright-coloured garters, fastened tightly around the knees. [b] the burden of an old ballad (1592) [c] hot weather often causes temporary insanity [d] servants. [e] *i. e.*, do you understand me now? [f] caught her as with bird-lime. [g] Fellow has two meanings—a low common person—and a member of some distinguished association (a fellow of College, an F. R. S., &c.) [h] associate, companion.

Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and 'He is to be thanked.

Fabian returns, with Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off! I discard you! let me enjoy my private;[a] go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him!—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a 'care of him.

Sir To. Go to, go to! Peace! peace! we must deal 'gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! 'defy the Devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. . . . Do you know what you say?

Mar. Look you,[b] an you speak 'ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray heaven, he be not bewitched! Get him to say his 'prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx![c]

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of 'godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle 'shallow things: 'I am not of 'your element:[d] you shall know more hereafter! Begone![e] [Exit.

The foppish Fabian simpers-out his sentiments:

Fab. If this were played upon a 'stage now, I could condemn it, as an 'improbable 'fiction.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room,[f] and bound. My 'niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus,[g] for 'our 'pleasure and 'his 'penance,—till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his letter to the Page, enters:

Sir And. 'Here 's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not*[h] *in thy mind, 'why I do call thee so; for I will show thee 'no reason for 't. Thou comest to the Lady Olivia; and, in my 'sight, she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is 'not the matter I challenge thee for.*

[a] privacy. [b] O. R. La you. [c] a pert or saucy girl. [d] nature, disposition. [e] inserted word. [f] lunatics were formerly confined in dark rooms, and the mad-house was popularly called the dark-house. [g] succeed in this way. [h] consider not with surprise.

I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well; and Heaven have mercy upon 'one of our souls! He 'may have mercy upon 'mine, but my hope is better; and so look to 'thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him; and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

If this 'letter move him not, his 'legs cannot: I' ll give 't him. Go, Sir Andrew. So soon as ever thou seest him, 'draw! and, 'as thou drawest, 'swear horrible! for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off,[a] gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will 'not I deliver his 'letter: But, I will deliver his challenge by word of 'mouth; set upon 'Ague-cheek a notable report of 'valour; and drive the 'gentleman into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them 'both, that they will kill one another by the 'look, like cockatrices.[b]

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently 'after him!.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid 'message for a challenge. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria withdraw, as the Lady Olivia enters—still making love-speeches to the handsome Page:

Oli. I have said too 'much unto a heart of 'stone.
Here, wear this locket[c] for me,—'t is my picture.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour, saved, may upon asking 'give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my 'master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to 'you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again 'to-morrow: fare thee well. [Exit Olivia.

Sir Toby Belch and Fabian re-enter to accost the Page.

Sir To. Gentleman, heaven save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

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[a] spoken vehemently. [b] The cockatrice, or basilisk, was an imaginary kind of serpent, which had the power to kill by its very look. [c] O. E. jewel.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,[a] be yare[b] in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free, and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. . . . I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked[c] rapier, and on carpet[d] consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none—but by pangs of death, and sepulchre! "Hob-nob,"[e] is his word: give 't, or take 't.

Vio. . . . I will return into the house, and desire some conduct[f] of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Sir, back you shall not, unless you undertake that with me, which, with as much safety, you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked!

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me such courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

Viola timidly asks of Fabian:

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. . . . I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part

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[a] rapier (bare thy sword.) [b] quick, nimble. [c] unused (O. R. unhatche'). [d] a carpet Knight was one not dubbed for soldierly service, but as a courtly compliment and by court favour. [e] take or not take ("hit or miss"). [f] escort.

of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your 'peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with Sir 'Priest,[a] than Sir Knight: I care not 'who knows so much of 'my mettle. [Exeunt.

As Viola and Fabian go away, Sir Toby re-enters, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very 'devil; I have not seen such a firago.[b] I had a pass[c] with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in[d] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer,[e] he 'pays[f] you, as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on.

Sir And. Plague on 't! I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be 'pacified: Fabian can scarce 'hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't! an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him 'hanged ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, . . . and I 'll give him my gray horse, Capulet.

Sir To. I 'll make the 'motion![g] Stand here, make a good 'show on 't:—This shall end 'without the perdition of souls.—[Aside.] Marry, 'I 'll ride your horse, as well as I ride 'you. [Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[Sir To. whispering to Fabian.] I have his horse to take-'up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth 's a 'devil!

Fab. [Whispering to Sir Toby.] He is as horribly conceited of 'him; and pants and looks pale, as if a 'bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Viola.] There 's 'no remedy, sir: he will 'fight with you for 'oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his 'quarrel, and he finds 'that, now, scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his 'vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside.] Pray Heaven defend me!

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his 'honour's sake, have 'one bout with you; he cannot, by the duello,[h] avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and soldier, he will not 'hurt you. Come on; to 't!

---

[a] "Sir" is a title formerly given in Cambridge and Dublin Universities to those priests who had taken a bachelor's degree. [b] a corruption of virago (a female blusterer). [c] a brief fencing-match. [d] thrust (a corruption of *stoccata*, a term in fencing). [e] attack in reply. [f] repays (hits) you. [g] attempt, proposal. [h] the laws of a duel.

Sir And. Pray Heaven, he 'keep his oath. [Draws
Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my 'will. [Draws.

The "fiery" combatants are both very unwilling to "come to the scratch," but they are pushed on by their backers to draw their swords; when the gallant sea-captain, Antonio, heaves in sight, and, mistaking Viola for her twin-brother Sebastian, proceeds to act a friendly part towards the frightened youth:

Ant. Put-'up your sword!—If this young 'gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend 'him, 'I, 'for him, 'defy you! [Drawing.

Sir Andrew, not liking the burly proportions of this new antagonist, sneaks off, and hides himself among the bushes: but Sir Toby stands his ground:

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are 'you?
Ant. One, sir, that, for 'his love, dares yet do 'more
Than you have heard him 'brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an 'undertaker,[a] I am for you.
Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the Officers.

Two Officers enter.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee, at the suit
Of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do 'mistake me, sir.
1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour[b] well,
Though now you have no 'sea-cap[c] on your head.—
Take him away: he 'knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey.—[To Viola.] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy. Now 'my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? You stand amazed;
I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. 'What money, sir?—
For the fair kindness you have showed me 'here,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll 'lend you something. My having[d] is not much.
Ant. Will you 'deny me now?
Is 't possible, that my deserts[e] to you
Can lack 'persuasion? Do not 'tempt my misery;
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to 'upbraid you, with those kindnesses
That 'I have done for 'you.

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[a] one who undertakes, or interferes with, other people's quarrels. [b] appearance.
[c] a sailor's cap was usually made of oil-skin lined with fur.
[d] my possession, what I have. [e] claims justly due, deservings.

Vio. . . . I know of none;
Nor know I 'you, by voice, or any feature.

The Officer advances:

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a 'little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one-half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with all sanctity of love,—
But, O, how 'vile[a] an idol proves this 'god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done 'good feature[b] shame.
In nature, there 's no blemish but the 'mind;
None can be called 'deformed, 'but the 'unkind!

[The Officers lead off Antonio.

The disguised Lady Viola is left to meditate on the strange perplexities that surround her.

Vio. He named 'Sebastian: I my 'brother know
Yet living, in my 'glass; even such, and so,
In 'favour was my brother; and 'he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For 'him I imitate. O, if 'true[c] it prove,
Tempests are 'kind, and salt waves fresh, in love! [Exit.

Sir Toby, seeing the youth steal away so gently, says to his friends:

Sir To. Ah! A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His 'dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and 'denying him; and for his 'cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most 'devout coward, religious in it.

This report inspires Sir Andrew with new courage.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; 'cuff him soundly, but never draw thy 'sword.
Sir And. An I do 'not,— [Exit.
Fab. Come, let 's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be 'nothing yet. [Exeunt.

Viola, fearing a second invitation to fight, hastens home. Meantime, her brother Sebastian is returning to his friend Antonio; when he is mistaken for the page Cesario, and valorously assaulted by the doughty Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Now, sir! have I met you again? 'there 's for you! [Striking Sebastian.
Seb. Why, there 's for 'thee! and there! and there!
Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.

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[a] O. R. vilde. [b] a pleasing exterior. [c] inserted word.

Sebastian proves himself no coward, for he valiantly beats Sir Andrew, when Sir Toby and Fabian interpose:

Sir To. Hold, sir, or 'I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house. Come on, sir! hold! [Seizing Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I 'll go 'another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him.

Seb. Let go thy hand!

Sir To. Come, sir, I will 'not let you go.

Seb. I 'will be free from thee. [Disengages himself.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert[a] blood from you. [Both draw their swords.

The Lady Olivia, hearing the affray, comes out of the house to stop the combatants, and she too mistakes Sebastian for the page Cesario

Oli. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!—
Will it be 'ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—Rudesby[b], be gone!

The crest-fallen Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian slink away.

[To Seb.] I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair 'wisdom, not thy passion, sway,
In this uncivil and unjust extent[c]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how 'many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched-up;[d] that thou thereby
May'st smile at 'this. Thou shalt not 'choose but go.

Seb. . . . What 'relish[e] is in this? 'how runs the stream?
Or I am 'mad, or else this is a 'dream!
Let fancy 'still my sense in Lethe[f] steep;
If it be 'thus to dream, 'still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay; come, I pr'ythee. 'Would thou 'dst be ruled by 'me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! 'say so, and so 'be. [Exeunt.

While these events have been in progress, poor Malvolio, treated as a lunatic, remains in semi-confinement; and the merry Maria, aided by the jolly Sir Toby, easily persuades the Clown to visit him, in the disguise of the parish Curate.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard:

[a] disrespectful, saucy. [b] rude fellow. [c] extension of power. [d] clumsily made up.
[e] peculiar pleasure (flavour). [f] the river of forgetfulness in Hell.

make him believe thou art Sir Topas the Curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [Exit.

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble[a] myself in 't: and I would I were the 'first that ever dissembled in 'such a gown. [Putting it on] I am not fat[b] enough to become the function well; nor 'lean enough to be thought a good 'student.

When the Clown has put on his clerical disguise, Sir Toby and Maria enter.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*,[c] Sir Toby.

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

The Clown approaches the crib in which Malvolio is lying:

Clo. What, ho, I say!—peace in this prison!

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas! Sir Topas! good Sir Topas! go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! Talkest thou nothing but of 'ladies?

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here, in hideous darkness.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is 'no darkness but 'ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their 'fog.

Mal. [Within.] I say, this 'house is as dark as ignorance. I am no more mad than 'you are: make the 'trial of it, in any constant question.[d]

Clo. . . . What is the opinion of 'Pythagoras,[e] concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. [Within.] That the soul of our 'grandam might haply[f] inhabit a 'bird.

Clo. What thinkest 'thou of his opinion?

Mal. [Within.] I think 'nobly of the 'soul, and no way 'approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou 'still in darkness. Thou 'shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow

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[a] disguise. [b] O. R. tall. [c] good day. [d] sustained argument.
[e] a celebrated Greek philosopher (B. C. 570) who taught the belief in transmigration of souls. [f] O. R. happily.

of thy 'wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[a] lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir Toby and Maria go off to find the Lady Olivia. The Clown at once casts off the Curate's gown and beard, and begins to sing in his own voice:

Clo. [Sing.] Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.[b]

Malvolio at once recognizes the voice of his fellow-servitor, and shouts to him:

Mal. [Within.] Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!—

Clo. Who calls, ha?

Mal. [Within.] Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at 'my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio? Alas, sir! how fell you beside your five wits?[c]

Mal. [Within.] Fool, there was 'never 'man so 'notoriously 'abused: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as 'thou art.

Clo. But[d] 'as well? then you are mad 'indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a 'Fool.

Mal. I tell thee, I am as 'well in my wits as any man in Illyria. By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee, more than 'ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I 'will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad 'indeed? or do you but 'counterfeit?

Mal. 'Believe me, I am not; I tell thee 'true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a 'madman, till I see his 'brains.—I 'will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I 'pr'ythee, be gone!

The good-natured Clown, leaving poor Malvolio in the crib, sings his good-bye:

Clo. "I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again." [Exit.

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[a] a proverbially foolish bird. [b] The original song is reprinted at full in Bishop Percy's "Reliques." [c] The five wits were analogous to the five senses. [d] only.

The Scene now returns to Olivia's garden; where we overhear Viola's brother, Sebastian, ruminating on his unexpected change of fortune, yet doubtful of everything.

Seb. This is the 'air? that is the glorious 'sun?
This pearl she 'gave me?—I do 'feel 't, and 'see 't;
And though 't is 'wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not 'madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the "Elephant;"
Yet there he 'was, and there I found this credited,[a]—
That he did range the town to seek 'me out.
His counsel 'now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my 'sense
That this may be some 'error, (but no 'madness,)
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance,[b] all discourse,[c]
That I am ready to distrust mine 'eyes,
And wrangle with my 'reason, that persuades me
To any other trust,[d] but that I 'm 'mad,—
Or else the 'lady 's mad! There 's something in 't,
That is 'deceivable![e] But here the lady 'comes.

The Lady Olivia and a Priest enter.

Oli. 'Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
'Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the Chantry[f] by; there, before 'him,
'Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall 'conceal it,
Till[g] you are willing it shall come to note.[h]
Seb. I 'll 'follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having 'sworn truth,[i] ever 'will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good Father; [exit Friar] and heavens so shine,
That they may 'fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

The Lady Olivia is delighted that she has at last secured Cesario as her husband; and Sebastian prudently makes no objection to a beautiful wife, a large estate, and a luxurious household. After the ceremony, the happy bridegroom goes in search of his sea-friend Antonio, to inform him of his good fortune.

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[a] believed (O. R. credite). [b] example. [c] argument. [d] belief.
[e] deceptive, able to deceive. [f] chapel for singing masses. [g] O. R. whiles.
[h] notice (publicity). [i] fidelity.

Wearied with repeated and defeated importunities, the Duke himself, attended by his Page, now comes to visit the Lady Olivia; but, just as he arrives, the officers of Justice bring before him their prisoner, the sea-captain Antonio, charged with robbery, piracy, and street-brawling. Antonio vindicates his character as that of the Duke's enemy, engaged in acts of war; then, mistaking the Page Viola for her brother Sebastian, makes a series of charges against him in addressing the Duke:

Ant. A 'witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck[a] past hope he was:
His life I gave him; and also[b] for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning
Taught him to face[c] me out of his acquaintance;
Nay, more; ungratefully[d] denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended[e] to his use,
Not half-an-hour before.

Duke. When 'came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before—
No interim, not a 'minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the 'Countess: now 'heaven walks on 'earth!—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended[f] upon 'me.

The new bride, the Lady Olivia, uneasy at her husband's absence, now enters; and, looking reprovingly on Cesario (whom she mistakes for Sebastian,) addresses the Duke:

Oli. What would my lord,—but[g] 'that he may not have,—
Wherein 'Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. [To Viola.

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

The amorous Duke would gladly renew his suit, but she turns from her lover to chide her husband:

Oli. What do you 'say, Cesario?—

Vio. My 'lord would speak; my duty hushes 'me.

Oli. [To the Duke.] If it be aught to the 'old tune, my lord,
It is as flat[h] and fulsome to mine ear
As 'howling, after 'music.

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[a] O. R. wrack. [b] inserted word. [c] to deny impudently, (as not knowing me). [d] three interpolated words. [e] entrusted. [f] attended. [g] except. [h] O. R. fat.

Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so 'constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? Then, what shall I 'do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord,—that shall 'become him.
Duke. Why 'should I not, (had I the heart to do it,)
'Kill what I love? a 'savage jealousy,
That sometime savours 'nobly.[a]—But hear me this:—
Live 'you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still!
But this your 'minion,—whom, I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, 'I tender[b] dearly,—
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned—ay,[c] in his master's spite!
Come, boy, with 'me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief!
I 'll sacrifice the 'lamb that I do love,
To spite a 'raven's heart within a 'dove! [Going.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest,[d] a 'thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Olivia, terrified so to lose her husband, calls:

Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. 'After him I love,
More than I love these 'eyes, more than my 'life,
More, by 'all mores, than e'er I shall love 'wife.
Oli. Hast thou 'forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy Father! [Exit attendant.]—Cesario! husband! stay.

The astonished Duke exclaims:

Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her 'husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy 'fear,
That makes thee strangle thy 'propriety.[e]

The Attendant returns with the Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold at once[f] what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder[g] of your hands,
Sealed in 'my function, by my testimony.

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[a] possesses a noble quality. [b] value, esteem. [c] inserted word.
[d] to give you peace. [e] destroy (deny) thy identity. [f] two interpolated words.
[g] joining.

The Duke, now convinced of his Page's perfidy, exclaims:

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle[a] on thy face?[b]
Farewell, and take her! but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I, henceforth, may never meet!
Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oli. O, do not 'swear!
Hold little 'faith, though thou hast too much 'fear.

An immediate explanation is interrupted by the entrance of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head bleeding,—loudly complaining of the chastisement inflicted on him by Sebastian:

Sir And. Oo! oo! For the love of heaven, a 'surgeon! send one presently to Sir 'Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has[c] broke 'my head across, and has given Sir 'Toby a bloody coxcomb[d] too. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. 'Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The Duke's[e] gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a 'coward,—but he 's the very 'devil incardinate.[f] [Seeing Viola.] Od 's lifelings! here he is.—Y-y-you broke my head for 'nothing! and 'that that 'I did, I was set-on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Viola in astonishment asks:

Vio. Why do you speak to 'me? I 'never hurt you.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you 'have hurt me. Here comes Sir Toby, halting,[g]—you shall hear more!

Sir Toby Belch, very drunk, is led in by the Clown.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with 'you?
Sir To. That 's all one:[h] 'he [pointing to Viola] has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he 's 'drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.[i]
Sir To. Then he 's a 'rogue! I hate a 'drunken rogue.
Sir And. 'I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed[j] together.
Sir To. Will 'you help—an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed!—and let his hurt be looked to.

---

[a] grayness. [b] O. R. case. [c] O. R. It 'as. [d] crown of the head, pate. [e] O. R. the count's. [f] for incarnate. [g] walking unsteadily (drunk). [h] that is of no consequence. [i] ago, past. [j] attended by the surgeon.

As the Clown is leading-out Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, Sebastian hastily enters:

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the 'brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety. . . .
Pardon me, sweet one, 'even for[a] the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

The Duke, Antonio, and the Lady Olivia, all gaze in astonishment—at Sebastian, and the Page.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit,—and two persons!
Ant. Which is Sebastian?

Sebastian in astonishment exclaims:

Seb. Do 'I stand 'there? I never had a 'brother:
I had a 'sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, [to Viola] what kin are you to 'me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: 'Sebastian was my father;
'Such a Sebastian was my 'brother too.
So went 'he suited,[b] to his watery tomb.
Seb. Were you a 'woman, as the 'rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—"'Thrice welcome, drownéd 'Viola!"
Vio. If nothing lets[c] to make us happy both,
But this my 'masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,[d]
That I 'am Viola! your sister Viola![e] [They embrace.

The Duke joyously says:

Duke. If 'this be so,—as yet the glass seems true,—
'I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, [to Viola] thou hast said to me, a thousand times,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to 'me?
Vio. And all those sayings will I 'over-swear,
And all those swearings 'keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbéd continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
O let me see thee in thy 'woman's weeds.
Vio. The Captain, that did bring me first on shore,

[a] for the sake of the vows. [b] in similar garments. [c] prevents.
[d] coincide exactly. [e] three inserted words.

Hath my 'maid's garments: he, upon some action[a]
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,—
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall 'enlarge[b] him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

The Clown, with a letter, re-enters, followed by Fabian:

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub[c] at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you.

Oli. Open it. Read it 'you, Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the right, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have 'I the benefit of my senses as well as your 'ladyship. I have your own letter, that 'induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do 'myself much right, or 'you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my 'duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my 'injury.*

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Every difficulty is smoothed away—Malvolio is set at liberty, and his scowling face now darkens the door.

Oli. How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you 've done me wrong—
'Notorious wrong! Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now 'deny it is your hand:
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
'Why you have given me such clear lights of favour?
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered, to you?
To put-on yellow stockings? and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter[d] people?
And,—acting this in an obedient hope,—
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned?
Kept in a dark house? visited by the Priest?
And made the most notorious geck[e] and gull
That e'er invention played on? 'Tell me 'why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not 'my writing,
But, out of question, 't is 'Maria's hand.

---

[a] legal process. [b] set him at liberty. [c] the Prince of Demons, Satan. [d] lower, inferior. [e] fool, dupe.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad!

The tricky plot is explained by Fabian, who respectfully advances:

Fab. Good madam, I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ[a]
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:[b]
In recompense whereof, he now[c] hath 'married her.
Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled[d] thee!

The Clown comes forward, quoting the crest-fallen Steward's overheard soliloquy:

Clo. Why, "Some are 'born great, some 'achieve greatness, and some have greatness 'thrown upon them." 'I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one.—But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:"—and thus the whirligig of Time brings-in his revenges.
Mal. I 'll 'be revenged on the whole 'pack of you. [Exit.

Olivia says to the Duke:

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a 'peace.
He hath not told us of the 'Captain yet:
When 'that is known, and golden time convents,[e]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a 'man;
But when in 'other habits you are seen,
Orsino's 'mistress, and his fancy's 'queen. [Exeunt.

END OF TWELFTH-NIGHT.

---

[a] wrote. [b] importunity. [c] inserted word. [d] deceived. [e] is convenient.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The story of this Comedy is found in an Italian tale, by Giraldi Cinthio:[a] but it was directly taken from George Whetstone's plays of "Promos and Cassandra," which were printed in 1578, but not acted.[b] The first publication of Shakespeare's Comedy was not made till in the folio edition of 1623; but there is evidence that it was performed at Court by the "King's players," (to which company Shakespeare belonged,) in 1604.[c]

Coleridge says: "This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful part of his genuine works. Yet, in a great many passages, the poetry is exquisite; while the pure religion of the heroine flows on with a strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm.

The play affords a lesson to legislators and executive Governors; showing that laws which cannot be enforced, should not remain a dead-letter on the Statute-book, but should be expunged: and that existing laws should be applied consistently, without fear or favour, and not in fitful alternations of misleading neglect and unwonted severity.

The Comedy exhibits hypocrisy, injustice, and crime in high places; but, although the culprit is eventually put to shame, yet his wrong-doing is not balanced, as we might expect, in the retributive justice of "Measure for Measure."

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*[d]
ANGELO, *Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *joined with Angelo in the Government.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic fop.*
FATHER THOMAS, } *Friars.*
FATHER PETER, }
THE PROVOST OF THE PRISON.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a Prisoner.*
ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
Lords, Officers, Citizens, and Attendants.

The Scene is at Vienna, or in its immediate neighbourhood.

[a] See the Fifth Novel of the Eighth Decade of Giraldi Cinthio's "Hecatommithi, or Hundred Novels."

[b] Whetstone first expanded the original story into two plays, printed in 1578, as the "Right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra," but they were never performed. Four years later, he re-cast the story into a prose novel, printed in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses," (1582,) stating that "this Historie, for rarenes thereof, is lively set out in a Comedie by the Reporter of the whole worke, but yet never presented upon stage."

[c] The office books of the "Masters and Yeomen of the Revels" (preserved in the Audit Office, London,)—fixing the date of the Court-performance of several of Shakespeare's plays,—show that "Measure for Measure" was presented before James I. in 1604, by the King's players."—The duties of the "Master of the Revels" were, to preside over the amusements of the Court, and to keep in order the dresses, masks, and decorations. The office was of considerable importance during the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth—but it was abolished in the reign of George III.

[d] Vienna—the capital of the Austrian empire, on the river Danube.

Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, hearing rumours of the misgovernment of his subjects, determines to withdraw for a time from his judicial duties, that he may, by personal observation, become acquainted with the actual administration of the laws. He purposes to appoint two deputies—Lords Angelo and Escalus,—without informing them of his motives.

Before us is a Room in the Duke's Palace. The Duke, Escalus, and Attendants, are present.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord?

Duke. Of 'government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to 'affect[a] speech and discourse;
Since I am 'put to know[b] that your 'own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[c] of all 'advice
'My strength[d] can give you. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.[e]—Call Angelo.— [Giving warrant. [Exit Attendant.
What figure of us, think you, [to Lord] will he bear?
For you must know, we have, with special soul,[f]
Elected 'him our absence to supply;
Lent him our 'terror, dressed him with our 'love,
And given his deputation 'all the organs
Of our 'own power: what think you of it? [To Escal.

Escal. If any, in Vienna, be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It 'is Lord Angelo.

Angelo enters:

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of 'character in thy life,[g]
That, to the observer, doth thy 'history[h]
Fully unfold. Hold,[i] therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove,[j] be thou at full ourself;
"Mortality" and "Mercy,"[k] in Vienna,
Live in 'thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though 'first in question,[l] is thy 'secondary:—
Take 'thy commission. [Giving warrant.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more 'test made of my metal,

---

[a] pretend a liking for. [b] compelled to believe (cannot avoid knowing.)
[c] bounds, limits. [d] power, authority. [e] turn aside, deviate. [f] heart's care.
[g] past life. [h] probable future. [i] receive this. [j] absence, (removal.)
[k] power to pronounce death, and to pardon [l] first in order of appointment.

Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

Duke. We have, with leavened[a] and preparéd choice,
Proceeded to you; therefore 'take your honours.

Angelo kneels and receives his commission.

We shall 'write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with 'us; and do look[b] to know
What doth befall 'you here. So, fare you well!
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any 'scruple:[c] 'your scope[d] is as mine 'own,—
So to 'enforce, or 'qualify, the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Once more, farewell.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back, in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

The two Deputies withdraw to make the necessary arrangements for their joint government.

The Duke, to carry out his undivulged purposes, proceeds at once to a neighbouring Monastery—where we now find him in earnest conversation with Friar Thomas:

Duke. No, holy Father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling[e] dart of Love
Can pierce a cómplete[f] bosom. 'Why I desire thee
To give me 'secret harbour,[g] hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning 'youth.

Fri. May your Grace 'speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows, than you,
How I have ever loved the life 'removed;[h]
And held, in idle price, to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery[i] keep.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo,
(A man of stricture,[j] and firm abstinence,)
'My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me traveller[k] to 'Poland;
For so I 've strewed it in the 'common ear,
And so it is 'received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, 'why I do this?

---

[a] slowly working (like leaven.) [b] expect. [c] doubt, legal difficulty.
[d] freedom from restraint. [e] petty, trifling. [f] fully protected. [g] shelter.
[h] solitary, secluded from the world. [i] senseless display of dress (O. R. witlesse brauery keepes). [j] rigorous propriety (strictness). [k] O. R. trauaild.

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds[a])
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;[b]—
Even like an o'ergrown lion, in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound-up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick them[c] in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use,—in time, the rod
Becomes[d] more mocked than feared; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,—
The baby beats the nurse;—and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up Justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith[e] 't was my fault to give the people scope,[f]
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,[g]
And not the punishment. Therefore, my Father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never be in sight,[h]
To do it slander.[i] And, to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me,[j]
Like a true Friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;[k]
Stands at a guard[l] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exeunt.

---

[a] O. R. weedes. [b] O. R. for this foureteene yeares we haue let slip. [c] O. R. it.
[d] inserted word. [e] since, because. [f] liberty of action. [g] allowance.
[h] O. R. my nature neuer in the fight. [i] O. R. to do in slander. [j] conduct myself.
[k] scrupulously formal. [l] in an attitude of defence.

Among the severe but obsolete laws of Vienna, was one which doomed any man to death who lived with a woman without being legally married to her; and elderly citizens had made frequent complaints that their daughters, for want of enforcement of the law, had been often deceived, and induced to leave their parental home, by the insidious and unpunished wiles of foppish and wealthy bachelors, who endeavoured to realize the truism, that—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare."

At the very time that Lords Angelo and Escalus had, during the Duke's absence, assumed the duties of chief magistrates, a young gentleman, named Claudio, had induced Juliet, a beautiful young lady of the city, to live with him as his wife. For this violation of the law, young Signior Claudio is arrested by the new Lord Deputy, and sentenced to be beheaded.

The Scene has, in the meantime, changed to a Street in front of the Prison in Vienna. Before us, are the condemned Claudio, with the disgraced lady Juliet, (in the custody of the Provost of the prison,) followed by a crowd of lookers-on. Claudio, annoyed at being thus made a public spectacle, expostulates with the Provost:

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the 'world?
Bear me to 'prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil 'disposition,
But from Lord Angelo—by special 'charge.[a]
Claud. . . . Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay-down for our offence by 'weight[b]—
The sword[c] of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will 'not, so: yet still 't is 'just.

Several gentlemen join the "quid-nunc" crowd. among them is Lucio, a foppish friend and companion of the prisoner:

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much 'liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As 'surfeit is the father of much 'fast,
So every scope[d] by the 'immoderate use,
Turns to 'restraint. Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin[e] down their proper bane,[f])
A 'thirsty evil: When we drink, we die.
Lucio. If 'I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief[g] have the foppery of 'freedom, as the morality[h] of imprisonment.—'What 's thy offence, Claudio?

---

[a] direction. [b] by heavy penalties. [c] O. R. the words. [d] opportunity for free action.
[e] devour ravenously. [f] poison peculiarly adapted for them. [g] willingly.
[h] O. R. mortality.

Claud. What, but to 'speak of, would offend 'again.
Thus stands it with me: upon a true contráct,
I privately wooed Juliet for my bride.[a]
You know the lady; she is fast my 'wife.
Lucio. And soon to be a mother, is she not?[a]
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new 'Deputy now for the Duke,—
Awakes me all the enrollèd[b] penalties,
Which have, like unscoured[c] armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs[d] have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a 'name,
'Now puts the drowsy and neglected law[e]
Freshly on 'me:—'t is 'surely for a name.
Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle[f] on thy shoulders, that a 'milk-maid, if she be in love, may 'sigh it off.
Claud. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:—
This day my sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[g]
Acquaint 'her with the danger of my state;
'Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy; bid 'herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her 'youth
There is a prone[h] and speechless dialect,[i]
Such as moves 'men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will 'play with reason and discourse;
And well she can 'persuade.
Lucio. I pray, she may; for the enjoying of thy 'life, which I would be sorry should be thus 'foolishly lost. I 'll to her.
Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio!—Come, officer, away! [Exeunt.

Lucio at once proceeds to the Nunnery, with this embassy to Claudio's sister, the Lady Isabella; and, as she has not yet commenced her novitiate, he has no difficulty in obtaining an interview. She is inquiring of a Nun the special rules of the Convent, when she overhears Lucio, calling, as he enters the religious abode:

Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls? [Lucio enters.

---

[a] substituted line. [b] enacted by law. [c] rusty.
[d] years: (the imaginary pathways of the sun through certain constellations)
[e] O. R. act. [f] ticklishly (uneasily). [g] approval as a novitiate.
[h] humbly submissive. [i] mode of expression.

Lucio. Hail, lady! Can you so stead[a] me
As bring me to the sight of 'Isabella,—
A 'novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her 'unhappy brother? let me ask:
The rather, for I now must make you know
'I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:—
Not to be weary with you, he 's in 'prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that which, if 'myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in 'thanks:
He loves the Lady Juliet[b]—
Isab. My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your 'cousin?
Isab. 'Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain, though apt, affection.—O, let him 'marry her.
Lucio. This is the point:—
The Duke is very strangely 'gone from hence;
And, with full line[c] of 'his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo,—a man whose blood
Is very 'snow-broth: He hath picked-out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense[d] your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an 'example. All hope is gone,—
Unless 'you have the grace,[e] by your fair prayer,
To 'soften Angelo; and that 's my 'pith[f]
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his 'life?
Lucio. Has 'sentenced[g] him
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A 'warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in 'me
To do him good?
Lucio. 'Assay the power you have.
Isab. 'My power! Alas, I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are 'traitors,
And make us 'lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to 'attempt. 'Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know,—When maidens 'sue,
Men 'give, like gods; but, when they 'weep and 'kneel,

[a] help, assist. [b] substituted line. [c] extent. [d] sentence (construction). [e] good influence. [f] the central or important part. [g] O. R. censured.

'All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe[a] them.

Isab. . . . I will about it 'straight;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother[b]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; 'soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.

The new government, under Lord Angelo, is conducted with rigid severity. Even the aged Lord Escalus pleads with his chief to save the life of the condemned Claudio, but the appeal is in vain. Angelo replies:

Ang. We must not make a 'scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to 'fright[c] the birds of prey;
And let it keep 'one shape—till custom make it
Their 'perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay; but yet
Let us be keen,[d] and rather 'cut a little,
Than fall, and 'bruise to death. Do you but ask yourself[e]
Whether 'you had not, sometime in your life,
Erred in this point for which you censure 'him,[f]
And pulled the law upon you?

Ang. 'T is one thing to be 'tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to 'fall. I do not deny,[g]
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
'Guiltier than him they try.
You may not so extenuate 'his offence,
For[h] 'I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so 'offend,
Let mine 'own judgment[i] pattern-out 'my death,
And nothing come in 'partial. Sir, he must 'die.—
Provost, see that Claudio
Be executed by 'nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his Confessor; let him be prepared;
For that 's the 'utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost.

Escal. Well, 'Heaven forgive him! and forgive us 'all!—
Some rise by 'sin, and some by virtue 'fall;

---

[a] own, have. [b] the Mother-Abbess. [c] O. R. to feare. [d] sharp, incisive (like the executioner's axe). [e] five substituted words. [f] O. R. which now you censure him. [g] O. R. I not deny. [h] because. [i] sentence, decree.

Some run through brakes of vice,[a] and answer none:[b]
'And some are sentenced for one fault alone.[c] [Exit Escalus.

The unhappy Escalus leaves the severe Lord Deputy. At this instant, Claudio's sister Isabella—who has thus kept her promise by 'hastening to the Palace,—enters, attended by Lucio.

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,[d]
Please but your honour 'hear me.
Ang. Well; 'what 's your suit?
Isab. . . . There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should 'meet the blow of justice:
For which I 'would not plead, but that I 'must;
For which I 'must not plead,—but that I am
At war, 'twixt "'will" and "will 'not."
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemned to 'die:
I do beseech you, let it be his 'fault,
And 'not my brother.
Ang. Condemn the 'fault, and not the 'actor of it?
Why, 'every fault 's condemned, 'ere it be done.
Mine were the very 'cipher of a function,[e]
To fine[f] the 'faults, and let go-by the 'actor!
Isab. O just, but 'severe law! . . .
I 'had a brother then. Must he 'needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you 'might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, 'grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I 'will not do 't.
Isab. But 'can you, if you would?
Ang. Look; what I 'will not, that I 'cannot do.
Isab. But you 'might do 't, and do the world no wrong;
If so 'your heart were touched with that remorse[g]
As 'mine is to 'him.
Ang. He 's 'sentenced: 't is too late.
Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do 'speak a word,
May call it 'back[h] again. 'Well believe this,[i]—
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,[j]
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes[k] them with one 'half so good a grace
As 'mercy does.

---

[a] O. R. some run from brakes of ice. [b] and are not called to account.
[c] O. R. And some condemnéd for a fault alone. [d] the old form of addressing a nobleman. [e] mine were an office of no value. [f] to mulct in a penalty. [g] pity.
[h] inserted word. [i] be well assured of this. [j] belongs. [k] O. R. become.

If 'he had been as 'you, and you as he,
'You would have slipped, like 'him; but he like 'you,
Would not have been so 'stern!

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the 'law,
And you but 'waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that are[a] were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the 'remedy. How would you be,
If He, who[b] is the 'top of judgment, should
But judge you as you 'are? O, think on 'that;
And mercy 'then will breathe within your lips—
Like man 'new-made![c]

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the 'law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my 'son,
It should be 'thus with him:—he 'must 'die, 'to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He 's not 'prepared for death... My lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath 'died for this offence?
There 's many have 'committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been 'dead, though it hath 'slept:
Those 'many had not dared to 'do that evil,
If the 'first man that did infringe[d] the edict
Had 'answered for his deed.

Isab. Yet show some 'pity!

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show 'justice;
For 'then I pity those I do not 'know,
And do 'him right, that, answering 'one foul wrong,
Lives not to act 'another. Be satisfied:
Your brother 'dies, 'to-morrow! Be content.

Isab. So 'you must be the first that 'gives this sentence,
And he, that 'suffers. O! it is excellent
To 'have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To 'use it like a giant. Could great men 'thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting,[e] petty officer
Would 'use his heaven for thunder; nothing 'but thunder!—

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[a] O. R. were. [b] O. R. he which. [c] newly formed (or regenerated) by the Creator.
[d] O. R. If the first that did th' Edict infringe. [e] paltry.

Merciful 'Heaven!
'Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarléd[a] 'oak,
Than the soft 'myrtle: But 'man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most 'assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels 'weep; who, with 'our spleens,[b]
Would all themselves 'laugh mortal.[c]—
We cannot weigh our 'brother with 'yourself:[d]
Great men may jest with 'saints; 't is wit in 'them,
But, in the 'less, foul 'profanation.
'That in the 'captain 's but a 'choleric word,
Which, in the 'soldier, is flat 'blasphemy.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon 'me?

Isab. Because authority, though it 'err like others,
Hath yet a kind of 'medicine in itself,
That 'skins the vice o' the 'top. Go to your 'bosom;
Knock 'there; and ask your heart, what 'it doth know
That 's 'like my brother's fault: if it confess
A 'natural guiltiness, (such as is his,)
Let it not sound a 'thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside.] She speaks good sense. . . .
Fare well. [Going away.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. . . . I will bethink me. . . . Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, 'how I 'll 'bribe you.

Ang. How! bribe 'me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall 'share with you.
Not with fond shekels[e] of the tested[f] gold;
Or stones,[g] whose rates are either rich or poor
As 'fancy values them;—but with true 'prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere the sun rise,[h]—prayers from 'preservéd[i] souls,—
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing 'temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe! But at what 'hour
Shall I attend your lordship?

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[a] knotted. [b] disposition (the spleen, a spongy organ below the diaphragm, was formerly supposed to be the source of mirth and melancholy). [c] laugh themselves, out of their immortality, to death (or die with laughter). [d] O. R. our self.
[e] small Jewish coins worth about 2s. 6d. (63 cents) each. [f] assayed (legally stamped).
[g] jewels (precious stones). [h] O. R. ere sunne rise. [i] redeemed.

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour! [Exeunt Luc. and Isab.

Isabella and Lucio withdraw.—Lord Angelo is alone:

Ang. From 'thee!—even from thy 'virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this 'her fault, or 'mine?
Can 'modesty e'en more betray our sense
Than woman's 'lightness? O, let her brother 'live!
'Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When 'Judges steal, 'themselves! What! do I 'love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? Ah! this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond,[a] I smiled,—and wondered 'how! [Exit.

In this mental struggle, between honour and inclination, Lord Angelo remains all night; having given directions that, in the morning, Isabella should be admitted alone; when, to save her brother's life, he thinks that she will not resist his dishonourable proposals.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To 'several subjects: 'Heaven hath my empty 'words;
Whilst my intention,[b] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on 'Isabel: Heaven in my 'mouth,
And, in my 'heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my 'conception.[c] [A servant enters.] How now! who 's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant.] . . . O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my 'heart? [Isabella enters.
—How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might 'know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. . . . Your brother 'cannot live.
Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [Retiring.
Ang. . . . Yet may he live 'awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I:—yet he must 'die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. 'When, I beseech you? that, in his reprieve,

---

[a] foolishly in love. [b] O. R. inuention. [c] imagination,

Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his 'soul sicken not.

Ang. . . . Answer to this:—
I,—now the voice of the recorded law,—
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in 'sin,
To 'save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to 'do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to 'my soul:
It is 'no sin at all, but 'charity.

Ang. Pleased 'you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were 'equal poise[a]—of sin, and charity.

Isab. That I do 'beg his life, if it be 'sin,
Heaven, let me bear 't! You 'granting of my suit,
If 'that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of 'mine,—
And nothing of 'your answer.[b]

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
'Your sense[c] pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily.[d] Your brother is to die.
Admit no 'other way to save his life,
Than to lay down the treasure of your beauty,[e]
Or else to let him suffer:—What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is,—Were 'I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen 'whips I 'd wear as 'rubies,
And 'strip myself to death—as to a bed
That longing I 've been sick for,[f]—ere I 'd yield
My 'honour[e] up to 'shame.

Ang. Then 'must your brother die!

Isab. And 't were the 'cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at 'once,
Than that a 'sister, by redeeming 'him,
Should die for 'ever!

Ang. Were not 'you, then, as cruel as the 'sentence
That you have 'slandered so? . . .
Plainly conceive,—I love you!

Isab. My brother did love 'Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall 'die for 't!

Ang. He shall 'not, Isabel, . . . if you give me love.
Believe me, on mine honour—my words express my 'purpose.

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[a] balance. [b] nothing for which you will be answerable. [c] meaning. [d] O. R. crafty. [e] O. R. body. [f] that longing haue bin sicke for.

Isab. Ha! 'little honour to be much 'believed,
And most pernicious 'purpose!—Seeming,[a] seeming!—
I will 'proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a 'present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretched throat, I 'll tell the world
Aloud, 'what man thou art!

Ang. . . . Who will 'believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch[b] 'against you, and my place i' the State,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall 'stifle in your own report,
And smell of 'calumny. I have 'begun,—
And now I give my 'sensual race the 'rein![c]
'Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Or else he must not only die the death,[d]
But thy unkindness shall his death draw-out
To 'lingering sufferance. Answer me 'to-morrow;
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him! As for 'you,
Say what you can, my 'false o'erweighs your 'true. [Exit.

Isab. To 'whom should I complan? 'Did I tell this,
Who would 'believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue
Of condemnation, or approof! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[e] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he 'twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up,
Before his sister should 'her honour stoop
To such abhorred pollution. . . .
I 'll 'tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his 'mind to death,—for his soul's 'rest. [Exit.

In the meantime, the Duke, now wearing the simple robe of a Friar, visits Juliet, who, with true penitence and many tears, confesses her faults, and adds that she was 'most to blame. With equal kindliness, he visits Claudio; and, holding out no chance of life, imparts religious consolation to the condemned youth.

Duke. So, then you 'hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine:
I have hope to 'live,—and am prepared to 'die.

---

[a] pretence, hypocrisy. [b] attestation, solemn denial. [c] free way.
[d] the death prescribed by law. [e] instigation, incitement.

Duke. Be absolute[a] for 'death: either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with 'life:—
If I do 'lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but 'fools would keep:[b] a 'breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do[c] this habitation (where thou keep'st,)[d]
Hourly afflict:[e] merely, thou art 'Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st, by thy flight, to 'shun,
And yet runn'st 'toward him still. Thou art not 'noble;
For all the accommodations[f] that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by 'baseness.[g] Thou art by no means 'valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm.[h] Thy 'best of rest is Sleep;
And that thou oft provok'st;[i] yet grossly fear'st
Thy 'Death,—which is no more.[j] Thou 'rt not 'thyself;[k]
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,[l]
That issue out of dust. 'Happy thou art not;
For what thou 'hast not, still thou striv'st to 'get,
And what thou hast, 'forgett'st. Thou art not 'certain;[m]
For thy complexion[n] shifts to strange affects,[o]—
After the moon.[p] If thou art 'rich, thou 'rt 'poor;
For, (like an 'ass whose back with ingots[q] bows,)
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou 'none;
For thine own organs,[r] which do call thee sire,[s]
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[t] and the rheum,[u]
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on 'both; for all thy blessèd youth
'Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[v] and when thou 'rt 'old and rich,
Thou 'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's then[w] in this,
That bears the name of 'life? Yet 'in this life

---

[a] resolute (absolutely determined). [b] care for, treasure up. [c] O. R. dost.
[d] makest thy stronghold. [e] O. R. inflict. [f] arrangements for comforts.
[g] selfishness. [h] the tongue of a poor (harmless) snake. [i] incitest, inducest.
[j] nothing more (than sleep). [k] not self-sustained, but dependent on others.
[l] seeds of any fruit. [m] fixed in opinion. [n] temperament. [o] affections (O. R. effects). [p] following the changes of the moon (becoming lunatic).
[q] bars of precious metals. [r] O. R. bowels. [s] O. R. fire. [t] a creeping skin disease (*herpes*). [u] a form of inflammation. [v] old age. [w] O. R. yet.

Lie hid more 'thousand deaths: yet death we 'fear,
That makes these 'odds all 'even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to 'live, I find I seek to 'die;
And, 'seeking death, find 'life: 'Let it come on.

Isabella here calls without, and the disguised Duke at once withdraws; but he asks the Provost to place him where he may overhear the fraternal interview. Claudio anxiously inquires of Isabella:

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as 'all comforts are; most good, indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an 'everlasting lieger:[a]
Therefore, your best appointment[b] make with speed;
'To-morrow you set-on.

Claud. . . . Is there no 'remedy?

Isab. None,—but 'such remedy as, to save a 'head,
To cleave a 'heart in twain.

Claud. But is there 'any?

Isab. . . . Yes, brother, you 'may live:
There is a 'devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your 'life,
But fetter you till 'death.

Claud. But in what 'nature?

Isab. In such a one as, (you consenting to 't,)
Would bark[c] your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you 'naked.

Claud. Let me 'know the point.

Isab. O, I do 'fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous 'life shouldst entertain;
And six or seven 'winters more respect,
Than a 'perpetual 'honour. 'Dar'st thou die?
The sense[d] of death is most in 'apprehension;[e]
And the poor 'beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a 'giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this 'shame? If I 'must die,
I will encounter darkness as a 'bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. 'There spake my brother! there my 'father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou 'must die:

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[a] resident dweller [b] preparation. [c] strip, separate.
[d] feeling (effect on the mind). [e] mental dread.

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In 'base appliances. This 'outward-sainted Deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,[a]
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a 'devil!
Claud. The princely[b] Angelo?
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The foulest body to invest and cover
In 'princely[b] guards! [c] Dost thou think, Claudio,—
'If I would yield to him my honour up,
Thou 'mightst be freed? O, were it but my 'life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance,
As frankly as a 'pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel!
Isab. . . . Be ready, Claudio, for your 'death—'to-morrow.
What 'says my brother?
Claud. . . . Death is a 'fearful thing.
Isab. And 'shamèd life a 'hateful.
Claud. Ay! But to 'die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction,[d] and to rot;
This sensible warm 'motion[e] to become
A kneaded[f] 'clod; and the dilated[g] Spirit
To bathe in 'fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of fierce[h] thick-ribbed 'ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown, with restless violence, round about
The pendent[i] world; or, to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts[j]
Imagine 'howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly 'life,
That age, ache, penury,[k] and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a 'paradise
To what we fear of 'death. . . . Sweet sister, let me 'live!
What 'sin you do to 'save a brother's life,
Nature 'dispenses[l] with the deed so far,
That it becomes a 'virtue.
Isab. . . . O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch! Take my
'defiance![m]
Die! perish! Might but my bending-down

---

[a] confine, coop-up (as hawks are shut up during moulting-time). [b] O. R. prenzie.
[c] ornamental trappings. [d] stoppage of life. [e] bodily organization
[f] trampled under foot. [g] freed (extended in all directions) (O. R. delighted).
[h] inserted word. [i] suspended, dependent. [j] O. R. thought. [k] O. R. perjury.
[l] exempts from the consequences. [m] determined opposition (challenge).

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should 'proceed.
I 'll pray a 'thousand prayers for thy 'death,—
No word to 'save thee! O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not 'accidental, but a 'trade:[a]
'T is best that thou diest 'quickly. [Going.

As Isabella is indignantly leaving the prison, the Friar-Duke—who had overheard this interview—advances:

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister; but 'one word. . . I would 'by-and-by have some speech with you. [Aside to Claudio. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to 'corrupt her; only he hath made an 'assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial—which he is most 'glad to receive. I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore 'prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: 'to-morrow you 'must die. Go to your 'knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon! [He kisses her hand.] . . . I am so out of love with life, that I will 'sue to be rid of it. [Exit Claudio.

Duke. Lady,[b] the Hand that hath made you 'fair hath made you 'good. Fasten your ear on 'my advisings:—I do make myself believe that you may most uprightеously do a poor wronged 'lady a merited benefit; 'redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke,—if, peradventure, he shall ever 'return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak 'further. I have spirit to do 'anything—that appears not foul, in the 'truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness 'never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick,—the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I 'have heard of the lady, and 'good words went with her name.

Duke. Her[c] should this Angelo have 'married; was affianced to him by oath,[d] and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the 'contract, and limit[e] of the 'solemnity,

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[a] a common practice. [b] inserted word. [c] O. R. shee.
[d] O. R. to her oath. [e] appointed date.

her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea; having, in that perished vessel, the 'dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor 'gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned 'brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, her marriage-'dowry; with 'both, her betrothed[a] husband, this well-seeming 'Angelo.

Isab. What a merit were it in 'Death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this 'life, that it will let this man 'live!—But how, 'out of this, can she avail?

Duke. This fore-named maid hath 'yet in her the 'continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that, in all reason, should have 'quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go 'you to Angelo; 'answer his requiring with a plausible 'obedience. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead-up[b] your appointment,—to go in your place. And here, by 'this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled.[c] What think you of it?

Isab. The 'image[d] of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous 'perfection.

Duke. It lies much in 'your holding-up.[e] Haste you 'speedily to Angelo: 'I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the "Moated Grange,"[f] resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and 'dispatch with Angelo, that it may be 'quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good Father. [Exeunt.

Immediately after this interview, as the disguised Duke is passing along the Street, he is accosted by Lucio:

Lucio. What news, Friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can 'you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of 'Russia; other some, he is in 'Rome: but where is he, think 'you?

Duke. . . . I know not where; but, wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to 'steal from the State, and 'usurp the beggary he was never born

---

[a] O. R. combinate. [b] supply. [c] deprived of his robes of office. [d] thought (imagination). [e] acting your part. [f] the farm-house of the Monastery.

to. Lord Angelo "dukes" it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.[a]

Duke. It is too 'general a vice, and 'severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth; but it is impossible to extirp[b] it quite, Friar,—till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.[c]

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, to take away the 'life of a man? Would the 'Duke, that is absent, have done this?

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much censured:[d] he was not 'inclined that way.

Lucio. Who? not the Duke? Yes! The Duke had 'crotchets in him: he would be 'drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him 'wrong, surely!

Lucio. Sir, I was an intimate[e] of his. A 'sly[f] fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the 'cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. 'What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 't is a 'secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but 'this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject[g] held the Duke to be 'wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no 'question but he was.

Lucio. O, a very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[h] fellow!

Duke. Either this is 'envy in you, 'folly, or 'mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[i] must, upon a warranted need, give him a 'better proclamation. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your 'knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your 'malice.

Lucio. Sir, I 'know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe 'that, since you know not what you 'speak. But, if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before 'him: if it be 'honest you have spoke, you have courage to 'maintain it: I am bound to 'call upon you; and, I pray you, your 'name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; 'well-known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you 'better, sir, if I may live to report you.

---

[a] to its trial. [b] extirpate. [c] glibly, heedlessly. [d] spoken against.
( ) R. inward. [f] O. R. shy. [g] *i. e.*, the greater number of his subjects (the people).
[h] inconsiderate, thoughtless. [i] steered through (as a ship by its helm).

Lucio. . . . I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too 'un-hurtful an opposite.[a] But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be 'hanged first: Farewell, good Friar; I pr'ythee, 'pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would . . . eat mutton on 'Fridays. 'Say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can 'censure 'scape; 'back-wounding calumny
The 'whitest virtue strikes.[b] What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the 'slanderous tongue?
He who the sword of 'Heaven will bear
Should be as 'holy as severe;
More, nor less, to 'others paying,
Than by 'self-offences weighing.—
Shame to him whose cruel striking[c]
Kills, for faults of his 'own liking!
'Twice-treble shame on Angelo,
To weed 'my vice, and let 'his 'grow!
O, what may man 'within him hide,
Though 'Angel[d] on the 'outward side!
'Craft against vice I must apply:
And Angelo, to-night, affy[e]
His 'old betrothéd, but despised:
So disguise shall, 'by the disguised,
Pay, with 'falsehood, false 'exacting,[f]
And perform an 'old contracting.[g] [Exit.

Isabella resolves to do as the feigned Friar directs. She goes to Mariana at the "Moated Grange," and tells her of the plan—to enter Angelo's garden at night, and to be sure, as she goes away, to say: "Remember, 'now, my brother!".

Mariana is conducted at night to the appointed place by Isabella herself; and at the same time the Friar-Duke visits Claudio in his prison; but, while there, an unlooked-for order arrives from the deceitful Lord Deputy—who fears that the brother, if allowed to live, would, at some time, avenge the degradation of his sister. The Provost of the Prison reads to the Duke the letter of instruction sent by Lord Angelo:

Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by 'four of the clock; and, in*

---

[a] opponent, adversary. [b] attacks to destroy. [c] mode of punishment.
[d] a quibble on Angelo. [e] plight in marriage. [f] demands, requirements.
[g] a previous obligation

the 'afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by 'five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more 'depends on it than we must yet 'deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

The amazed Duke inquires of the Provost:

Duke. What is that 'Barnardine, who is to be executed in the 'afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian[a] 'born, but 'here nursed-up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years past.[b]

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his 'liberty, or 'executed him? I have heard it was 'ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his act,[c] (till now, in the government of Lord Angelo,) came not to an undoubtful 'proof.

Duke. Hath he borne himself 'penitently in prison? How seems he to be 'touched?[d]

Prov. A man that apprehends 'death no more dreadfully but as a drunken 'sleep; careless, reckless; and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and 'desperately mortal.[e]

The Friar-Duke persuades the Provost to send the head of this drunken wretch to Angelo, to pass it off as Claudio's: and he promises to 'clear the Provost, by giving him a paper of acquittance, bearing the hand and seal of the Duke himself:

Duke. The contents of this paper [giving letter] is the 'return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that 'Angelo knows not.—Look, the unfolding star[f] calls-up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement 'how these things should be: 'all difficulties are but easy, when they are 'known. Call your executioner, and off with 'Barnardine's head: Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.

The Friar retires; while the Provost sends Abhorson, one of the gaolers, to the drunkard's cell.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine! Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

---

[a] a native of Bohemia—formerly one of the kingdoms of Europe, but now a part of the Austrian Empire. [b] O. R. old. [c] crime (O. R. fact). [d] moved, affected. [e] dying in a desperate state, hopeless, and unrepentant [f] appearing star—the planet Venus—the "morning" star.

Bar. [Within.] A plague o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Abhor. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are 'executed, and sleep 'afterwards.

Barnardine, very drunk, enters:

Bar. How, now, Abhorson? . . . what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to 'clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's 'come.

Bar. . . . You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not 'fitted for 't.

Abhor. O, the 'better, sir, for he that drinks all 'night, and is hanged betimes in the 'morning, may sleep the sounder 'all the next day.

The Friar-Duke advances and says:

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and 'pray with you.

Bar. . . . Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have 'more time to prepare me; or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die 'this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you 'must; and, therefore, I beseech you, Look 'forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I 'swear, I will not die 'to-day, for 'any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exeunt Abhor. and Bar.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel[a] heart!—

The Provost returns:

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport[b] him in the mind he is,
Were horrible![c]

Prov. Here in the prison, Father,
There died this morning, of a cruel fever,
One 'Ragozine—a most notorious pirate,—
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of 'his colour. What if we do omit[d]

[a] stony. [b] remove him from one world to another. [c] O. R. damnable. [d] pass over.

This 'reprobate, till he were 'well-inclined,
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of 'Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that 'Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be 'done,
And sent according to command.

Prov. This 'shall be done, good Father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue[a] Claudio,
To save 'me from the danger that might come
If he were known 'alive?

Duke. Put them in 'secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal[b] greeting
To the under-generation,[c] you shall find
'Your safety 'manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.—
Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The Provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am 'near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter 'publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the Consecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced[d] form,
We shall proceed 'with Angelo.

The plot so far succeeds: the head of the dead pirate is sent to Angelo: and the ever-clement Duke prolongs the life of the impenitent drunkard Barnardine. At this moment, Isabella, taking advantage of the earliest dawn, is heard calling at the door of the prison:

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of 'Isabel.—She 's come to know
If yet her brother's 'pardon be come hither:
But I will 'keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her 'heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.— [Isabella enters.
Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath 'yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

---

[a] keep in custody. [b] daily. [c] the antipodes (O. R. to yond generation).
[d] well weighed or considered (O. R. weale ballanced).

Duke. . . . He hath released him, Isabel, from the 'world:—
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so?
Duke. It is no other: show your 'wisdom, daughter,
In your close 'patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!—
Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! O, most[a] accurséd Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts 'him, nor profits 'you a jot;
'Forbear it therefore; give your cause to 'Heaven.—
Mark what I say to you, which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home 'to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our Convent,[b] (and his Confessor,)
Gives me this instance:[c] Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to 'meet him at the gates,
There to give-up their power. If you can, pace[d] your wisdom
In that good path that I would 'wish it go;
And you shall have your 'bosom[e] on this wretch,
'Grace of the Duke, 'revenges to your heart,
And general 'honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'T is 'that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house 'to-night. 'Her cause, and 'yours,
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head[f] of Angelo
Accuse him home,[g] and home! For my poor 'self,
I am combinéd[h] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend[i] you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light 'heart: trust not my holy order,
If I 'pervert your course.—

As Isabella, trembling between grief and hope, is about to proceed on her new mission, the fop Lucio enters:

Lucio. Good even, Friar; where 's the Provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.

---

[a] two inserted words. [b] C. R. covent. [c] information. [d] guide, lead.
[e] earnest desire. [f] before the face. [g] unsparingly, to the utmost.
[h] bound strictly. [i] go on your way.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella! I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red. If the odd[a] fantastical Duke-of-dark corners had been at home, thy brother[b] had 'lived.

Isabella, overcome with emotion, goes out without replying.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden[c] to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in 'them.

Lucio. Friar, 'thou knowest not the Duke so well as 'I do: he 's a better woodman[d] than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll 'answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go 'along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You 'have told me too 'many of him already, sir, if they be 'true; if 'not true, 'none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for running away with an old widow.[e]

Duke. 'Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to run away 'again: they would else have 'married me to her.

Duke. Sir, your company is 'fairer than 'honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the 'lane's end! Nay, Friar, I am a kind of 'burr; I shall 'stick. [Exeunt.

On the next day, the Duke, in great state, returns to his city of Vienna, being met at the gates by Lord Angelo and Lord Escalus,—who must now publicly resign their deputed authority. The Citizens crowd around to witness the unexpected arrival of their kind and gentle Prince—who thus addresses his former representatives:

Duke. My very worthy 'cousin,[f] fairly met:—
Our old and faithful 'friend, we are glad to see you.
Many and hearty thankings to you 'both.
We 've made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to 'public 'thanks,—
Forerunning 'more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still 'greater.

Duke. O, 'your desert[g] speaks loud. Give me your hand,
And let my subjects see,[h] to make them know
That 'outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours, that keep 'within.—Come, Escalus;

---

[a] O. R. old. [b] O R. he. [c] O. R. beholding. [d] huntsman (after women).
[e] six substituted words. [f] the familiar title of a King to a nobleman.
[g] what is deserved. [h] O. R. and let the subject see.

'You must walk by us on our 'other hand :—
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter advances, leading Isabella :

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail[a] your regard
Upon a wronged and miserable lady![b]
O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any 'other object;
Till you have heard 'me, in my true complaint,
And given me justice!—justice! justice! justice!

Duke. 'Relate your wrongs: In 'what? By 'whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord 'Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to 'him.

Isab. . . . O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the 'Devil!
Hear me 'yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either 'punish me, not being believed,—
Or wring 'redress from 'you. Hear me, O, hear me!

The crafty Angelo interposes :

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She 'hath been a suitor to me for her 'brother,
And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. 'Most strange, but yet most 'truly will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a 'murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo 's a thief, a hypocrite—
Is it not strange, 'and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is 'ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as 'true as it is strange;
Nay it is 'ten times true; for truth is 'truth,
To the end of reckoning.[c]

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity[d] of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I do[e] conjúre thee,—as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than 'this world,—
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with 'madness. Make not 'impossible
That which but seems 'unlike:[f]—'t is 'not impossible!

---

[a] lower, condescend to look. [b] substituted words. [c] *i. e.*, truth admits of no degrees or variations. [d] failing weakness. [e] inserted word. [f] unlikely, improbable.

I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned by Angelo to lose his head;
I, in 'probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent-to by my brother; one Lucio
Was[a] then the messenger—

Lucio, very desirous to be heard, advances, bowing most deferentially:

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace.
I came to her from Claudio; and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Duke. Sir![b] . . . You were not 'bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord; nor wished to hold my 'peace.
Duke. 'I wish you 'now, then:
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for 'yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. O,[b] I 'warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant 's for 'yourself: take heed to it.

Isabella resumes:

Isab. This gentleman told 'somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right! right![b]
Duke. It 'may be right; but 'you are in the 'wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
Isab. I went to this pernicious caitiff Deputy—
Duke. That 's somewhat 'madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it: the 'phrase is to the 'matter.—
In brief,—to set the needless 'process by,
'How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled[c] me, and how I replied,—
(For this was of much length,)—the vile 'conclusion
I now begin, with grief and shame, to utter.
He would not, but by my unchaste surrender,[d]
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine 'honour:
But, the next morn betimes, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. . . . This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like,[e] as it is 'true!
Duke. By Heaven, fond[f] wretch! thou know'st not what
thou speak'st;

---

[a] O. R. as. [b] inserted word. [c] refuted [d] substituted words.
[e] likely, probable. [f] foolish.

Or else thou art suborned against his honour,
In hateful practice.[a] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason
That, with such vehemency, he should pursue
Faults proper[b] to 'himself: if he 'had so offended,
He would have weighed thy 'brother by 'himself,
And 'not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
'Confess the truth; and say—by 'whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O, you blesséd ministers[c] above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt-up
In countenance![d]—Heaven shield your 'Grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved now[e] go!

Duke. I know, you 'd fain be gone.—An Officer! [Apparitors advance.
To 'prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This must 'needs be practice![f]—
Who 'knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were 'here,—Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A 'ghostly[g] Father, belike.—Who 'knows that Lodowick?

Lucio, still desirous to be heard, again steps forward:

Lucio. My lord, 'I know him: 'tis a 'meddling Friar;
I do not 'like the man: had he been 'lay,[h] my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had 'swinged him soundly.

Duke. Words against 'me? This a 'good Friar, belike!
And to set-on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this Friar be 'found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that Friar,—
I 'saw them, at the 'prison. A 'saucy Friar!
A very 'scurvy fellow!

Friar Peter advances:

Fri. Pet. Bless'd be your royal Grace!
I have stood-by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear 'abused. First, hath this woman

---

[a] artifice, stratagem. [b] belonging. [c] spirits, "ministering angels." [d] pretence, fair appearance. [e] inserted word. [f] wicked artifice. [g] a quibble on ghostly, religious, spiritual, and ghostly, unreal, like a ghost. [h] one of the people, as distinct from the clergy.

Most 'wrongfully accused your substitute:
Her shall you hear 'disprovéd to her 'eyes,
Till she herself 'confess it.

Isabella is removed in custody, and Friar Peter leads in Mariana, veiled. The Duke says:

Duke. Do you not 'smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be most partial:[a] be 'you judge
Of your 'own cause.—Is this the witness, Friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my 'husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you 'married?

Mari. My lord, I do confess I 'ne'er was married.

Duke. This is 'no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't,[b] my lord. She that accuses 'him,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my 'husband.

Lord Angelo says:

Ang. This is a strange 'abuse![c]—Let 's 'see thy face.

Mari. My husband 'bids me! 'Now I will unmask! . . .
[Unveiling.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking-on:
This is the 'hand, which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: 't was 'I, in sooth,
That took last night the place of Isabel.[d]

The perplexed Lord Angelo rises:

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I 'know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of 'marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke-off,
Partly, for that her promiséd proportions[e]
Came short of composition;[f] but, in chief,
For that her 'reputation was disvalued[g]
In 'levity: since which time of five years
I never 'spake with her, 'saw her, nor 'heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath;

---

[a] O. R. impartiall. [b] come to think of it. [c] deception, (abuse of words.)
[d] substituted line. [e] proportional dowry, (marriage settlements.) [f] were smaller than those agreed on. [g] made valueless.

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's 'wife, as strongly
As words could make-up 'vows. As this is 'true,
Let me in safety 'raise me from my knees,
Or else forever be 'confixéd[a] here,—
A 'marble monument.

Lord Angelo hastily interrupts:

Ang. I did but 'smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of 'justice;
My 'patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal[b] women are no more
But instruments of some more 'mighty[c] member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice[d] out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And 'punish them e'en[e] to your 'height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish 'Friar,—and thou pernicious 'woman,—
Compact[f] with her that 's gone,—think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear-down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst 'his worth and credit,
That 's sealed in approbation?[g]—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit 'with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find-out this abuse, whence 't is 'derived.—
There is 'another Friar that set them on;
Let him be 'sent for. I, for a while, will leave you;
But stir not 'you, till you have well 'determined
Upon these slanderers. [Exit Duke.

The Duke goes out hastily. Lord Angelo is dumb with perplexity. Lord Escalus questions Lucio:

Escal. Signior Lucio, did not you say, you 'knew that Friar Lodowick to be a 'dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*,[h] honest in nothing but in his 'clothes; and one that hath spoke most 'villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and then[i] 'enforce them against him. We shall find this Friar a 'notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with 'her. [Exit an Attendant.

[a] fixed to one spot. [b] crazy, distracted. [c] O. R. more mightier. [d] wicked scheme, artifice. [e] inserted word. [f] in league. [g] stamped with the mark of approval. [h] the cowl does not make the monk. [i] inserted word.

Isabella is brought-in, in the custody of two Apparitors; and immediately the Duke, again habited as a Friar, approaches with the Provost. Lucio cries out:

Lucio. My lord, here 'comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—Speak not 'you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum!

The disguised Duke enters.

Escal. Come, sir: did 'you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you 'did.

Duke. 'T is 'false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great 'place! and let the 'Devil Be sometime 'honoured for his burning throne.— Where is the 'Duke? 't is 'he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke 's in 'us, and 'we will hear you speak: Look you speak 'justly.

Duke. 'Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls! Come you to seek the 'lamb here of the 'fox? Good-night to your 'redress. Is the Duke 'gone? Then is your 'cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust, 'Thus to retort[a] your manifest appeal; And put your trial in the 'villain's mouth Whom[b] here you come to 'accuse.

Lucio cannot longer restrain himself:

Lucio. This 'is the rascal! this is he I spoke of!

Lord Escalus says:

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed Friar, Is 't not enough thou hast suborned these women To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear,[c] To call him 'villain? And then to glance[d] from 'him to the Duke 'himself— To tax 'him with injustice!—Take him hence; To the 'rack with him!—We 'll touse[e] you joint by joint, But we will know your[f] purpose.—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

[a] refer back (to Angelo). [b] O. R. which. [c] in his own hearing. [d] to censure indirectly. [e] tear, drag. [f] O. R. his.

Dare rack his 'own: his 'subject[a] am I not,
Nor here 'provincial.[b] 'My business in this State
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it 'o'er-run the stake:[c] 'laws, for all faults,—
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits[d] in a barber's shop,
As much in 'mock as 'mark!

Escal. Slander to the State!—Away with him to prison!

The Lord Deputy determines to investigate further:

Ang. What can 'you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is 'this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. ''T is he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you 'know me?

Duke. I 'remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you 'said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. 'Do you so, sir? And 'was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward,—as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, 'change persons with me, ere you make that 'my report: 'you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much 'more, much 'worse.

Lucio. O thou abominable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. . . . I protest, I 'love the Duke as I love 'myself.

Lord Angelo angrily interrupts:

Ang. Hark, how the villain would gloze[e] now, after his treasonable abuses!

Lord Escalus adds:

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be 'talked withal:—Away with him to 'prison! Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots[f] too, and with the other confederate companion!

The Provost lays hands on the Duke.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile!

Ang. What! 'resists he? Help him, Lucio.

---

[a] one under the dominion of another. [b] subject to a superior. [c] O. R. stew.
[d] articles left as security for payment. [e] extenuate, wheedle (O. R. close).
[f] wanton women.

Lucio willingly comes forward.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be 'hooded, must you? 'show your knave's visage! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an 'hour.[a] Will 't not off?

In the struggle, the supposed Friar throws off his disguise. All are in amazement! Lucio shakes with fear; the Duke derisively says:

Duke. Thou 'rt not the 'first knave that e'er made a Duke.[b]—
First, Provost, let me bail these 'gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio] for the Friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove 'worse than hanging!

The Officers seize Lucio. The Duke then addresses Escalus:

Duke. [To Escal.] What 'you have spoke, I pardon; sit 'you down;
We 'll borrow place of 'him.—[To Ang.] Sir, by your leave:
[Takes Angelo's chair of state.
. . . Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till 'my tale be 'heard;
And hold no 'longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be 'guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible;
When I perceive, your Grace, like Power Divine,
Hath looked upon my passes.[c] Then, good Prince,
No 'longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own 'confession:
'Immediate sentence then, and sequent[d] death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, [To Ang.] 'wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. . . . I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, . . . and 'marry her instantly.—
Do 'you the office, Friar Peter;
Return him here, again.—Go with him, Provost.
[Ex. Ang., Mar., F. Peter, and Provost.
Come hither, Isabel.

Isab. O, give me 'pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed, and pained,
Your unknown sovereignty!

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[a] not merely hanged till dead, but for an hour longer. [b] O. R. Thou art the first knaue that ere made'st a Duke. [c] devices (trespasses). [d] immediately following.

Duke. You 'are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free[a] to 'us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel 'why I obscured myself,
Labouring to 'save his life. Now, peace be with him!
'That life is' better life, 'past fearing death,
Than that which 'lives to fear: make it your comfort
'So happy is your brother!

Isab. [Weeping.] I do, my lord.

Friar Peter and the Provost return with the new Bridegroom and his Bride—Lord Angelo and Mariana.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose foul[b] imagination yet hath wronged
'Your well-defended honour, you must 'pardon,
For 'Mariana's sake. But, as 'he adjudged your 'brother,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper[c] tongue,
"An 'Angelo for 'Claudio! death 'for death!"—
Then, Angelo,—thy fault thus manifested,—
We do condemn 'thee to the very block
Where 'Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

Mariana exclaims:

Maria. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not 'mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your 'husband mocked you with a husband.
And for his possessions,
Although by confiscation[d] they are 'ours,
We do instate and widow 'you withal,
To buy you a 'better husband.

Maria. O my dear lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.

Duke. You do but lose your labour. Away with him to 'death!

Maria. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees; and, all my life to come,
I 'll lend 'you all my life to do you service.

The Duke speaks:

Duke. Against 'all sense[e] you still[f] do importune her:
'Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

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[a] generous. [b] O. R. salt. [c] from his own mouth. [c] own.
[d] O. R. confutation. [e] sense of reason and affection. [f] inserted words.

Her brother's 'ghost his pavéd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Maria. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but 'kneel by me:
They say, 'best men are moulded out of 'faults,
And, (for the most,) become much more the 'better
For being a 'little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Isabella timidly approaches the Duke, and kneels:

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man 'condemned,
As, if my brother 'lived. 'He had but justice,
In that he 'did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
'His act did not o'ertake his bad 'intent;
And must be buried 'but as an intent,
That perished by the way. 'Thoughts are no 'subjects;
'Intents but merely thoughts.

Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of 'another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an 'unusual hour?

Prov. It was 'commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special 'warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by 'private 'message.

Duke. For which I do 'discharge you of your office:
Give-up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I 'thought it was a fault, but 'knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;[a]
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,—
That should by private order else have 'died,—
I have reserved 'alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by 'Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither: let me look upon him. [Exit Provost.

The Provost at once brings in his prisoner Barnardine, with Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. There was a Friar 'told me of this man.—
Sirrah, [to Bar.] thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than 'this world,

[a] consultation.

And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemned;
But for those 'earthly[a] faults, 'I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy, to provide
For better times to 'come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to 'your hand.—[Claudio advances.] What 'muffled fellow 's that?

Prov. This is 'another prisoner that I saved,
That 'should have died when 'Claudio lost his head,—
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Duke. [To Isab.] If he be 'like your brother, for 'his sake
Then is he 'pardoned.

Claudio unmuffles himself and is most ardently embraced by Isabella. Angelo falls on his knees. The Duke continues:

And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be 'mine!
He is 'my brother too. But fitter time for that.—
By this, Lord 'Angelo perceives he 's safe:
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[b] you 'well:
Look that you 'love your wife; 'her worth works[c] 'yours.—
I find an apt remission[d] in myself,
And yet here 's 'one in place I 'cannot pardon.—

The Officers bring forward the trembling Lucio.

You, sirrah,—that 'knew me for a fool, a coward,—
One all of luxury—an ass—a madman—
Wherein have I so well[e] deserved of you,
That you 'extol me thus?

Lucio. . . . Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the 'trick.[f] If you will 'hang me for it, you may; but I had rather, it would please you, . . . I might be 'whipped.

Duke. Whipped 'first, sir,—and hanged 'after.—
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's[g] wronged by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he hath injured thus[h]) let her appear,
And he shall 'marry her: The nuptial finished,
Let him be 'whipped, 'and 'hanged!

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not 'marry me to the old widow![i] Your highness said even now, I made

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[a] punishable on earth. [b] requites. [c] O. R. worth. [d] tendency to forgive.
[e] inserted word. [f] thoughtless custom (as a joke).
[g] O. R. woman. [h] five substituted words. [i] three substituted words.

you a 'Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making 'me a 'fool.

Duke. Upon mine honour thou 'shalt marry her.
Thy 'slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.[a]—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying the widow, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, 'and hanging.

Duke. 'Slandering a 'Prince deserves it.—
Her,[b] Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:—
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a 'worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons 'itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion[c] much imports your good;
Whereto, if you 'll a 'willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.
Haste still 'pays haste, and leisure 'answers leisure;
Like doth 'quit[d] like, and "Measure still for Measure."[e]

[Exeunt.

END OF MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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[a] penalties, punishments. [b] O. R. she. [c] proposal. [d] release from any obligation.
[e] two lines transposed from the Duke's speech, "For this new-married man," p. 475.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

The Play of the "Winter's Tale" was written, it is supposed, about the year 1611,[a] being, therefore, the last but one of Shakespeare's dramatic productions; the "Tempest,"[b]—composed in the same year,—happily and gracefully closing the poetic embodiments of the great magician. The earliest notice of its performance is found in Dr. Forman's "Diary"[c],—preserved in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford,—which fixes day and date: Wednesday, May 15th, 1611,[d] at the "Globe" Theatre; but no printed copy appeared till the folio edition of Shakespeare's Collected Works was published in 1623, by his friends and "fellows" John Hemings and Henry Condell.[d]

The Poet is indebted for the story of the Play to the novel of "Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time," (named, at a later period, "Dorastus and Faunia,") published in 1588—by Robert Greene, a contemporary of Shakespeare—equally remarkable for his genius and his misfortunes. The novel was very popular, (many editions having been printed,) and this favourable estimation of the story probably delayed the publication of the play.

It has been ingeniously suggested that "The Winter's Tale" is a complimentary memento to Shakespeare's early patroness, Queen Elizabeth; that it may be considered a continuation of the History of "Henry the Eighth;" that Leontes of Sicily is an adumbration of that jealous but uxorious English King; and that the sufferings of Hermione, under unmerited disgrace and scandal, refer to those of Queen Anna Boleyn—whose infant daughter Elizabeth thus became, as it were, the prototype of the amiable Perdita. But these "possibilities" are not wholly supported, (if they are not entirely destroyed,) by other evidence.

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[a] In the earliest extant volume of the Stationers' Register (the first volume having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London, 1666,) there is the following entry: "May 22, 1594. A booke entituled A Winter Nyght's Pastime."—It is impossible now to ascertain if Shakespeare was, in any way, indebted to this publication.

[b] The romantic Play, "The Tempest," usually classed as a Comedy, is published in Vol. II of this arrangement.

[c] Dr. Forman thus commences his outline of the plot: "Observe there how Leontes, King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend, that came to see him: and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember also how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, &c."

[d] In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, then Master of the Revels, is the following entry:—"For the King's Players. An old play called 'Winter's Tale,' formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemmings his word that there was nothing profane[e] added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee this 19th of August, 1623."

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[e] The English Parliament passed an act (3 James I, chap. 21) "to restrain the abuses of players," subjecting "any person or persons . . . in any Stage-play, Enterlude, Sew (show), May-game, or Pageant" to a penalty of ten pounds for uttering any profanity.

Shakespeare, however, has been charged with many faults in this drama; and, if the violation of the old Unities of Time, Place, and Action is a fault, he is undoubtedly guilty: besides, we have, in pagan times, Christian burial; and, with a strange forgetfulness of geographical fact, Bohemia is placed on the sea-shore. But Shakespeare's "Bohemia" is a poetical, not a political territory, to be accurately located on prosaic maps; the author was not composing a "History" to instruct, but a "Play" to amuse, during our Winter nights; for, as he says, "A 'sad tale 's best for winter." Imagination despises chronology, and acknowledges not the vulgar boundaries of mundane geography. Besides, we must accept the gift as it has been presented to us.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*[a]
MAMILLIUS, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } *Lords of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*[b]
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
AN OLD SHEPHERD, *reputed Father of Perdita.*
CLOWN, *his Son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
TIME, *the Chorus.*
HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
MOPSA, DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*
Lords, Ladies, Officers of the Court of Judicature, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

Scene—sometimes in Sicilia,[a] sometimes in Bohemia.[b]

Leontes, Prince of Sicily, had, in his youth, visited Russia, and had there fallen in love with the Princess Hermione, daughter of the Emperor. Their married life was passed in the utmost harmony for several years: and their only son, Prince Mamillius, (for Leontes had succeeded his father on the throne of Sicily,) was, for his bright intelligence and his acute childish sensibilities, beloved by his parents and by the whole Court.

Leontes had, as companion in his boyish days, Prince Polixenes, son to the King of Bohemia. They had been educated together; and now, after the lapse of several years, Polixenes, (who had become King of Bohemia,) pays a long-promised visit to his early friend Leontes, King of Sicily. The claims of confraternity being thus cordially renewed, Polixenes intimates his intention to return to his own Kingdom.

[a] Sicilia, (Sicily,) the largest island in the Mediterranean, was united to the government of Naples, under the name of the Two Sicilies, and is now a part of the modern Kingdom of Italy.

[b] Bohemia, formerly a petty kindgom of Europe, almost in the heart of Germany, now forming part of the Austrian Empire.

The Scene discloses the Hall of State in the Sicilian Palace; in it are assembled Leontes, King of Sicilia, with his Queen Hermione; his son the Prince Mamillius; his friend Polixenes, King of Bohemia; Lord Camillo, and other courtly Attendants. The King of Bohemia publicly thanks Leontes and his Queen for their prolonged hospitality:

Pol. 'Nine changes of the watery star[a] have been
The shepherd's note,[b] since we have left our throne
'Without its[c] burden: time, as long 'again,
Would be filled-up, my brother, with our 'thanks;
And yet we should, for 'perpetuity,
Go hence in 'debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
(Yet standing in rich place,) I multiply
With 'one "We thank you," many 'thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. 'Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you 'part.
Pol. Sir, that 's 'to-morrow.
I am questioned, by my fears, of what may 'chance,
Or 'breed, upon our absence. Besides, I 've stayed
To 'tire your royalty.
Leon. We are 'tougher, brother, than you can put us to 't.
One 'sen-night[d] longer?
Pol. Very sooth, 'to-morrow.
Leon. We 'll 'part[e] the time between 's, then; and in that,
I 'll no gainsaying.[f]
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves,—none, none i' the 'world
So soon as 'yours,—could win me; my affairs
Do even 'drag me homeward. Farewell, our brother.

Leontes now turns to Queen Hermione, and urges her to join in his request: she, having ever paid the most hospitable attention to the friend of her husband—whom she is ever solicitous to please—at once replies:

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held 'my peace until
You had drawn 'oaths from him 'not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too 'coldly: tell him, you are 'sure
All in Bohemia 's well. Say 'this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.[g]
Leon. 'Well said, Hermione!
Her. To tell he 'longs to see his son, were strong:

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[a] the moon. [b] theme, observation. [c] O. R. a. [d] O R. seue' night (seven nights—a week). [e] divide. [f] denial. [g] position of defence.

But let him 'say so then, and let him go;
But let him 'swear so, and he shall not 'stay,—
We 'll 'thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet, [to Pol.] of your royal presence, 'I 'll adventure
The borrow of a 'week. When at 'Bohemia
You take my 'lord, I 'll give him my commission
To stay him there a 'month, 'behind the date
Prefixed for his departing:[a] yet, good-deed,[b] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar[c] o' the clock behind
What lady should[d] her lord.—You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam: I may not, 'verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with 'limber[e] vows: But I,
(Though you would seek to unsphere the 'stars with oaths,)
Should 'yet say, "Sir, 'no going." "Verily,"
You shall 'not go:—a 'lady's "verily" is
As potent as a 'lord's. 'Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a 'prisoner,
Not like a 'guest? So you shall pay your 'fees
When you depart, and save your 'thanks. How say you?
My 'prisoner? or my 'guest? By your dread "verily,"
'One of them you 'shall be.

Pol. . . . Your 'guest, then, madam:
To be your 'prisoner, should import 'offending;—
This is for 'me less easy to 'commit,
Than you to 'punish.

Her. 'Not your 'jailer, then,
But your kind 'hostess.—Come, I 'll question you
Of my 'lord's tricks and 'yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings[f] 'then!

Pol. We were, fair Queen
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day 'to-morrow as to-day;
And to be boy 'eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier 'wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
Was innocence 'for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of 'ill-doing; no—nor dreamed
That 'any did. Had we 'pursued that life,

---

[a] O. R. to let him there a Moneth behind the Gest prefix'd for 's parting. [b] indeed.
[c] tick, beat. [d] O. R. lady she. [e] flimsy. [f] diminutive of lords.

And our weak spirits ne'er been 'higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
Boldly, "'Not guilty,"—the imposition 'cleared,[a]
'Hereditary[a] ours.

Leontes advances with Mamillius.

Leon. Is he 'won yet?
Her. He 'll 'stay, my lord.
Leon. [Aside.] . . . At 'my request he would not.—
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To 'better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but 'once.
When thou didst utter, "I am 'yours for ever!"
Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose 'twice!
The one, for ever earned a royal 'husband,
The other, for some while, a 'friend.

Giving her hand to Polixenes, they retire.

The demon jealousy is at once roused within Leontes; vexed that the request, denied to himself, had been almost at once granted to his wife; and also tormented to see his friend courteously take her hand, and familiarly enter into conversation. Under the pretence of playing with his young son Mamillius, he continues to watch them:

Leon. [Aside.] . . . Too hot! too hot!
To mingle friendship 'far, is mingling 'bloods!
I have *tremor cordis*[b] on me:—my heart 'dances,
But not for 'joy—not joy!—This "entertainment"
May a 'free[c] face put-'on;[d] 'derive a liberty
From 'heartiness,—from Bounty's[e] fertile bosom,—
And well 'become the agent: it 'may, I grant;
But, to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As 'now they are! and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass!—and then to sigh—as 't were
The mort[f] o' the deer; . . . O, 'that is "entertainment"
My bosom likes not!—Mamillius, art thou 'my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks?[g]
Why, that 's my bawcock![h] What, hast 'smutch'd thy nose?—
They 'say, it is a copy out of 'mine. . . .

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[a] setting aside the penalty of original sin, (the imposition,) which we inherit from our first parents. [b] palpitation of the heart. [c] guiltless, innocent. [d] assume. [e] O. R. Bountie, fertile bosome. [f] the death of the deer was announced by prolonged notes on the huntsman's horn. [g] in faith. [h] my fine fellow (*beau coq*)

(Still virginalling[a] upon his palm!)
Yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as 'eggs; 'women say so,
That will say 'anything! but were they false—

Hermione, seeing the distracted look of her husband, advances to him, with Polixenes:

Her. Are you 'moved,[b] my lord?

Leon. . . . 'No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To 'harder bosoms! . . . Looking on the lines
Of my 'boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil[c]
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master,—and so prove,
As ornaments 'oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I 'then was to this kernel,
This squash,[d] this gentleman.—[To Mam.] Mine honest friend,
Will you take 'eggs for 'money?[e]

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll 'fight.

Leon. You will? why, 'happy man be his dole![f]—[To Pol.] My brother,
Are 'you so fond of 'your young Prince, as 'we
Do seem to be of 'ours?

Pol. If at 'home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
'Now my sworn 'friend, and 'then mine 'enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, 'all:
He makes a 'July's day short as 'December;
And, with his 'varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would 'thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with 'me.—We two will walk, my lord,
And leave 'you to your 'graver steps.—Hermione,
'How thou lov'st 'us, show in our brother's 'welcome:
Let what is 'dear in Sicily, be 'cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, 'he 's
Apparent[g] to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the 'garden: Shall 's 'attend you there?

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[a] playing with her fingers as on a Virginal (a kind of harpsicord). [b] excited.
[c] O. R. me thoughts I did requoyle. [d] an unripe peas-pod. [e] that is, Will you allow yourself to be imposed on? [f] may his lot (dole) be happy!
[g] nearest (heir-apparent).

Leon. To your own bents[a] dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[Aside.] I am 'angling now,
Though you perceive me not how give 'line. . . .
Go-to, go-to! . . .
How she holds-up the neb,[b] the bill[c] to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! [Exeunt Pol. and Her.

All follow King Polixenes and Queen Hermione into the garden; except Leontes, his son Mamillius, and the chief lord-in-waiting Camillo.

. . . 'Gone 'already! Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er 'head and ears!—
Go, play, boy, play;—thy 'mother plays,—and 'I
Play too—but so 'disgraced a part, whose issue
Will 'hiss me to my grave! contempt and clamour
Will be 'my knell!—What, ho! Camillo there? [Camillo advances.

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; [Ex. Mam.] 'thou 'rt an 'honest man.—

Leontes, alone with Camillo, now more than 'hints his suspicions of the Queen; but the honest courtier indignantly spurns them:

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress 'clouded so, without
My present 'vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart![d]
You never spoke what did become you 'less
Than this; which to 'reiterate, were 'sin.

Leon. Is 'whispering 'nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? stopping the career
Of laughter with a 'sigh?—(a note infallible
Of 'breaking honesty!) wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[e]—but theirs, theirs only,—
That would, 'un-seen, be 'wicked? Is this 'nothing?
Why, then the 'world, and all that 's 'in 't, is nothing!
The covering 'sky is nothing; 'Bohemia nothing;
My 'wife is nothing;—nor nothing have 'these nothings,
If 'this be nothing!

Cam. Good, my lord, be cured of this diseased opinion,
And betimes; for 't is most 'dangerous.

Leon. Say it 'be; 't is 'true!

Cam. No! 'no, my lord!

Leon. It 'is! You 'lie, you lie!

---

[a] inclinations. [b] nose. [c] mouth. [d] a curse on my heart.
[e] diseases of the eye (cataract).

I say, thou 'liest, Camillo, and I 'hate thee:
Pronounce thee a gross 'lout, a mindless 'slave;
Or else a hovering 'temporizer,—that
Canst with thine eyes at once see 'good and 'evil,
Inclining to them 'both: Were my wife's 'liver
Infected as her 'life, she would not live
The running of one glass.[a]

Cam. 'Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,[b]—hanging
About his neck,—Bohemia! who, if I
Had servants 'true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine 'honour as 'their profits,
They would do that which should undo 'more doing:
Ay, and thou, his cup-bearer,[c]—who 'may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—thou might'st 'bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a 'lasting wink;[d]—
'Which draught, to 'me, were 'cordial!

Cam. . . . Sir? my lord! . . .
I 'could do this; and that with no 'rash[e] potion.
But with a 'lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously,[f] 'like poison: But I cannot
Believe this 'crack[g] to be in my dread mistress,
So 'sovereignly being honourable.—

Leon. Make that thy 'question,[h] and go 'rot!
Dost think 'I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To 'appoint[i] myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my name—
Which to 'preserve, is sleep;—which being 'spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince, my son?—
(Who, I do think, is 'mine, and 'love as mine)—
Without ripe 'moving to 't? Would 'I do this?
Could 'man so blench?[j]

Cam. . . . I 'must believe you, sir:
I 'do; and 'will fetch-off[k] Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when 'he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your 'Queen, (as yours at first,)
Even for your 'son's sake; and, thereby, for 'sealing[l]
The injury of tongues,—in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to 'yours.

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[a] an hour-glass. [b] O. R. like her medull. [c] an officer of the royal household who attended with wine. [d] the sleep of death. [e] swift, operating quickly. [f] openly hurtful. [g] moral flaw. [h] doubt, difficulty. [i] nominate, assign. [j] shrink from duty. [k] remove (put to death). [l] closing up.

Leon. Thou dost 'advise me,
Even so as I mine 'own course have set down:
I 'll give 'no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. Go, then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep[a] with 'Bohemia,
And with your 'Queen. I 'am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have 'wholesome beverage,
Account me 'not your servant.
Leon. This is 'all!
'Do 't,—and thou hast the one-half of my heart;
Do 't 'not,—thou splitt'st thine own!
Cam. I 'll 'do 't, my lord.
Leon. I 'will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [Exit.

Camillo is alone, and his better nature prevails:

Cam. . . . O miserable lady!—But, for 'me,
What case stand 'I in? I must be the 'poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my 'ground to do 't
Is, the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with 'himself, will have
'All that are his, so too.—To 'do this deed,
'Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of 'thousands that had 'struck[b] anointed kings
And 'flourished after, I 'd 'not do 't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not 'one,
Let villainy itself 'forswear 't. I must
Forsake the Court: to 'do 't, or 'no, is certain
To me a break-neck.[c] . . . Happy[d] star, reign 'now!
Here 'comes Bohemia.

Camillo at once informs King Polixenes of his danger; and, having the keys of the postern gate of the Palace, they both make their escape that very night, and set sail for Bohemia.

The Scene is now in the royal apartment in the Palace. The Queen is seated with her attendant Ladies and her son Mamillius, when the King and his Lords enter the chamber. Maddened at the sudden flight of Polixenes, Leontes inquires of an attendant Lord:

Leon. Was he 'met there? his train? Camillo 'with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men 'scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their 'ships.

[a] appear on good terms. [b] killed. [c] cause of death. [d] auspicious.

Leon. . . . How blest am I
In my 'just censure,[a] in my 'true opinion!
Alack, for 'lesser knowledge![b] How 'accurs'd
In 'being so blest!—There may be, in the cup,
A 'spider[c] steeped; and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom,—for his 'knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his 'eye, make 'known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:[d]—'I have drunk, and 'seen the spider! . . .
There is a plot against my 'life, my 'crown:
All 's 'true that is mistrusted!—That false villain
Whom I employed, was 'pre-employed by 'him.
He has 'discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched[e] thing; yea, a very 'trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So carelessly left[f] open?

1 *Lord.* By 'his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
On 'your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—

Seeing Mamillius with his mother, he angrily snatches him from her:

Give 'me the boy! [To Her.] I am glad you did not 'nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of 'me, yet 'you
Have too 'much blood in him.

Her. . . . What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy 'hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him!

Mamillius is led off in tears.

You, my lords, mark her well: be but 'about
To say, "She is a 'goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'T is pity she 's not 'honest, 'honourable."
Praise her but for 'this, her 'without-door form—
(Which, on my faith, 'deserves high speech)—and straight

---

[a] condemning judgment. [b] *i. e.*, O that my knowledge were less. [c] spiders were popularly considered poisonous. [d] retcLings (heavings). [e] a contemptible object (like a puppet pinched out of rags). [f] O. R. so easily open.

The shrug, the "Hum," or "Ha,"—these petty brands[a]
That 'Calumny doth use:—O, I am out,[b]
That 'Mercy does,—for Calumny will sear[c]
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these "Hums" and "Ha's,"
When you have said, "She 's 'goodly," come between,
'Ere you can say, "She 's 'honest." But be 't known—
From him that has most 'cause to grieve it should be,—
She is a false one![d]

Hermione rises indignantly:

Her. Should a 'villain say so,
The most 'replenished[e] villain in the world,
He were as much 'more villain:—'You, my lord,
Do but 'mistake.

Leon. 'You have mistook, my lady,
'Polixenes for 'Leontes. . . . O, thou 'thing!
Which I 'll not call a 'creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism,[f]—making 'me the precedent,—
Should a 'like language use to 'all degrees;
And mannerly 'distinguishment leave out,
Betwixt the 'prince and 'beggar!—I have said
She is a false one;[d] I have said with 'whom:
More, she 's a 'traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[g] with her; ay, and she 's privy too[h]
To this their late 'escape.

Her. No, by my life!
Privy to 'none of this! How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to 'clearer knowledge, that
You thus have 'published me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly 'then, to say
You did 'mistake.

Leon. No! 'if I mistake
In those foundations which I build-upon,
This 'centre[i] is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's 'top.—Away with her to 'prison!
He who shall 'speak for her is afar-off guilty,[j]
'Because he speaks.[k]

Her. . . . There 's some 'ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable.—Good my lords,

---

[a] marks (tokens) of censure: brands were heated iron instruments for marking criminals. [b] wrong. [c] brand as infamous. [d] three substituted words. [e] accomplished (fully equipped) [f] an offence against purity or propriety of speech. [g] an accomplice, a feodary. [h] O. R. I, and privy to this. [i] the Earth (O. R. the centre). [j] guilty in a remote degree. [k] O. R. but that he speakes.

I am not prone to 'weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the 'want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That 'honourable grief lodged 'here, which 'burns
Worse than 'tears 'drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified[a] as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure[b] me:—and so
The 'King's will be performed!

Leontes angrily turns to his Officers:

Leon. Shall 'I be heard?
Her. . . . Who is 't that goes 'with me?—'Beseech your highness
My 'women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight[c] requires it. . . . 'Do not weep, good fools;[d]
There is no 'cause: When you shall know, your mistress
Has 'deserved prison, 'then 'abound in tears.
. . . Adieu, my lord:
I never 'wished to see you sorry; 'now,
I trust I 'shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence! [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

The Queen is at once led to prison; all communication is ordered to be cut off: even the young Prince her son is not allowed to visit her. The Lord Antigonus endeavours to remonstrate, but is harshly silenced:

Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by 'age,
Or thou wert 'born a fool! Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, doth 'push-'on this:
Yet, for a 'greater confirmation,—
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be 'wild)—I have despatched in post,
To sacred Delphos,[e] to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion,—whom you know
Of 'stuffed sufficiency.[f] Now, from the 'Oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel 'had,[g]
Shall 'stop or 'spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* 'Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though 'I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle

---

[a] modified, regulated. [b] judge. [c] condition (being about to become a mother). [d] an expression of tenderness. [e] a town of Phocis, near Mount Olympus, celebrated for its Temple of Apollo, in which the oracles were delivered by a priestess named Pythia. [f] of more than sufficient ability. [g] being attained.

Give rest to the minds of 'others—such as 'he, [to Ant.
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the 'two fled hence,
Be left 'her to perform. Come, follow us! [Exeunt.

The poor imprisoned Queen soon brings into the world a daughter, whose helpless infancy will, she hopes, plead with her to the King; and Lady Paulina, wife of Lord Antigonus, undertakes the dangerous service of presenting the babe to its father.—The King is alone on his couch, grieved at intelligence of the dangerous sickness of his son, Prince Mamillius:

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest! It is but 'weakness
To bear the matter thus,—'mere weakness. If
The 'cause were not in being!—
Say, that she were 'gone,—
Given to the 'fire,[a]—a 'moiety[b] of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

An Attendant advances.

How does the boy?
Att. He took 'good rest to-night;
'T is hoped, his sickness is discharged.
Leon. . . . To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,
Fastened and fixed the shame on 't in 'himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.—Go, see how he fares. [Exit Att.

Notwithstanding opposition, the Lady Paulina now enters the King's apartment, carrying the baby Princess in her arms. The angry Leontes will not even 'look at the infant, and accuses Antigonus of abetting his wife in the outrage. When this is denied, the King orders Paulina to be removed by force: but she exclaims:

Paul. Let him that makes but 'trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine 'own accord I 'll off,
But first I 'll do my 'errand!—The good Queen,
(For she 'is good,) hath brought you forth a 'daughter:
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing. [Laying down the child.
Leon. Out! a mankind witch![c] Hence with her! out o' door!

---

[a] death by burning. [b] a small portion. [c] witch in human shape.

And, lozel,[a] [to Ant.] thou art worthy to be 'hanged,
That wilt not 'stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang 'all the husbands
That 'cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly 'one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence! . . .
I 'll have 'thee 'burned!
Paul. I care not:
It is a heretic that 'makes the fire,
Not she who 'burns in 't. I 'll not call you 'tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
'Savours of tyranny, and will 'ig-noble make you,—
Yea, scandalous to the 'world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! 'Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not 'call me so,
If she did 'know me one. Away with her!

The Attendants rudely thrust her along.

Paul. I pray you, do not 'push me; I 'll be gone. . . .
Look to your babe, my lord; ''t is yours: Jove send 'her
A better guiding spirit!—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Paulina leaves the royal chamber without the baby, again bidding the King take care of what is his own. Leontes orders Antigonus to throw the brat into the fire: but, at the intercession of his Lords, he substitutes another cruel mandate:

[To Ant.] You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so 'tenderly 'officious,
What will you adventure to 'save this brat's life?
Ant. 'Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: At least, thus much:—
I 'll pawn the little 'blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; anything 'possible!
Leon. It 'shall be possible. Swear, by this sword,[b]
Thou wilt 'perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. If thou fail
Of any point, it shall not only be
Death to 'thyself, but to thy loud-tongued 'wife—
Whom, for 'this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,

[a] a base fellow. [b] by the cross on the handle of the sword.

As thou art liegeman, that thou bear this babe
To some remote and 'desert place, quite out
Of 'our dominions; and that there thou 'leave it,
Without 'more mercy—to its 'own protection,
And favour of the 'climate. As, by strange fortune,
It came to 'us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely[a] to some place,
Where chance may 'nurse, or 'end it. Take it up.

Ant. I 'swear to do this, though a present 'death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful Spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, (they say,)
Casting their savageness aside, have done
'Like[b] offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—And 'blessing,
Against this 'cruelty, fight on 'thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss![c] [Exit Ant. with the Child.

Messengers enter to announce the return of Cleomenes and Dion from the Oracle at Delphos. The King rises:

Leon. Their good speed foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly[d] will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session,[e] that we may 'arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly 'accused, so shall she have
A just and open 'trial. . . . While she 'lives,
My heart will be a 'burden to me.—Leave me,
And 'think upon my bidding. [Exeunt

The High Court of Justice, presided over by the King, is now assembled for the trial of the Queen. He thus speaks from the throne:

Leon. This Session[f]—to our great grief we pronounce—
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a King; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be cleared
Of being 'tyrannous, since we so 'openly
Proceed in 'justice,—which shall have due course,
Even to the 'guilt, or the 'purgation.[g]—
Produce the prisoner.

---

[a] secretly. [b] similar. [c] loss of life (by exposure). [d] immediately.
[e] a criminal court [f] O. R. sessions. [g] acquittal, clearing from guilt.

Queen Hermione, faint and sickly, is brought in guarded, attended by Paulina and other ladies.

Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia,—thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in concert with Polixenes, King of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband."

Queen Hermione feebly rises to address the Court:

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my 'accusation; and
The testimony on 'my part no other
But what comes from 'myself; it shall scarce boot[a] me
To say, "'Not guilty:"—mine integrity[b]
Being 'counted falsehood, shall,—as 'I express it,[c]—
Be so 'received. But thus:—If Powers Divine
Behold our human actions—as they 'do,—
I doubt not, then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation 'blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who 'least will seem to do so) my 'past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now 'unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And played, to take[d] spectators; for behold 'me,—
A 'moiety of the throne,—a great King's daughter,[e]—
The mother to a hopeful Prince,— here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For 'life, I prize it
As I weigh 'grief—which I would spare:[f] for 'honour,
'T is a derivative[g] from me to mine:
And 'only 'that I stand for! I appeal
To your own conscience, sir,— before Polixenes
Came to your Court,—how I was in your 'grace,—
How 'merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent[h] I
Have strayed, to appear 'thus?[i] If one jot beyond
The bound of honour,—or in act, or will,
That way 'inclining,—hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry "Fie!" upon my grave!

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[a] benefit. [b] uprightness. [c] because I speak it. [d] allure.
[e] the King (Emperor) of Russia's. [f] avoid. [g] an inheritance. [h] so unfavourable a combination of circumstances. [i] O. E. I haue strayn'd t' appeare thus (as a criminal).

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these 'bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to 'gainsay what they did,
Than to 'perform it first.
Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying sir, not due to 'me.
Leon. As you were past all 'shame,
—Those of your fact[a] 'are so,—so past all 'truth;
Which to deny, 'concerns, more than 'avails; so thou
Shalt feel our 'justice;—in whose 'easiest passage,
Look for no less than 'death!
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug,[b] which you would 'fright me with, I 'seek:
To me can 'life be no commodity:[c]
The crown and 'comfort of my life,—your favour,—
I do give 'lost; for I do 'feel it gone,
But know not 'how it went. My 'second joy,
And first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
I am 'barred, like one infectious. My 'third comfort,
(Starred most unluckily,[d]) is, from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to 'murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a wanton. Lastly, hurried
'Here to this place, i' the open air,—before
I have got strength of limit.' Now, my liege,
Tell me what 'blessings I have here 'alive,
That I should fear to 'die? Therefore, proceed!
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no! 'life?
I prize it not a 'straw! but for mine 'honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
Upon 'surmises, (all proofs sleeping else
But what your 'jealousies awake,) I tell you,
'T is 'rigour, and 'not 'law!—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
'Apollo be my judge!

The Lords Cleomenes and Dion are now sworn, upon the sword of justice, that they had received the Sealed Oracle, at Delphos, from the Priest of the great god Apollo. The casket is devoutly and reverently received by the King and all the Court. The Officer breaks the seals and reads:

Off. [Reads.] "*Hermione is chaste; Polixenes, blameless; Camillo, a true subject; Leontes, a jealous tyrant;*

[a] *i. e.*, those who do as you do. [b] bug-bear (death). [c] valuable possession.
[d] *i. e.*, born under an inauspicious planet. [e] limited strength (sufficient to bear removal).

his babe, innocent; and the King shall live 'without an heir, if that which is 'lost be not 'found!"

The Queen falls on her knees: the King exclaims in amazement:

Leon. Hast thou read 'truth? . . .
The Session shall 'proceed; this is mere 'falsehood!

One of the Royal Attendants enters hastily:

Serv. My lord the King! the king!
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed,[a] is dead!

Hermione shrieks and falls motionless. The King trembles at his impetuosity and impiety:

Leon. Apollo 's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now, there!
Paul. This news is 'mortal to the Queen.—Look 'down,
And see what Death is doing.
Leon. . . . Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own 'suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—

Hermione is borne away by Paulina and Attendants.

. . . Apollo! pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine Oracle!—
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New-woo my Queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of 'truth, of mercy
For, being transported, by my jealousies,
To 'bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the 'minister, to 'poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been 'done,
But that the good mind of Camillo 'tardied
My swift command; though I, with death and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
'Not doing it, and being 'done: How he 'glisters,[b]
Through this[c] my 'rust! and how his piety
Does 'my deeds make the blacker!

Paulina re-enters distractedly:

Paul. Woe![c] Woe! Woe the while! . . .
What studied torments, tyrant, hast for 'me?

---

[a] success in the trial. [b] shines (glitters). [c] inserted word.

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture[a]
Must 'I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy 'tyranny,
Together working with thy 'jealousies—
O! think what they have done, and then run mad!
The Queen, the Queen!
. . . The sweetest, dearest creature 's 'dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropped-down yet!

Leon. The Higher Powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she 's dead; I 'll 'swear 't! If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and 'see!—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not 'repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but 'despair. A 'thousand knees,
'Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,—
Upon a barren mountain, and still[b] winter,
In storm perpetual,—could not move the gods
To 'look that way 'thou wert!

Leon. . . . Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have 'deserved
All tongues to talk their 'bitterest. . . . Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son.
'One grave shall be for 'both: upon it[c] shall
The 'causes of their death appear,—unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The Chapel where they lie; and 'tears, shed there,
Shall be my 'recreation: So long as nature
Will bear-up with this repentance,[d] so long
I daily vow to 'use it. Come, 'lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

Lord Antigonus, in fulfilment of his oath, has carried the infant Princess to sea: he is driven by a storm, on the shore of Bohemia—the kingdom of the good Polixenes. Here he lands with the infant; and with a rich casket, containing valuable jewels, and sufficient gold to pay for its maintenance.—Antigonus, conducted by one of the sailors, is now, with his charge, in safety on the shore.

Ant. Come, poor babe!
I have heard—but not 'believed—the Spirits o' the dead

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[a] The old punishments of criminals are here comprehensively referred to.—We read of persons being boiled to death in a cauldron of grease. [b] constantly. [c] O. R. them [d] O. R. exercise.

May walk again: if such thing be, thy 'mother
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was 'dream
So like a 'waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on 'one side, some 'another;
I never saw a being[a] of 'like[b] sorrow,
So filled,[c] and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very Sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two 'spouts![c] the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since 'Fate, against thy better 'disposition,
Hath made [c] thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote-enough are in 'Bohemia:
'There weep, and 'leave it crying; and, (for[d] the babe
Is counted 'lost for ever,) 'Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so with shrieks,
She melted into air. . . . Dreams are but[e] toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared[f] by this.—So,[c] Blossom, speed thee well! [Laying down the Babe.
There lie; and there thy 'character:[g] [laying down a paper] this casket 'there,
Which may, if fortune please, both 'breed thee, (pretty!)
And still rest 'thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—[c] Weep I cannot,
But my heart 'bleeds; and most 'accurs'd am I,
To be by 'oath enjoined to this.—Farewell! [Exit.

The storm increases; wild beasts are heard, howling and scurrying through the woods. An old Shepherd, who, with his Son, has been anxious for the safety of his flock, enters:

Shep. I would there were 'no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep-out the rest! for there is nothing in the between, but falling in love,[h] wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.

---

[a] O. R. vessell. [b] similar, equal. [c] overflowing with tears. [d] because.
[e] inserted word. [f] ruled, guided. [g] written description (the letters afterwards discovered with Perdita). [h] three substituted words.

The shouts and horns of Hunters are heard.

Hark you now!—Would any, but these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, 'hunt, this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the 'wolf will sooner find, than the 'master. [Seeing the bundle.] Good luck, an 't be thy will!—What have we here? [Taking up the Babe.] Mercy on 's, a bairn;[a] a very 'pretty bairn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one! a 'very pretty one! I 'll take it up for pity; yet I 'll tarry till my son come: he hallooed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Clo. [Without.] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither! [Clown enters.] . . . What ail 'st thou, man?

Clo. . . . I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to 'see 'em, and 'not to see 'em; 'now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and 'anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the 'land-service:—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the 'ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned[b] it;—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor 'gentleman roared, and the bear mocked 'him,—'both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy! 'when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now! I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear 'half-dined on the gentleman: . . . he 's at it 'now!

Shep. 'Would 'I had been by to have helped the old man! But look thee here, boy. 'Thou mettest with things 'dying, 'I with things new-'born. Here 's a sight for thee! Look thee, a bearing-cloth[c] for a 'squire's child!

Taking up the child, he sees the casket:

Look thee 'here:—take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see. It was told me, I should be 'rich, by the 'fairies! this is some changeling.[d]—Open 't:—What 's 'within, boy?

Clo. . . . You 're a made[e] old man! If the sins of your

[a] O. R. barn (bairn, Scotch), a child. [b] swallowed it as easily as a flap-dragon (a drink made of burning brandy, &c.). [c] a baptismal mantle. [d] a child changed by the fairies. [e] lucky, (O. R. mad).

youth are forgiven you, you 're 'well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is 'fairy gold, boy, and 't will 'prove so: up with 't, keep it close,[a] home, home! We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but 'secrecy. —Let my sheep 'go.—Come, boy, the next[b] way home!

Clo. Go 'you the next' way, with your findings: 'I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst,[c] but when they are hungry. If there be 'any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a 'good deed. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [Exeunt.

We are now to imagine that sixteen years have elapsed; and if the question should be asked "Why?" the Poet has introduced a special personage to give the answer:—Time, with his allegorical scythe and hour-glass, comes forward as a kind of Chorus:

Time. I, that please 'some, try 'all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that 'make, and 'unfold,[d] error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To 'use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth[e] untried
Of that wide gap;[f] since it is in 'my power
To o'erthrow 'law, and, in one self-born hour,
To plant and o'erwhelm 'custom. This 'allowing,
I 'turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had 'slept between. 'Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair 'Bohemia; and, remember well,
I mentioned a 'son o' the King's, whom[g] 'Florizel
I now name to you; and, with speed, so pace[h]
To speak of 'Perdita,—now grown in 'grace,
Equal with 'wondering. What of her 'ensues,
I list not 'prophesy;[i] but let Time's news
Be 'known when 't is brought 'forth;—a 'Shepherd's daughter;
And what to her adheres (which follows after,)
Is the 'argument[j] of Time. Of this allow,[k]
If ever you have spent time 'worse ere now:

---

[a] secret. [b] nearest. [c] mischievous. [d] explain (make known).
[e] increase of events. [f] interval. [g] O. E. which. [h] hasten. [i] *i. e.* I do not desire to speak beforehand. [j] subject of discourse. [k] approve (permit or grant).

If never 'yet,—'that Time himself doth say,—
He wishes earnestly you never 'may. [Exit.

The Scene that opens on us now is the Highway, near the old Shepherd's cottage, on the coast of Bohemia; and we see, sauntering easily along, a veritable "tramp" named Autolycus[a]—a compound of witling, songster, liar, and thief: one of those "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" whom severe laws had vainly tried to repress:—an unmitigated rascal; of humour irresistible, and of impudence unmatchable,—concealing his peccadilloes by perambulating the country as a travelling pedler. But stay—listen:—the merry rogue is singing!

Ant. [Sings.] When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy[b] over the dale,—
Why, then comes-in the 'sweet o' the year;[c]
For the 'red blood reigns o'er[d] the Winter's 'pale.[e]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging[f] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a 'king.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[g] but now I am 'out of service.

But shall I go 'mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go 'right.

My 'traffic is 'sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[h] My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury,[i] was 'likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. But I 'purchased this caparison,[j] and my revenue is the silly cheat.[k]—A prize! a prize!

A Clown enters, reading a paper.

Why, we have surely seen this face before? It is the loutish son of the old Shepherd, sixteen years older, and no wiser than when we saw him last;—but with a well-filled purse, that he may purchase provisions for his sheep-shearing festival:

---

[a] The classical Autolycus was the son of Mercury, the god of thieves; and therefore, as "a chip of the old block," inclined to all kinds of knavery. [b] lassie, country-wench. [c] the sweet season of Spring. [d] O. R. in. [e] *i. e.*, the rosy colours of Spring prevail over the white snows of Winter. [f] thievish. [g] a rich thick velvet. [h] that is, my principal employment is stealing sheets; but in Spring, when the thievish kite is buildin,, her nest, I look out for smaller articles also. [i] the god of thieves. [j] pedler's outfit. [k] petty thieving (picking simpletons' pockets.)

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether . . . tods;[a] every tod yields . . . pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the 'wool to? . . . I cannot do 't without 'counters.[b]—Let me see: What am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? [Reads.] *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,*—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her 'mistress of the feast—and she lays it on! *Nutmegs, seven: a root*[c] *or two of ginger;* but that I may 'beg:—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.*

Autolycus, who has been racking his brains how most easily to filch the Clown's well-filled purse, pretends to be suddenly seized with cramps and spasms: he yells aloud, while grovelling on the ground:

Aut. O, that ever I was born!—O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of 'more rags to lay 'on thee, rather than have these 'off.

Aut. I am 'robbed, sir, and 'beaten! my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me!

Clo. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! . . . good sir, tenderly, Oo! I fear sir, my shoulder-blade is 'out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir. . .

Here he succeeds, after many attempts, in picking the Clown's pocket of his purse.

good sir, softly! You ha' done me a 'charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a 'little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir! no, I 'beseech you, sir! I have a kinsman, not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall 'there have money, or anything I want. . . . Offer me no money, I 'pray you! that 'kills my heart.

Clo. What 'manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with

---

[a] O. R. toddes (that is, every eleven sheep yields a tod). A tod of wool is twenty-eight pounds: worth, in Shakespeare's time, about 22 shillings.

[b] tok us to reckon by. [c] O. R. race.

trol-my-dames.[a] I knew him once a servant of the 'Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his 'virtues it was; but he was certainly 'whipped out of the Court.

Clo. His 'vices, you would say; there 's 'no virtue whipped 'out of the Court: they 'cherish it, to make it 'stay there; and yet it will no more but 'abide.[b]

Aut. 'Vices, I 'would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been, since, an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he married a tinker's wife, within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over 'many knavish professions, he settled only in 'rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,[c] for my life; prig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings!

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; 'that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more 'cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked 'big, and 'spit at him, he 'd have 'run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no 'fighter: I am false of heart that way; and 'that he 'knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you 'now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I 'bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to 'purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your 'sheep-shearing too. If I make not 'this cheat bring out 'another, and the 'shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[d] and my name put in the book of 'virtue!

Jog-on, jog-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent[e] the stile-a;
A 'merry heart goes all the day,
Your 'sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

---

[a] a kind of bagatelle game, formerly known as troll-madam (trou-madame) or pigeon holes. [b] stay a short time. [c] a petty thief, pick-pocket.
[d] removed from the list of rogues (O. R. enrolled). [e] hold on by.

The valuable jewels, gold, and rich clothing, found with the infant Princess, had removed the poverty of the old Shepherd and his wife: who, desirous to keep their secret, removed to another part of the country where their previous poverty was unknown, bought sheep, and soon became wealthy; bringing-up Perdita as their own daughter.

It chanced one day that Prince Florizel was hunting; and, having lost his way, went weary and thirsty to the Shepherd's cottage; where the young hostess placed before her guest the best fare she had—curds and cream. The Prince saw and loved; and his repeated visits showed his taste for something more solid than these lacteal dainties. In a short time, Perdita is duly informed of her lover's rank—which, however, was to be kept secret from the old Shepherd and his Son—by whom he was still to be known as Doricles.

King Polixenes, observing the frequent distractions of the Prince, sends for his faithful friend Camillo, (who, it will be remembered, had, by his escape, preserved his life from the fury of Leontes;) and, by him gaining intelligence of the young Prince's source of attraction, it was agreed that, in disguise, the King and his friend Camillo should visit the rustic beauty. They reach the cottage during the sheep-shearing festival—which was also to celebrate the betrothal of young Doricles and the fair Perdita.

The Scene changes to the lawn before the old Shepherd's cottage, with Florizel and Perdita in holiday costume. The enraptured lover says to his gaily-attired goddess:

Flo. These, your 'unusual weeds,[a] to each part of you
Do give a 'life; no 'shepherdess, but 'Flora[b]
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty 'gods,
And you the 'Queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To 'chide at your extremes[c] it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I 'name them.—Your high self,
The gracious mark[d] o' the land, you have obscured
With a 'swain's wearing; and 'me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked-up.[e]

Flo. I 'bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you 'cause! Even 'now I tremble
To think, your 'father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as 'you did.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these 'forced[f] thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not

---

[a] garments. [b] the goddess of flowers. [c] extravagant praises. [d] object of notice. [e] ostentatiously praised. [f] far-fetched.

The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; to this I am most constant,
Though Destiny say no.

Rural music is heard at a distance.

Your guests are coming:
Lift-up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial—which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune, stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,[a]
And let 's be red with mirth.

Accompanied by the rustic music of pipe and tabor, the Villagers enter to greet the lovers' betrothal. The old Shepherd is accompanied by two strangers—King Polixenes and Camillo, both disguised as way-faring travellers. The Clown, Mopsa, and Dorcas, are among the lookers-on. After mutual salutation, the Shepherd says:

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler,[b] butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing and dance her turn. You are retired—
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The Hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are,—mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perdita turns to address the strangers:

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. Here are flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold,[c] that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

---

[a] gayly, merrily. [b] pantry woman, head manager.
[c] the marigold was believed to open or to shut its flowers at the bidding of the sun.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through-and-through.—Now, my fair'st friend, [to one of the guests.
I would I had some flowers o' the 'Spring, that might
Become 'your time of day, and yours; daffodils,
That come before the swallow 'dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's[a] eyes,
Or Cytherea's[b] breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus[c] in his strength; bold[d] oxlips, and
The crown-imperial;[e] lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce[f] being one. O, these I lack,
To make 'you garlands of; and my sweet friend, [turning to Flor.
To strew 'him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a 'corse?

Per. No, like a 'bank, for Love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be 'buried,
But 'quick,[g] and in 'mine arms. Come, 'take your flowers.
Methinks, I 'play,[h] as I have seen them do
In Whitsun[i]-pastorals: sure, this 'robe of mine
Does change my 'disposition.

Flo. What 'you do
Still 'betters what is done. When you 'speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it 'ever: when you 'sing,
I 'd have you buy-and-'sell so; so give 'alms;
'Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing 'them too: When you do 'dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,—that you might 'ever do
Nothing but 'that; move still, still so,
And own no 'other function. 'Each your doing,—
So singular in each particular,—
'Crowns what you are doing in the 'present deeds,
That 'all your acts are 'queens.

The disguised King Polixenes cannot withhold his admiration:

Pol. This is the 'prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she 'does, or 'seems,
But smacks of something 'greater than herself,
Too noble for 'this place.

---

[a] wife of Jupiter and queen of all the gods. [b] a surname of Venus. [c] the Sun. [d] the oxlip has a strong stalk (bold), the cowslip a weak one. [e] a perennial bulb with showy flowers. [f] a plant of Iris genus, the *fleur de lis*. [g] living. [h] am become an actress. [i] Whit-Sunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter: (Pentecost.)

Camillo earnestly watches the young couple.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her 'blood look out.[a] Good sooth, she is
The 'queen of curds-and-cream.

A merry dance of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses follows. Meanwhile King Polixenes inquires of the old father:

Pol. Pray you, good Shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding.[b]
He says he 'loves my daughter: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half-a-kiss to choose
'Who loves another best. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not 'dreams of.

A Neat-herd enters.

Herd. O master! if you did but hear the 'Pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the 'bagpipe could not move you. He 'sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had 'eaten ballads, and 'all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I 'love a ballad but even too well; if it be 'doleful matter, merrily set down—or a very 'pleasant thing indeed, and sung 'lamentably.

Herd. He hath 'songs, for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with 'gloves. He hath 'ribbons, of all the colours i' the rainbow; points,[c] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,[d] caddisses,[e] cambrics, lawns: why, he 'sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him 'approach singing. [Exit Herd.

All the Shepherd lads and lasses crowd around Autolycus when he enters: The young Prince and Perdita are apart by themselves: and the old Shepherd is still in conversation with the King and Camillo.

Autolycus enters, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus,[f] black as e'er was crow;

---

[a] that makes her blush (O R. look on 't). [b] a valuable tract of pasture-land.
[c] tagged laces. [d] broad tapes. [e] worsted laces. [f] a kind of lace for bindings.

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks, for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs,[a] and stomachers,[b]
For my lads to give their dears;—
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come, buy!

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of 'me; but, 'being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mopsa coaxingly turns to her lover:

Mop. Come, you 'promised me a tawdry lace,[c] and a pair of sweet[d] gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was 'cozened by the way, and 'lost all my money?—What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in 'print o' my life; for 'then we are sure they are 'true.

Aut. Here 's a ballad,—Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water; and 'sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she 'was a woman, and was turned into a cold 'fish.

Dor. Is it 'true, think you?

Aut. 'Five Justices' hands at it; and 'witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by: Another.

Aut. This is a 'merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's 'have some merry ones!

Aut. Why, this is a "passing[e] merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man."

Clo. We 'll have this song 'out anon,[f] by 'ourselves.—My father, and the gentlemen, are in sad[g] talk, and we 'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I 'll buy for you 'both.—Pedler, let 's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [Aside.] And you shall pay 'well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silks, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest and finest wear-a?

---

[a] coifs, head-dresses. [b] ornamental breast-coverings. [c] a cheap kind of lace, called (corruptedly) after St. Audry, of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, and known, at St. Audry's fair, as "tawdry lace." [d] perfumed. [e] surpassing. [f] very soon. [g] serious.

Come to the pedler;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter[a] 'all men's ware-a. [Exeunt Clown, Aut., Dor., and Mop.

During the absence of the rustics, the solemn part of the day's proceedings is about to begin. Out of courtesy to the strangers, they are invited to be witnesses: The King guardedly addresses his son:

Pol. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
'Your mind from feasting. Sooth,—when 'I was young,
And handed love as 'you do,—I was wont
To 'load my she[b] with knacks: I would have 'ransacked
The Pedler's silken treasury, and have 'poured it
To her acceptance; 'you have let him go,
And nothing marted[c] with him.

Flo. 'She prizes not such trifles as 'these are.
The gifts she looks from 'me are packed and locked
Up in my 'heart,—which I have 'given already,
But not 'delivered.—[To Per.] O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath 'sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow
That 's bolted[d] by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. [Aside.] How prettily the young swain seems to 'wash
The hand, was fair 'before!—I have put you out.—
But to your 'protestation: let me 'hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and 'more
Than he, and 'men; the earth, the heavens, and 'all;
That, were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever 'man 's,—I would not prize them,
Without 'her 'love: 'for her, employ them 'all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to 'her service,
Or to their own 'perdition.

The old Shepherd adds his inquiry:

Shep. But, my daughter, say you the like to 'him?

Per. I cannot 'speak.

---

[a] bring out for sale. [b] my lady-love. [c] traded. [d] sifted.

So well, 'nothing so well; no, nor mean 'better:
By the pattern of mine 'own thoughts, I cut-out
The purity of 'his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I 'give my daughter to him,—and will make
'Her portion equal 'his!

Flo. . . . O! that must be
I' the 'virtue of your daughter: One[a] being dead,
'I shall have more than you can 'dream of yet;
Enough then for your 'wonder! But, come;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

King Polixenes excitedly addresses the Prince:

Pol. Soft, Swain, a while, 'beseech you: Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of 'him?

Pol. 'Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither 'does, nor 'shall.

Pol. Methinks, a 'father
Is, at the 'nuptial of his son, a guest
That 'best becomes the table.[b] Reason, a son[c]
Should 'choose himself a wife; but as 'good reason,
The father—(all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity)—should hold 'some counsel,
In 'such a business.

Flo. I 'yield all this;
But . . . for some 'other reasons, my grave sir,—
Which 't is not fit 'you know,—I 'not acquaint
My father, of 'this business.

The Shepherd adds his entreaty:

Shep. 'Let him, my son: he shall not need to 'grieve
At 'knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he 'must not.—
Mark now[d] our contract.

The King discovers himself:

Pol. Mark your 'divorce, young sir,
Whom 'son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledged. 'Thou, a 'sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a 'sheep-hook!—[To the Shepherd.] Thou old
traitor,

---

[a] the King. [b] festivity. [c] O. R. my sonne. [d] inserted word.

I am sorry, that, by 'hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, [to Perd.] fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The 'royal fool thou cop'st with,—
I 'll have thy 'beauty scratched with 'briers, and made
'More homely than thy state.—For thee, [to Flor.] fond
boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but 'sigh
That thou no more shalt see[a] this knack[b]—as never
I mean thou shalt—we 'll 'bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our 'blood! Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the Court.—And you, enchantment,
If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as 'cruel for thee,
As thou art 'tender to it.—Follow, sir.[c] [Exit.

Perdita's noble nature is at once displayed:

Per. . . . Even here 'undone!
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,—
The self-same 'sun that shines upon his 'Court,
Hides not his visage from our 'cottage, but
Looks on all[d] 'alike.—[To Flor.] Will 't 'please you, sir,
be gone?
I 'told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your 'own state take care: this dream of mine, . . .
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch further,—
But milk my ewes, and weep!

Flo. Why look you 'so upon me?
I am but 'sorry, not afeard! delayed,
But nothing 'altered! What I 'was, I 'am!
Lift-up thy looks:—
From my 'succession wipe me, father: I
Am heir to my 'affection.

Camillo kindly turns to the Prince:

Cam. Be advised!

Flo. I am, and by my 'fancy:[e] if my 'reason
Will thereto be obedient, I 'have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with 'madness,
Do bid 'it welcome!

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[a] O. R. shalt neuer see. [b] a pretty toy. [c] two inserted words.
[d] inserted word. [e] love.

Cam. This is 'desperate, sir.
Flo. So call 't: but if[a] it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it 'honesty. Camillo,
Not for 'Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth yields; or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms,—will I 'break my oath
To this my fair belov'd! Therefore, I pray you,
As you have still been my father's honoured friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion.—I shall[b] put to 'sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on 'shore;
And to our need[c] most opportune, I have
A vessel rides[d] fast-by, but not prepared
For 'this design. Hark, Perdita! [They converse apart.

Camillo cannot but admire the Prince's resolution, and 'advises his flight, with his intended bride, to the court of King Leontes, in Sicily; promising to furnish him with papers, as if he had been diplomatically sent, by his father, to solicit a renewal of their former friendship. The proposal is at once accepted, and nothing remains but to find a suitable disguise: Perdita is hastily wrapped up in a convenient mantle, with an old slouched hat to conceal her face.—Just then, the prying Autolycus, (who has been listening to the conversation,) is discovered by Camillo, and commanded to strip: the terrified pedler, supposing that he is about to be punished for some of his many rogueries, roars for mercy: when his fears are relieved, by merely being required to exchange 'his dress for the Prince's gay attire. Then the youthful fugitives hasten to take ship for Sicily; leaving Autolycus strutting about in his gaudy new clothing:

Aut. . . . Ah! I understand the business! I hear it! To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is 'necessary for a cut-purse; a good 'nose is requisite also, to smell-out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the 'un-just man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, 'without boot![e] what a boot is here 'with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at 'us, and we may do anything *extempore*.[f] The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity—stealing away from his father,—with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of 'honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to 'conceal it, and therein am I constant to my

[a] inserted word. [b] O. R. am. [c] O. R. and most opportune to her neede.
[d] which is anchored. [e] something paid besides.
[f] without prearrangement: on the spur of the moment.

profession. [a][Ha, ha! what a fool 'Honesty is! and 'Trust, his sworn brother, a very 'simple gentleman! I have 'sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,[b] brooch, tablebook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy 'first; as if my trinkets had been 'hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;[c] and 'what I saw, to my good use I 'remembered. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the King's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.] Aside, aside!—here is 'more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a 'careful man work.

The old Shepherd and his Son, carrying with them the box found beside the infant Perdita, approach. The Son says:

Clo. See, see, what a man you are 'now! There is no other way, but to 'tell the King she 's a 'changeling, and none of 'your flesh and blood. She, 'being none of your flesh and blood, 'your flesh and blood has not 'offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be 'punished by him. 'Show those things you found about her. This being done, let the law go whistle!

Shep. I 'will tell the King 'all, every word; yea, and his 'son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no 'honest man, neither to his 'father, nor to 'me,—to go about to make 'me the King's brother-in-law!

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you 'could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not[d] how much an ounce.

Shep. Well, 'let us to the King; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Autolycus, in his fine clothes, assuming the manners of a Courtier, struts forward:

Aut. How now, rustics? Whither are you bound?

Shep. To the 'Palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your 'affairs there? what? with whom? the condi-

[a] The passage between brackets is transposed from an earlier part of the Scene. [b] a box of perfumery. [c] coinage stamped with the King's head. [d] inserted word.

tion of that fardel ?[a] the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your ages ? of what having ?[b] breeding ? and anything that is fitting to be known ?—Discover.

Shep. Are you a 'courtier, an 't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I 'am a courtier. Seest thou not the 'air of the Court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it the 'measure[c] of the Court ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze[d] from thee 'thy business, I am therefore 'no courtier ? I 'am courtier, cap-a-pie ;[e] and one that will either push on, or pluck back, 'thy business there : whereupon I 'command thee to open thy affair.—The fardel there ? what 's 'in the fardel ? Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the 'King ; and which he 'shall know within this 'hour,—if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour. The King is not at the 'palace : he is gone aboard a new ship to air himself : for, (if thou be'st capable of things 'serious,) thou must know the King is full of 'grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir ; about his son, . . . that 'should have married a 'shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[f] let him 'fly : the curses he shall 'have, the tortures he shall 'feel, will break the back of 'man, the heart of 'monster !

Clo. . . . Think you so, sir ?

Aut. Not he 'alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane[g] to him, though removed 'fifty times, shall 'all come under the 'hangman ! An old sheep-whistling rogue, to offer to have 'his daughter come into grace ! Some say, he shall be stoned ; but 'that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our 'throne into a 'sheep-cot ? 'All deaths are too few,—the sharpest too 'easy !

Clo. . . . Has the old man e'er a 'son, sir ? do you hear, an 't like you, sir ?

Aut. He 'has a son, who shall be 'flayed, 'alive ; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest ; then stand, till he be three-quarters-and-a-dram dead ; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ,[h] or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prog-

[a] bundle. [b] property, possessions. [c] stately strut. [d] draw out (tease or towse). [e] from head to foot. [f] prison-manacles. [g] nearly related. [h] brandy.

nostication[a] proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a 'southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies, blown[b] to death! But what talk we of these traitory rascals, whose miseries are to be 'smiled at, their 'offences being so capital?[c] Tell me—for you seem to be honest, plain men—what you 'have to the King? Being something gently considered,[d] 'I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender[e] your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in 'man, (besides the King,) to 'effect your suits, 'here is man shall 'do it.

The Son whispers to his father:

Clo. He seems to be of 'great authority: 'close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a 'stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the 'inside of your purse to the 'outside of his hand, and no more ado! Remember; hanged, and flayed alive!

Shep. . . . . An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I 'have: I 'll make it as much 'more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. Well, 'give me the moiety.—Young man,[f] are 'you a party in this business?

Clo. In 'some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be 'flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that 's the case of the 'shepherd's son. Hang him! he 'll be made an 'example! Walk before toward the sea-side; I will but 'look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say; even blest!

Shep. 'Let 's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be 'honest, I see Fortune would not 'suffer me: she 'drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a 'double occasion—gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good: which, who knows how 'that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to 'shore[g] them again, and that

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[a] predicted in the almanac. [b] filled with flies' eggs. [c] deserving death.
[d] *i. e.*, on receiving from you a proper gentlemanly consideration (bribe).
[e] offer submissively. [f] two inserted words. [g] set them on shore.

the complaint they have to the King concerns him 'nothing, let him call me 'rogue for being so far officious; for I am 'proof against that title, and what shame else 'belongs to 't. To him will I present them:—there may be 'matter in it! [Exit.

A favourable wind has conveyed the fugitive lovers to Sicily, where they are kindly received by King Leontes. Camillo then easily persuades King Polixenes to follow his son and the beautiful Shepherdess: and Autolycus so far keeps his promise as to induce his two most recent victims also to dare the dangers of the deep.

Gloom still hangs over the mind of the unhappy Leontes, for the loss of his Queen and his children: his only pleasure now is to 'speak of them to the Lady Paulina; and, though a 'second marriage had been proposed by his courtiers, that lady's influence so prevailed that the King promised never to marry again without her consent.

The two monarchs are easily reconciled; but when the King of Bohemia hears of the two Shepherds, he orders them to be arrested: and, being questioned, the old man's secret is at once disclosed. The delighted Courtiers hasten to spread the good news.

The Scene is now in the Public Square, before the King's Palace, in Sicilia. Autolycus inquires of a Gentleman:

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir; were you 'present at this narration?[a]

1 *Gent.* I was by[b] at the 'opening of the fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the manner 'how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the Shepherd say he found the 'child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the 'issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a 'broken delivery of the business: But the changes I perceived, in the King and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: there was speech in their 'dumbness, language in their very 'gesture. Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows 'more. [Another Gentleman enters.] The news, sir?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but 'bonfires! The Oracle is 'fulfilled; the King's daughter is 'found! Such a deal of wonder is broken-out within this hour, that 'ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. [A third Gentleman enters.] Has the King 'found his heir?

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[a] O. R. relation. [b] close-by.

3 *Gent.* Most true! The 'mantle of Queen Hermione;—her 'jewel about the neck of it;—the 'letters of Antigonus found with it;—the 'majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the 'mother; and many 'other evidences,—proclaim her, with all certainty, to 'be the King's daughter. Did you see the 'meeting of the two Kings? No? Then you have lost a sight which was to be 'seen—cannot be 'spoken-of. 'Our King, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, now cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law: now he thanks the Old Shepherd, who stands by,—like a weather-bitten conduit[a] of 'many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to 'follow it, and undoes description to 'do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of 'Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the Shepherd's 'son; who has not only his 'innocence, (which seems much,) to justify him, but a 'handkerchief, and 'rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his 'bark, and his 'followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked,[b] the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the Shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to 'expose the child, were even then 'lost, when 'it was 'found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in 'Paulina! She had one eye 'declined, for the loss of her husband; another 'elevated, that the Oracle was fulfilled. One of the prettiest touches of all was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she 'came to 't, (bravely confessed and lamented by the King,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas!" I would fain say, 'bleed tears; for, I am sure, my 'heart wept blood!

1 *Gent.* Are they 'returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No; the Princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano.[c] Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone.

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[a] channel. [b] O. R. wrackt. [c] an Italian sculptor and painter, born 1499, died 1546.

2 *Gent.* I thought Lady Paulina[a] had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed[b] house. Shall we thither, and with our company 'piece[c] the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of 'access? every wink of an eye, some 'new grace will be born: our 'absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.

Autolycus, who has been an eager and interested listener, says:

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my 'former life in me, would preferment 'drop on my head. But here come those that I have done good-to against my will, and already appearing in the 'blossoms of their fortune.

The Shepherd and his Son enter.

Shep. Come, boy! thy sons and daughters will be all 'gentlemen born.

The Son at once recognizes Autolycus:

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to 'fight with me this other day, because I was no 'gentleman-born: See you these clothes? Say, you see them 'not; and think me 'still no gentleman-born! you were 'best say, these 'robes are not gentleman-born! Give me the 'lie, do, and try whether I am not 'now a gentleman-born.

Aut. I know, you are 'now, sir, a gentleman-born.

Clo. Ay; and 'have been so, any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have 'I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but 'I was a gentleman-born before my 'father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and called me, 'brother; and then the 'two Kings called my father, 'brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, called my father 'father; and so we 'wept: and 'there was the first 'gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many 'more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous[d] estate as we are.

Autolycus obsequiously addresses them:

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to 'pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your 'good report to the Prince my master.

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[a] two inserted words. [b] remote. [c] add to. [d] for prosperous.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be 'gentle, now we are gentle'men.

Clo. . . . Thou wilt 'amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. Son,[a] you may 'say it, but not 'swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a 'gentleman? Let boors and 'franklins[b] say it, I 'll 'swear it.

Shep. How if it be 'false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a 'true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend. [Trumpets are heard.] Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's statue.[c] Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

The Scene now changes to a Chapel in the Lady Paulina's House. The Lady Paulina conducts her visitors—King Leontes, with Prince Florizel and the Princess Perdita—King Polixenes, with Camillo and attendant Lords and Ladies—to see a statue of Queen Hermione, so exquisitely wrought that one "could speak to it and stand in hope of answer." The King addresses his Hostess:

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, (sovereign sir,)
I 'did not well, I 'meant well. All my services
You have paid home;[d] but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor 'house to visit,
It is a 'surplus[e] of your grace, which never
My 'life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with 'trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our Queen: your 'gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my 'daughter came to look upon,—
The statue of her 'mother.

Paul. As she 'lived peerless,[f]
So her dead 'likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever 'yet you 've looked on. Prepare

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[a] inserted word. [b] yeomen, freeholders. [c] O. R. picture.
[d] fully. [e] unnecessary excess. [f] without an equal.

To see the 'life as lively mocked,[a] as ever
Still Sleep mocked 'Death: behold; and say, 't is well.

The Lady Paulina draws aside a curtain, and displays a statue of Queen Hermione. All are silent with astonishment and admiration. Leontes at last speaks:

Leon. . . . Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, Indeed
Thou 'art Hermione! or, rather, thou art she
In thy 'not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. O, thus 'she stood,
Even with such 'life of majesty—'warm life,
As now it 'coldly stands—when first I wooed her! . . .
There 's 'magic in thy majesty; which has
'My evils conjured[b] to remembrance; and,
From thy admiring 'daughter, took the spirits,—
Standing, 'like stone, with 'thee!

Perdita tearfully falls on her knees:

Per. And give 'me leave;
(And do not say 't is 'superstition,) that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady!
Dear Queen! that 'ended when I but 'began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue 's newly fixed; the colour is not dry.
If I had thought, the sight of this poor image
Would thus have 'wrought[c], I 'd not have showed it.

Leon. . . . 'Do not draw the curtain!

Paul. No 'longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy
May think anon it 'moves.

Leon. Let be, let be!
'Would I were 'dead! but that,—methinks,—already,—
I 'am now dead, stone looking upon stone.[d]
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, [to Pol.
Would you not deem it 'breathed? and that those veins
Did 'verily bear blood?

Paul. I 'll 'draw the curtain.
My lord 's almost so far transported, that
He 'll think anon it 'lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together:

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[a] represented (imitated). [b] summoned as by magic. [c] agitated. [d] transposed line.

No 'settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of 'that madness. . . . Still, methinks,
There is an 'air comes from her: . . . What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut 'breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will 'kiss her!

Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is 'wet:
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it. 'Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years!

Paul. Either forbear,—
'Quit presently the Chapel,—or resolve you
For 'more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue 'move: indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you 'll think
I am assisted by 'wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her 'do,
I am content to look on: what to 'speak,
I am content to 'hear; for 't is as easy
To make her 'speak, as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your 'faith. Then, all stand still;
Or,[a] those that think it is 'unlawful business,
Let them depart.—Music, awake her! strike!— [Music.
'T is time; descend! be 'stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look-upon with marvel! Come!

In the midst of solemn music, the Statue slowly descends—and embraces Leontes!—It is Hermione—the real, living Queen!

Perdita and Florizel kneel. The voice of the rejoicing mother is prayerfully heard invoking a blessing on them:

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!

Much remains to be explained, but all are reconciled. The marriage of Prince Florizel and the Princess Perdita is to be at once celebrated.—Leontes and Polixenes are again friends and brothers—and the kindly Lord Camillo is to be rewarded with a worthy and wealthy wife—Paulina, the widow of Antigonus:

Leon. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one 'demand, and 'answer, to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered: Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

END OF THE WINTER'S TALE.

[a] O. R. on.